

Mount Cook, and there spent a very pleasant evening; on the other side of the lake we could see Wraemar and Mt. Cook stations. Next day we arrived at the Hermitage where we were glad to see a bright wood fire, for Sebastopol, a high hill with perpendicular face, had cut off the sun's rays and caused an icy chill to fall upon us. The Hermitage nestles close under two wooded hills which contrast pleasantly with the snowy tops of Cook and Sefton and the brown hills around. We awoke next morning to snow, sleet, and hail, and most of the day had to be passed indoors, but in the afternoon I ventured out to do battle with the elements and having climbed to the top of one of the small wooded hills, I obtained a partial view of the Mueller Glacier, but the Hooker Valley was entirely shrouded from sight and only a glimpse of the mountains was to

be got through the driving mist. The force of the wind was such as to drive the sleet quite horizontally and the effect on ~~his~~^{one's} face was not satisfactory. Next day was not quite so bad, still it was by no means fine; but as indoor life at Mount Cook is rather slow Mr. Rutherford, Miss Davis and myself went round to see the terminal face of the Mueller Glacier. This is a very fine sight, the ice cliffs rise up to a height of three hundred feet and while they are above broken up by crevasses so as to present a hummocky appearance, the face is almost smooth and perpendicular; but in places where there were small cracks the soft blue tint which ice assumes under the action of light was very apparent. At the base of the cliffs were two ice caves, from one of which bubbled the waters of the Hooker only to disappear