

get more and more rugged, the road in many places being cut out of the sheer face of a cliff overhanging the rushing torrent below. Continuing up the river, the Bealey is reached, forty-five miles from Springfield. This is the stopping place for the night of the coaches.

Leaving the hotel, the road follows up the Bealey Gorge, and now the class of scenery gets more and more picturesque. A remarkably fine sight is the Devil's Punchbowl, which is the basin of a magnificent waterfall some 500 feet high. The photo. shows the fall as seen from the road. Unfortunately we had not time to get any closer, so had to be content with taking a picture at that distance. In this neighbourhood there are several very beautiful glaciers, but these also, much to our sorrow, we had no time to explore.

We now reach the slopes of Arthur's Pass, the road ascending very rapidly, with a dense towai forest on either side, until

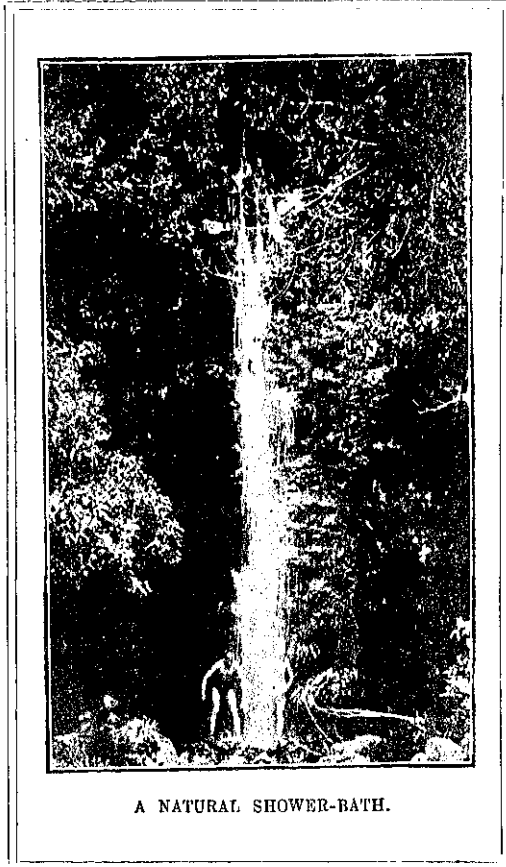
the summit is attained, some 3,000 feet above sea level. The road now begins to descend, and the traveller finds himself going down the renowned Otira Gorge, the scenery of which is weird and surpassingly grand. The photo was taken from near the top of the zigzag looking down the gorge, and the view from here is truly magnificent. The picture will give a better idea of the beauties of this cañon than any description. To the right, towering above, are sheer precipices,

in many places 2,000 feet high, while below on the left the Otira River surges on its course down the narrow forest-covered ravine. The road is very steep here, and twists in and out round the gorge, in many places completely overhanging the rushing stream some 200 feet below. Nothing breaks the stillness but the rushing of waters, and many and varied are the peeps of tiny waterfalls and plunging rapids, delightfully refreshing to the eye of the wearied traveller. The writer managed to get a photo. of two of our party enjoying a delightful shower bath under one of these cascades.

At the foot of the gorge is the Otira Hotel, and after refreshing the inner man here, we pushed on, and found that crossing the river was no easy matter. The water was pretty high, and the stream a rushing torrent, and what with naked feet, slippery boulders, and a bicycle on one's shoulder, a footing was by no means easy to keep.

However, we got across without any mishap.

After leaving the top of Arthur's Pass, one notices a very remarkable change in the vegetation. On the Canterbury side the slopes are covered with a shaggy birch scrub, but as the traveller gets into the lower country the effect of the wet climate of Westland is very noticeable. In place of the scrub beforementioned, one sees gigantic forest trees, with a luxurious undergrowth of ferns, tree ferns and creepers.



A NATURAL SHOWER-BATH.