

Stayed that night at Glentanner from which place we saw to perfection the lovely effects of the setting sun on Mount Cook. On Tuesday we put up at Mr. Dove's, and next morning he drove us over to the foot of Pukaki Lake where the outlet for its waters is. Here the coach crosses the ferry to and from the Hermitage. It was exceedingly hot, but Cook, Lepton, Tasman and a host of other noble peaks were seen in their snowy whiteness against the clear blue sky, and the trees on a small island close by were beautifully reflected in the lake, which at that spot was smooth. The river was crossed without accident, though the cage being rather heavily weighted bumped alarmingly in starting, and nearly sent some of the luggage rolling into the river below. Instead of staying the night at Glen More which we reached at six o'clock, we had a hasty tea and

hurried on as fast as three horses could take us to Hugged Ridges, which is twenty eight miles from Glen More, and arrived there half an hour before midnight; by the time that ghostly hour had come I was in the sweet land of dreams. Thus ended a most enjoyable trip, one to which I at any rate will look back with gladness, one which will ever be a pleasant memory. We had been face to face with the grandest mountains of the land, we had seen them in their calm sublimity, their dazzling purity, and methinks we cannot have failed to be enabled by them, to have formed truer conceptions of the beauty, the grandeur, and magnitude of the works of Nature, that is, of God.

W. W. Griffin

Hugged Ridges

Dec^r 9th 1888.