

We continued along the same track till dark, and apparently got no nearer to our proposed camping-place, so we struck off the track to a stream, and pitching our fly under the lee of a friendly flax-bush, turned in very sore and stiff on the hard ground—our baptism of hardships to follow.

We rose early from our uncomfortable beds, and after breakfast tramped over quite four miles of tussock plain before reaching our

performance. The view from the top is magnificent. One sees the horizon above the clouds, and the rivers trailing away in silver streaks which lose themselves in the distance. While the sun's rays struck mercilessly hot overhead, and were reflected blindingly upwards off the snow, yet the wind was bitterly cold and biting, and blew around the peaks and among the boulders with the roar of a mighty cataract. The mountain,



Tourist Department,

Tongariro, showing Red Crater, Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu.

photo.

intended camping-place. From there the ascent was rocky without vegetation of any kind, but comparatively easy slopes; higher up, however, the grade became more difficult. We reached a saddle of the top of the mountain about eight hours after leaving camp, and essayed to climb higher across the top of the Wangaeahu glacier, but the snow was too hard and steep for climbing without ice axes and nailed boots, so we had to be content with our

from top to bottom, is covered with black, slate-coloured rocks of various sizes and shapes, but many of them had one or more perfectly flat surfaces. Red, irregular rocks of a burnt appearance also abound, and on the steeper slopes loose scoria and coarse sand. The descent took just about half the time occupied in the ascent, and we were back at camp just before dark. Shortly after tea, sleep took possession of us, after what most of us considered