

through the other. While we were admiring the cliffs, the roof of one of the caves fell in with a tremendous crash, and part of the roof of the other also fell in. On the way back to the Hermitage we gathered some of the beautiful mountain lilies whose snowy petals surround a bright yellow centre and whose rotund leaves are often a foot in diameter. Miss Hastings with commendable pluck scrambled over the rocky ground for quite half a mile to get a view of the glacier, and after walking half way back was carried for the rest of the way in an improvised palanquin by two of the Swiss boys. In the evening we played whist and chess and inspected several of Mr. Huddleston's paintings. Sunday was a glorious day and the same three of us went for a long walk across the Mueller Glacier to the foot of Mount Sefton which was white with snow to its very base. avalanches rolled down its sloping sides in pretty frequent succession looking

just like streams of water foaming down a steep declivity. Mt. Sefton is not a peak but a long sharply cut arête and from the glacier looks a much grander mountain than Cook. The Mueller Glacier for about two miles from its terminal face is thickly covered with rocks, some as large as a cottage, which have been worn from the mountain sides by the glacier in its descent down the valley. Higher up you come to the blue ice, at this time of year all covered with snow, and the moraine is limited to median and lateral lines, deep impassable crevasses are also pretty frequent. I collected some stones off the glacier illustrating the composition of the surrounding mountains, also in divers places specimens of Alpine plants such as the Everlasting Daisy, Mountain lily, (*Hannuculus Lyellii*) Cotton Plant (*Adiantum*) Lichens and mosses. On Monday morning we started on our return journey and