

as they sometimes peeled off the face of the rock, leaving no foothold. Our blankets also kept catching in the boughs, so we were not sorry to reach the bottom safely. If it was difficult getting down, it was doubly so getting up the other side. However, after a hard bit of cliff climbing, we reached the top.

The lake is about a quarter of a mile in length, and from one hundred to two hundred yards wide. The water is as clear as crystal, and through it we could see the stony bottom. We think it should be called "Waimarama" (clear, sparkling water).

We were disturbed very much in the night



KAPANUI, ABOVE DAWSON'S FALLS, MT. EGMONT.

A few more miles of rough tramping brought us to the edge of the lake.

It is a lovely lake, about four thousand feet up, with the snowy mountain top clearly reflected in the water. On the banks were the mountain cabbage-tree and flax, with a back-ground of bush,

by wild cattle bellowing. In the morning we decided to ascend the mountain and cross Pantham's Peak, rather than go through the rough experience of the previous day. Following up a ridge along a cattle track, we soon came to stunted bush too thick for the cattle to make a track