

through, so we had to scramble over and under trunks of trees, sometimes on our hands and knees, and at times even on our stomachs. When it got low enough for our heads to reach above it, we stood up and pushed through, till presently it became so dense we could actually walk on top of it, now and then taking a header into the lower regions. All the time the view kept getting more extensive and glorious—the sea with its white breakers in the distance, and the towns round the base of the mountain.

We left the low scrub, and passed through the belt of tussock grass, then the moss line and into the snow. Even at this height we saw pretty white and brown moths flitting about. The fresh, bracing air gave us a good appetite for dinner. Crossing over Fantham's Peak we descended, arriving at Dawson's Falls, where we had tea, and then caught our horses and rode out, ending a delightful trip by spending the night at a friend's place near the foot of the mountain.



DAWSON'S FALLS, MT. EGMONT, FROM BELOW.