

of the setting sun, and a boisterous sight it would be hard to imagine. At the North west end of the lake, the Ohou river, formed by the junction of the Hopkins and the Robson, feeds the lake, and issuing at the lower end, goes to join the existing Waitaki. On the south side lie the Quailburn mountains, whose stony tops look the very picture of desolation. During our two days' stay we were favoured with magnificent weather, (which is far from being the rule,) the surface of the lake being as calm as a millpond, giving an almost perfect reflection of the immense snow-clad mountains which lie around. I feel sure that if the beauties of the lake were only known it would become quite a resort for tourists. On Saturday we left a little before one p.m. on our return journey, a norwester had sprung up and quickly ruffled the surface of the lake, causing

the white billows to lash the shore like an angry sea. We passed Newmore station, crossed the treacherous Shuriri, and reached Owarua in time for tea. There were still seventeen miles to be done and it took us four hours to do them, but then there was only one horse with a big load to pull and a steep saddle to cross. At eleven o'clock I was glad to tumble into bed, having been up since a quarter to five, and did not awake till about nine next morning.

W. W. Griffin
 Muffed Bridge
 Huron, Feb 1st 1888.