

miles to our destination in a hot sun, and we exerted ourselves nobly, they in carrying their instruments and flags, and I in keeping up with them. Having reached the end of our walk, our extra things were put into a one roomed building used by men doing Government work, Hestings & his man went off to ^{do} the survey, and I, after resting a few minutes proceeded to the bridge, a substantial and elevated structure ~~with~~ ^{built over} three gigantic solid concrete pillars. I made my way with some difficulty down the terrace, and got under the bridge walking along by this far famed river, wide and powerful, which some people think is destined to sweep Christchurch away if it returns to its old course. That is a curious peculiarity of the New Zealand rivers - changing their beds, and meandering in a new direction. The colour of the water struck me, a vivid sea-green, unlike the light

and usually muddy tinge. I could only walk a short distance along the shingle as the water made a sudden sweep along the very base of the hills, so I sat down and gazed on the beautiful prospect. Although a gorge, this is not the gorge - the famous one being higher up the river, still the landscape was pleasing and varied. Steep rocky terraces rose on either side, ~~on~~ the right looking up the river was covered with light dusty soil upon which scrub and cabbage trees flourished, on the left the bare rocky slope rose almost perpendicularly. The rapid stream curved and twisted, the scrub looked green and shady, further up the stream a little bush covered island stood in the middle of the current, a new expanse of country opened up beyond the gorge, and in the far distance the mountains stood out in bold relief against the sky. I was very glad that I had been