

we found that a large percentage of the starred varieties were blooming in our own garden in New Zealand.

But the time came for us to say good-bye to Windermere—Windermere of the wooded shores and islands, the white-sailed boats, and shady roads, where the soft-tailed bunnies bob up around one in friendly curiosity. And it was with a good deal of regret that we mounted the Keswick coach one morning, wanderers in search of a new camping ground.

The road we took was again by Low-wood and Ambleside, and this time we added another poetic memory to our chain, for our eyes searched out the home, almost hidden amongst the coppice, where Mrs. Hemans lived for one summer with her five boys, holding most friendly intercourse with the Wordsworth family at Rydal Mount. Passing all too swiftly through Rydal and Grassmere, we climbed the Dunmail Raise, and looked back over pasture land bordered by mountains and divided up by stone fences. A waxy at the end we caught a parting gleam of Grassmere. For the rest, until we come to Thirlmere it is through rough and rugged country that we pass, where the stony tops of the mountains show brown through a coat of ferns, and a few of the famous Herdwick sheep are grazing. Then, with the suddenness that is like a prod to our flagging interest, we trot into the woods on the western shores of Thirlmere, and we awake from all drowsiness

and next to Skiddaw is Saddleback, the greater favourite of the climber; well towards the south is Sea Fell. As the sunset glow spreads over the lake the

nature lovers wander down to Friar's Crag—a point on the eastern shore. From here the lake is spread before you in most impressive expansiveness, but

the Ruskin monument, with the poet's own words engraved upon it, draws more to Friar's Crag than aught else. "The first thing which I remember, as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater" these are the words engraved upon the stone. The quotation is taken from "Modern Painters," and Ruskin goes on to say, "The intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the hollows in the mossy roots, over the crag, into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since." What a tribute to Derwentwater!

Each lake has its own individuality, and the beauty of Derwentwater is attributable in large measure to the many wooded islands dotted over its circumscribed area. On one there was an old monastery, but its place has been usurped by a modern house; on another the Earls of Derwentwater had their home, but the last of them lost his head in the cause of the first Pretender, and the old stronghold fell into absolute ruin; and yet another was sanctuary for St. Herbert, a hermit of days gone by. He had lived on Holy Isle that lies off Northumbria, with the sainted Cuthbert. But the monastic life interfered with his meditations, so he searched out the vale of the Derwent and settled on the Isle. Each year his affection for St. Cuthbert drew him from his cell on a pilgrimage to Holy Isle. As old age came creeping on them, each sorrowed at the prospect of a call that would part them for ever. When death came to Cuthbert suddenly one day, as he was teaching his brethren in the monastery, a messenger was dispatched across the water and over the mountains to carry the sad tidings to the hermit on Derwentwater. Ere the messenger reached his destination he was met by one other who was hastening to acquaint the brethren with the death of St. Herbert himself. So the reaper



LAKE DERWENTWATER AND THE ISLANDS, WITH SKIDDAW AND SADDLEBACK IN THE BACKGROUND.



WHERE THE RIVER EAMONT JOINS LAKE ULLSWATER AT POOLEY BRIDGE.

in a vain endeavour to recognise the oak, and the ash, the silver birch, the hawthorn, and the larch as they mass together in a wonderful variety of greens. On the eastern shore of the lake is a most baronial looking structure, in which I felt some notability must surely dwell, but our driver informed me that it was only the powerhouse for the Manchester water supply that is drawn from Thirlmere. As we came out of the woods and passed under Raven's Crag, four ravens flew out from the rocks and away across the lake; these, being the first we had seen that day, certainly appeared at the most appropriate moment. The slopes down to Keswick are steep, but they are soon accomplished, and we continued on through the town to the Derwentwater Hotel, at Portinscale, on the shores of the lake.

Derwentwater is smaller in extent than Windermere or Ullswater, but it is more bewitching than either. All around it rise uneven mountains, broken up into all manner of shapes, and appearing one behind the other in a most unexpected manner, so removing all possibility of monotony from the landscape. At the northern end is Skiddaw, 3054 feet, one of the highest mountains in England,



ULLSWATER AT PATERDALE, WITH THE ULLSWATER HOTEL TO THE RIGHT.