

scenery. Nearly all travellers have heard of that grand canyon where one forested ridge after another is unfolded before the eye as the traveller passes down the narrow zigzag path. One feels here, especially in the dimmer light of mist or evening, the impression of wandering amongst the aisles and galleries of some great cathedral of Nature, until one is almost bewildered at its majesty and solemn stillness. The mountain walls, carved by giant forces into deep recesses and projecting columns, are clothed with a rich and sombre green, relieved only in summer by the dark crimson of the rata. But on looking closer the traveller sees behind this general effect, this grand monotone of colour, and of outline, an infinitesimal variety of tints and shapes, all blent to produce the one impression. The foliage varies from silvery white to yellow and to deepest green, the leaves have a thousand shapes, some thick and fleshy, some of metallic hardness, some thin as tissue, some serrated, round, peaked, or divided flake-like upon their branches, or drooping in pine needles, or sending out palm-like shafts from tree ferns. And

through this wealth of green he can see, too, the subdued tints of rocks, the flash of leaping torrents, the emerald and crystal of the river. All who have passed this way and let the spirit of the gorge take hold upon their imagination, can only hope the Government will be able to prevent such sacrilege here as has been done in the once-famous "Avenue" farther on this road.

In the mountains near the Otira are to be found the springs and sources of many Canterbury rivers, and a camping-out expedition helps one to understand, from a scenic point of view, what is implied in preserving the river heads. So far only a few people have seen with their own eyes the sources of these streams, far up amidst steep ranges, snow peaks, and Alpine meadows. There, forest and vale still wear their virgin garlands of white blossoms, crowning their trees or springing from their soil, the lacebark's starry boughs or clusters like cherry blossoms in spring, the mountain lily shining among wild rock and stones, in the precipice and the home of the cataract, the large white daisy on the tall stem. Most of these places must still be sacred to

