

Sneider's Mission Station. A few old whares, surrounded by some fine cherry and peach trees, still remain. Here lived, until his death a year ago, an old Maori who carried alone from Mokau to the natives living at Moturoa (New Plymouth break-water) the news of the invasion of Taranaki by the Waikatos.

After our "toiling in rowing," we did ample justice to an excellent dinner of tinned meats and fruits. We decided to camp here, so the afternoon was spent in erecting the tent, making beds, and a general "loaf." After tea we had our photos taken in various positions about the camp, and all collaborated in composing a song which should make those of our friends who had not been up the Mokau River envious. This circumstance led to us calling our camping ground "Inspiration Point." During the evening we were visited by a settler who lived in the neighbourhood. He introduced himself in a very satisfactory manner by bringing us a kit of the loveliest, juiciest

apples I have ever seen, and to these we quickly introduced ourselves. On the Thursday morning he showed me over his orchard, and it was indeed a picture. One tree was pointed out to me which had borne over seven hundredweight of apples the previous season, and when I saw it the fruit on it could not have weighed less than five hundredweight.

The bright sunshine of Wednesday put everyone in good spirits, no more fear of the boat was manifested, and it was soon apparent that everyone had got his "river legs." Taking advantage of the incoming tide, we started up river about seven a.m., reaching by easy stages Owen's Clearing, seventeen miles from the township, by half past eleven, having taken a good many photos on the way. The scenery all the way is really beautiful. Every bend is a picture, and had time permitted, hundreds of different and yet equally interesting views might be taken. Such a wealth of fern and evergreen as the New Zealand bush displays

