

Paddock Hill, or Dumcraggan, another lake, about two miles long, lying parallel to the hill, is to be seen; also surrounded by bush, at the foot of the Turret Range, there are three more lakes, the largest unknown until our visit.

We now retraced our steps to where we first landed, and followed the dangerous wall, until at one place the solid stone measured no more than nine inches. It was crossed safely, and the ascent became very severe until the angles met. Here was the perennial snow, but it afforded us no assistance, our direction being otherwise. Still on we went, struggling against beetling, weather-beaten battlements, huge monoliths which had to be climbed, and were so hard to the grip that the fingers suffered by the very touch. When at last the junction of the two ridges was reached, the sight was one never to be forgotten. From the ridge we came up, the perennial snow lay out before us for at least a mile, without a break in it anywhere, and very deep, declining rapidly to the west and to the north as we stood. From the snowfield to the main range the edifice of sheer granite was so vertical that nothing could lie on it,

not even a lodgment of snow for the whole eight hundred feet of altitude; there was not a single break in the entire entablature. Let us now look from our station across to the south-west; the eye crosses the Lake and meets the Turret Range, so it is mapped, and the surveyor who christened it had a keen eye for the picturesque. On the pile that immediately governs the Speyburn, turrets and flying buttresses are most prominent. Note how the great factor has carved and hewn these mighty peaks into their present shape, and tell me if you can how many ages were spent in fashioning this exquisite sculptured work?

For miles upon miles on this side of the lake the same sharp mountain outlines occur. Under different aspects and changes of atmospheric influences they also appear to change; yet their structure changeth not. When the north-west tempest rolls columns of gathered storm clouds, which empty their stores of accumulated rain as they drive over the shoulders of the range, and are beaten down and flogged by the perishing storm blast, then the serried outlines are hidden from view, and we seem to have lost all hope of



LEANING PEAK, FROM FAIRY COVE.