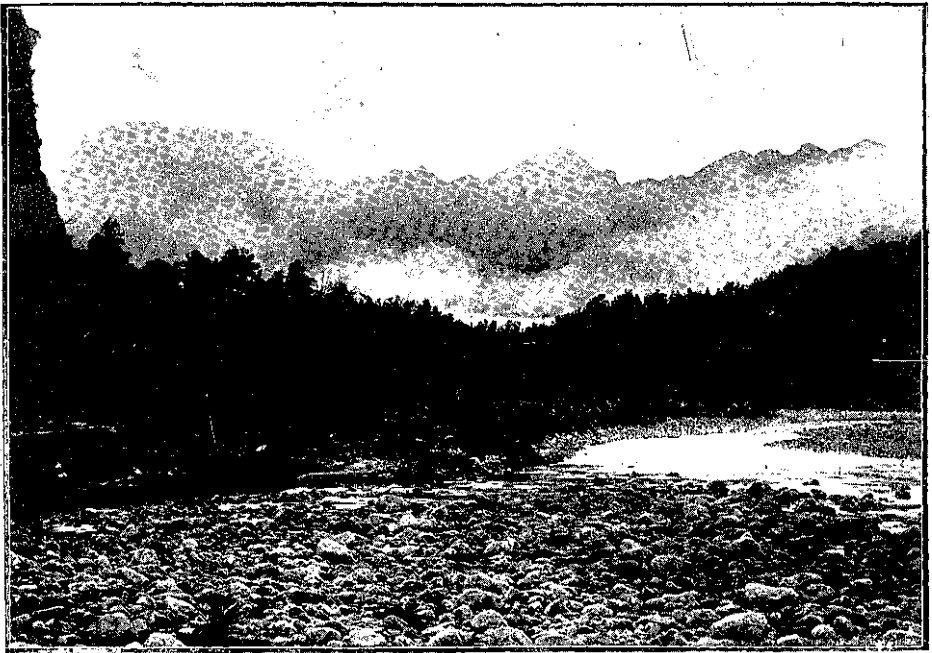


produced some most unmelodious effects. In the vicinity of the wreck there are groves of beautiful nikau palms dotted about the headlands, and the month of January is the time of year for observing their flower panicles, pendent beneath the graceful crown of leaves. Seal Island is a very interesting locality, and we spent an enjoyable day clambering about its wave-worn rocks. I have one oft-recurring regret, as on that occasion I discovered a fossilised crab partially exposed by the weathering of the

a shoal of herrings amongst the breakers, for as each great wave curled its crest, the porpoises could be clearly seen in close rank, until as the wave prepared to break, they darted back to dash forward in the succeeding one.

We spent several days in examining the caves and canyon-like beauties of Fox's River. The locality is full of charm. Its limestone cliffs are of such magnificent proportions; its fringing bush is so delicately tinted, and so beautiful in every detail, whilst at every bend



Mt. Faraday in Foggy Weather.

rock, and I had no means of extracting it from the hard bed in which it lay. There were compensations, however, for I gathered a little matted *Coprosma* growing on the summit of the Island, and a *Veronica* amongst the rocks on the mainland close by, both of which I am led to believe are new species.

On one occasion, when strolling along the Brighton sands, great bottle-green waves were thundering upon the beach, and we were greatly interested in watching a school of porpoises which were swimming close inshore, and evidently chasing

new vistas are opened up, each one a finished picture of exquisite design and marvellous workmanship. The water is clear as glass, and in some of the deep holes are large, brown trout swimming lazily to and fro, each keeping close watch on its own special ripple at the head of the pool over which it holds proprietary rights.

Our tramp often commenced with the dawn, and at that time of day there are attractions for the naturalist which are lost when the rising sun has asserted itself. All nature is at rest, and there is a hush sug-