

Wakatipu. And it is quite possible that the head of Lake Te Anau and the Clinton Valley, connecting as they do with Milford Sound, will some day be justly considered amongst the most beautiful scenery in the world.

By 9 a.m. sharp on Monday morning we found ourselves on board the trim little steamer, under Captain Menzie's able guidance, bound for the head of the Lake. How can I describe that trip? Words fail me. I felt myself to be in an enchanted

is the atmosphere that even distances are deceptive, and we felt as if we could stretch out our hands and gather from the wild glory of fern and greenery on the bank.

The views looking up the Middle and North Fiords are most beautiful, snow-capped peak rising above snow-capped peak until you loose yourself in marvelling at the beauty of it all.

Our little party, snug with rugs and cushions, sat and lounged in the bow of the steamer. We could not talk, we could only



*Morris, Photo.*

HAPPY COVE, LAKE TE ANAU.

*Dunedin.*

scene. The day was absolutely perfect—not a ripple on the Lake, save when we passed the openings of the Middle and North Fiords, where there is always a slight breeze. It seemed the perfection of travelling—the beautiful scenes changing every moment. In the distance rose the exquisite hazy mountains, with a light mantle of cloud, shading, but not hiding, their forms, and as we glided along this hazy beauty changed into magnificent and overpowering grandeur. Our genial skipper entered into our rapture, and with infinite pride, took his steamer close along the shore. So clear

ejaculate wild expressions of joy at the fairyland we were passing through. I tried to make hasty passing watercolour sketches, but it was impossible.

The water of Lake Te Anau is very curious, and looks from the steamer as if it were one huge ink pot, so black is it, but of course when examined closely it is exquisitely clear and transparent. This blackness is hard to explain. Most people attribute it to the dense bush on either bank. Viewed from a distance there is a gleam of silver upon it which I have never seen anywhere else, except at Manapouri, which is also