

summits. Below these the river slowly winds along, right on in front of the house down to Lake Forsythe, of which from the front bedrooms there is a beautiful view. We saw it with the sun shining upon it in all the power of its meridian glory — a solid background of hills surveying the scene with contemptive calm. There are also inducements to sportsmen in the quantity and excellence of game, so that it is a place of varied attractions. We had arranged with Mr. Olphert to drive us to Moscoe's, choosing this way of going to the heat and close air of the coach, accordingly after a hasty lunch, we started off. Our way lay along the shores of the lake. Most of the time, the water in little wavelets rolling up within a foot of the road, while on the other side of us the hills towered, covered with scrub and fern. Their formation seemed very wonderful, ~~at~~ one in particular consisted of layer upon layer of piled up rugged rocks. In some places,

there was prettier bush than we had yet seen, with magnificent totaras standing out amongst the bright evergreen *Mihau*, which is the principal element in New Zealand bush. The road though quite level, was stony, rocks were scattered about in great abundance, and the path was as winding as the other roads we had travelled on since going to the peninsula. Then at once, just as we turned round to take our last look at Little River, which looked more picturesque than ever, like a Swiss view. The soft lights and the dark heavy bush with masses of overhanging clouds in the most diversified shapes all lent a peculiar charm to this retired and lovely scene. There is soon to be a railway constructed between Lincoln and Little River, when that is opened, tourists will more widely know the many beauties of the country. At Moscoe's we got into the coach, disappointed.