

for rest and refreshment, after which we soon reached Lake Harris and started up the steep slope to the saddle (4,900 feet). While on the way up we could look down into the gloomy waters surrounded by bleak rocks, a weird and ghostly scene.

On reaching the summit a glorious vision of magnificent scenery burst on our wondering gaze, causing us to stand in silent awe. Nearly 5,000 feet below was the silver streak of the Hollyford River, winding its way towards the sea at Martin's Bay, where we could see the whole line of surf breaking on the coast. Away behind was Mount Aspiring, its miles of glaciers showing up conspicuously; inland from the blue of the ocean was Lake McKerrow, and on the right Lake Alabaster and Pyke's River, set like jewels amidst the surrounding scenery. Near the sea the giant peak Tutoko, at Milford Sound, stood boldly against the sky, its highest point wreathed in mist, and from thence inland a confusion of peaks, glaciers, forests, and winding streams met the view. Glory on glory everywhere, surely the perfection of scenic grandeur, Alpine scenery mingled with lovely forest views and lofty peaks. Of the many beautiful glaciers

shining in all directions the grandest of all was the Serpent, which lay in its great basin like a mass of silver, and a faint bluish light hung lovingly over the ice monster. To the left we could distinguish Lake Gunn and the Eglinton River on its way to Lake Te Anau, through the park-like Dunton forest; and further away still the Greenstone saddle of the Ailsa mountains, while the stupendous pile, Mount Christina, barred the river of the Clutha valley and Mount Anau. Wherever the eye turned there was a picture on a scale so magnificent that the affairs of life seemed petty in comparison. The mountaineer who stands on the slope of Aorangi will not see a panorama to equal that visible from Lake Harris saddle, and here the eye turning from the awful grandeur of mighty peaks may rest on verdant forest, beautiful rivers and lakes, and the wide Pacific, "boundless, endless, and sublime."

After a good rest we started down the slope, turning every few yards to take another look on the wonderful picture. We arrived at the Glacier Hotel next day at noon, with aching limbs, but with a deep sense of satisfaction with all we had seen.

