

£200 or any higher offer not necessarily refused." However I may have sold her by the time this appears. But if you're interested, just enquire.

However, this is a digression. When we'd had a pleasant cup of tea, at which Charlie Smith joined us, I waded back through the streamlets to Jacob's River and called on Mr. and Mrs. Dick Trevathan. Dick told me that he and his three companions had made a run for it early that morning, after the rain came on, and had just got across the Mahitahi River before the flood came down. I was very sorry to hear from him, too, of the death of old Mrs. Katau. She had passed to her rest over in Canterbury, after quite a short illness. She had lived most of her long life in and around South Westland and was universally respected and beloved. Her memory will always be lovingly cherished at the Bay.

I went on to see Mrs. Mahuika and her household and found them all well. Little Hinemoa, whom it seems as if I christened just the other day, is growing out of all recognition. In fact all the children seem to have moved a step or two up each time I came along. I went on again to call on Mrs. Geo. Bannister, and found her household all well. We made arrangements for Evensong that evening at 7.30 o'clock. On my way back I met Mr. Allison, headmaster of the Bruce Bay Academy and old Barton Jacob.

We had our Service that evening in the school. And how it did rain! But that didn't seem to make any difference to anybody—even gallant old Bill Hawkins braving the flooded creeks and long tramp through the rain in order to be there. And a very fine Evensong we had, with the school packed. But, when it was over, my poor delicate system got another dreadful shock! Mr. Addison arose, and in polished phrases made a speech of farewell to the Vicar, and presented him, on behalf of the residents of Bruce Bay with an envelope full of gold and good wishes! I felt as purple as a plumb by the time he'd finished, and longed to get under the table or climb into a chalk-box and pull shut the lid. Again I've no idea what I said in reply, but I did appreciate very much the good will which prompted the presentation. But I'm quite sure there's some mistake, as the debt is on the other side—from me to the generous hearted folk of South Westland. Next morning (Wednesday, 7th.) we had our Communion Service at 7 a.m. It was still raining in great style. But after breakfast the wind turned south, and the sky began to clear. I had my class as usual in the school at 9.30 a.m. Jacob's River was still quite unfordable and it was very much of a question whether we'd be able to get across the Karangarua at all that day. However, I walked out to Bob Thompson's for an 11 a.m. service there, leaving Warren to follow after lunch with the horses, if Jacob's became fordable.

I was sorry to find old Sam Fiddian not quite so well again, and staying in bed. However we included him in our Communion Service. And when it was over, I sat on his bed and heard some more of his hair-raising adventures—an escape this time from being poisoned in Hokitika! His mind and memory are wonderfully

keen—and he'll be 91 this year! After lunch Warren turned up with "Mollie" and "Bessie," so we rode quietly along the eight miles or so to the Karangarua River. We found George Koeti camped close by where the road meets the river-bed. I had a parcel to deliver to him—ordered through the splendid wireless system so much used on the Coast. George had asked Charlie Smith, who had asked Warren to ask me to ask Mrs. Bob Thompson to send him along 3lbs. of sugar. So of course I brought it along! George said he thought we were going to find the river pretty wet—and the indications were that he was right. However, we left its fordability an undecided question for the present and rode up the south bank the three miles or so to call at Andrew Scott's home. We found Mrs. Scott there and Stanley. We admired her twin daughters, who are flourishing, and heard good reports of her new baby. After a pleasant cup of tea, Stanley led us out to show us the line of the top ford, by which Andrew had crossed over on his big black draught-horse just a little while before. We inspected the impressive-looking stone groin which Andrew had put in to deflect the hungry river, which was eating away his good paddocks at a great rate. The river was up a bit and running very muddy, but we crossed it without trouble. Just as we came out on the north side, we met Andrew returning. We passed the time of day with him and then rode on in the clear sunshine down the river-bed to Mrs. Harvey's kindly home where we spent the night.

Next morning (Thursday, 8th.) we had our Communion Service at 7 a.m. Then we breakfasted, said our good-byes and departed on another very lovely day. We called in at Walter Scott's and at Mrs. Sease's as we passed, and then travelled happily along to Saltwater Creek. We turned up it for a mile or so and were lucky enough to strike the end of the short cut track through to Cooks river-bed up by the Williams' sawmill. From there it was but a short ride up to Bob Foster's hut and the hospitable lunch he had prepared for us. When we had dealt faithfully with it we said good-bye to Bob, and cantered off down to the ford in Cook's. Just as we came to the water, across the long stretches of shingle, we

saw Walter Scott and Mr. Irwin, the school-inspector, coming in from the other side. There was still a fair drop of water in Cook's, and as usual, it was very thick and porridgy. But the fords were quite good. When we'd passed the time of day with the south-going travellers, we splashed across quite successfully by Walter's skilfully-chosen line of fords. Then we rode cheerfully on the five or six miles to the pleasant cup of tea Mrs. Williams had waiting for us at Weheka.

As we set out from there to tackle the last slow stage over the three ranges, we saw young Ernie Wilson, energetically rounding up sheep for the shearing, with a stockwhip! Sheep are inclined to have an interesting life of it with these cattlemen! We looked with interest as we passed at the site of Sullivan Bros. new accommodation house. The piles are all in and building operations imminent. Then we met Paddy Power, carting gravel for the approaches, and found Ned Walsh in the gravel pit providing the material for him. It was a lovely ride over the ranges, albeit always a slow one. As we came up towards the second saddle, out of the Waikukupa, we met Bill Roberts and Barney Rodden returning to their camp, and wishing them a Merry Christmas, passed on, and down to the Oemaroo. On the further side of it we saw Mr. Irwin's car, where it had jibbed at the sight of the stream. Then up we went to the last saddle, and down the long winding five miles or so to Dougherty's Creek and Ted Gibb's hospitality at tea time. Behind us, when the sun was setting, flamed and glowed the great snowy pyramid of Eli de Beaumont—one of the most perfect peaks in all Westland.

And so, on Friday, December 9th., when Warren had spent the morning on the Glacier, and "Mollie" had been returned to Tom Condon, we trundled back to Hari Hari in "Primrose" at the end of the finest Far South trip I've ever experienced.

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May/June 1894

Once again the people of South Westland, and of Waiho in particular, have felt the inexorable toll of war, in the death of Mark Lysons—killed in action shortly after his arrival in Italy. He was one of those lovely characters of whom it might be said that even in his life he seemed to belong to Heaven. Beneath the shy quiet of his unassuming nature there glowed a warmth and sincerity which won for him the love and admiration of many. He will be known and mourned far and wide as a former guide at the Glacier, and latterly as a photographer of the highest order. One imagines that the real artist is he who portrays his subject, not only as the eye sees it, but as his soul sees it, and one feels that Mark accomplished this with his camera. His studies were chiefly of scenes from the wonderland of nature that he so much loved, and which he so truly reflected in his own nature. But many of us will remember him chiefly for what God meant to him, and for his years of faithful services as lay-reader at the little Glacier church which he so adorned with the reverence of his humble sincerity. To his widow, children and parents we extend our deepest sympathy.

J. R. Young's last trip South with A. H. Warren
& Young's farewell letter