

magnificent mass of frothing spray on the rocks below, and nothing I have ever seen compared with it.

We made many excursions up the Lake, and even then felt that we had not seen one half of its beauties. The islands dotted about the Lake, the many knolls and promontaries all add to the beauty of the scene. There are delightful excursions to be made up the River Waiau, which carries away the water from the Lake to the sea.

was a vast forest, and was fired by the Maoris, the fierce nor'-westers blowing down the trees caused the huge holes. Every vestige of wood has long since crumbled away.

For a delightful place in which to spend a holiday, Manapouri has few rivals, and for the artist it has none. At every turn some fresh scene appears, worthy of the canvas of old England's greatest landscape artists, and I trust the time is not far distant when



LAKE MANAPOURI.

There is any amount of shooting for the sportsman. We saw wild swan and wild duck in quantities, rabbits swarm about the plains, and both lake and river abound in fish, which, however, are of a wary nature, and refuse to be caught.

An interesting feature of the plains may here be noted. The land, instead of being of even surface, is all hummocky and full of holes large enough to bury a horse in. This strange appearance is doubtless attributable to the fact that in bygone years it

we may see such artists come and do full justice to the magnificent scenery with which nature has so bountifully endowed this locality.

The Maoris have many different ways of spelling Manapouri. I think one of them, Manawipouri, makes a much prettier word. The meaning is Lake, or Water of the Sorrowing Heart. The black water has certainly a sorrowful appearance. There are, naturally, many romantic Maori legends connected with the Lake.