

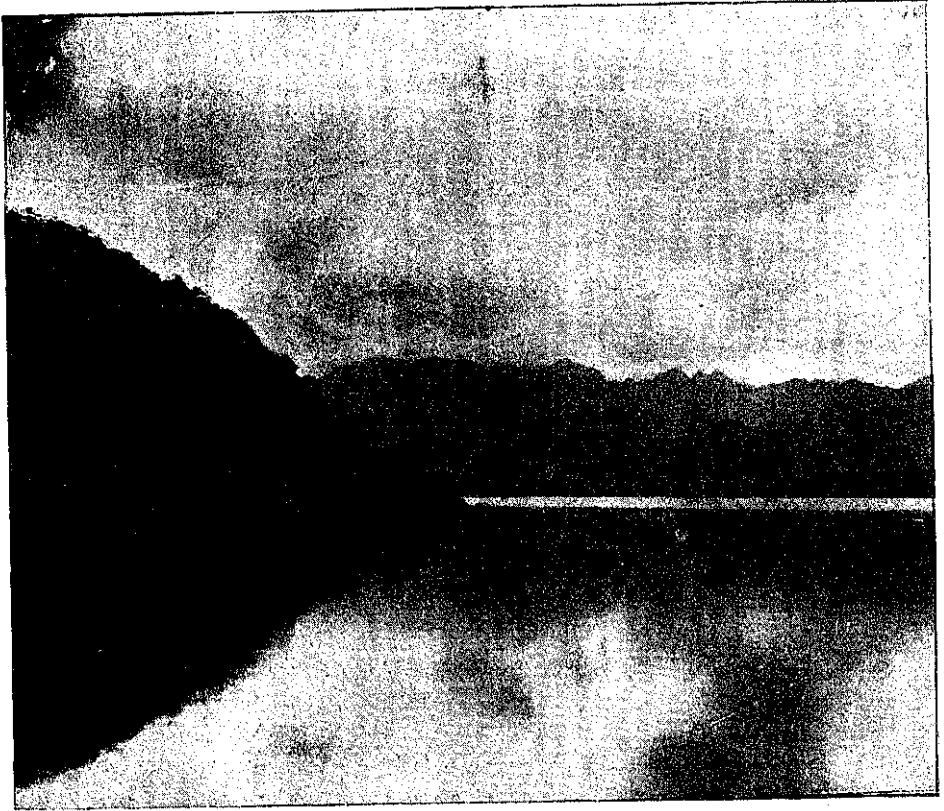
and it is at the head of this Lake the sad story of Professor Brown's disappearance is located.

There is an immense tract of country to the south of the head of Manapouri still unexplored. Who knows what riches it may some day yield to the plucky explorer?

Our captain, Mr Door, landed us in a beautiful bay called "Fairy Cove," and here we picnicked on the white pebbly beach,

clouds, which had added materially to the beauty of the scenery, came ominously near, and we found it was a case of racing the storm, and it was much to the credit of the tiny steamer and its crew that we succeeded in doing so. The captain took us so close to the northern shore that we plucked at the lovely green shrubs and trees overhanging the lake.

The mountains on this side rise 5,000 to



CATHEDRAL PEAKS, MANAPOURI.

and revelled in the view of the North Arm. I took a hasty sketch and a ramble in the bush, and found two specimens of delicate white native orchids. One hung in shower sprays from a fine beech tree, and the effect was indescribably lovely; the other, evidently more hardy, grew along the trunks of many of the large trees, its leaves being thick and pulpy.

Our stay in this beautiful spot had to be brought to a hasty close, for the gathering

7,000 feet, almost perpendicular from the Lake, and as to the distance they extend under it, I can form no opinion, for it is impossible to estimate the depth of any of these lakes. We passed scores of charming waterfalls, hundreds of feet in height, adding their romantic charm to an already beautiful scene. One on the Northern Arm, which Mr Door took us to see on another occasion, falls in unbroken splendour for quite one thousand feet, and breaks into a