

J. R. Gummy.

team horses (another new mount called "Crescent") until I came up with her. There was a fair drop of water in the Karangarua, but we got across without trouble. Having regained "Dolly," I had lunch with Mrs. Scott, and then rode back and up the Karangarua and across to where Andrew Scott is living at this time, and had a cup of tea with him and Mrs. Scott and George Bannister who was working with him there. Then Andrew rode back with me for the service that evening and George came over for the early service next day.

I spent the night under Mrs. Sease's hospitable roof, and, after the early service next day (Sunday) rode on across Cook's River (I met Peter Graham going South to Copeland, in the middle of the great expanse of shingle bed) and then rode down the track to Gillespie's Beach. I stayed the night with the Peter McCormacks there, and hoped to go on to the Gibbs' next day by way of the beach. Peter McCormack very kindly went with me to put me round the first bluffs, but when we got as far as Black's Point we found the bluffs all cut out and the going impossible. So we had to turn back and I'd to go by the track. On our way back we left our horses and scrambled up through the bush to the top of an old trig station, from which a wonderful view of the mountains

can be obtained. It was a perfectly clear, still morning, and I've never had such a marvellous view of Mt. Cook, flanked on either side by the Tasman and La Perouse.

I reached Weheka just after lunch time and found quite a gathering there—Fred Williams himself just off to get his last load of wool on the dray to take to Bruce Bay; Dick Trevathan starting with the mails for Okura; Tommy Watson bringing the North-bound mail to Waiho and Tom Green on his way to Gillespie's. And in half an hour we were all scattered up and down the roads.

I came quietly on over the hills. When I got to the Kupikup I found that Chris Gibb had secured the missing monkey and had just handed it over to the bridge-builders. It was a glorious afternoon, and that beautiful bit of road was at its best. I reached Dougherty's creek just as the sun was setting and in time to see at the head of the valley the perfect peak of Eli de Beaumont flushed pink in the evening light.

I returned the good "Dolly" to Louis Gibb, and found Bessie waiting there for me, quite cured of her lameness and "full of long grass and impudence." I rode her down to Ted Gibb's, where I spent the night. Next morning, Tuesday, April 8th.,



I crossed the Waiho and made good time home here to Hari Hari.

There are a couple of things I'd like to say at the end of this account. For one thing, I've been a good deal interested in various characteristics imputed to the waters of certain rivers and streams I've crossed. There's Copper Creek (which isn't noticeably coppery) and the Blue River (which is brown) and the Blackwater (which is amber) and the Saltwater (which is fresh) and the Clearwater (which is, curiously enough, clear.) Then, of course, there's any amount of the dish-water variety, particularly (and perhaps appropriately) in Cook's River.

Last of all I want to thank all those who have been so good to me on my travels. I want to thank all those who lent me horses and looked after others. And I want to thank those who gave me such friendly hospitality. It's been a strenuous 16 days, but a very happy time, owing to the true kindness shown to me everywhere.

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### WESTLAND.

The following article is contributed by the Rev. Wilson, whose earnest appeal for the West Coast made so deep an impression at Synod.—Ed.

To most Canterbury people, Westland is a mysterious place somewhere across the Southern Alps—a place of which little is known because the mountain barrier has effectually hindered intercourse between the dwellers on its eastern and western flanks.

The Canterbury Settlement was founded in the Fifties of last century, and was already well established before much attention was paid to the unknown West across the Southern Alps. At that time Westland was nominally part of the Diocese of Nelson, but so isolated and uninhabited that it was regarded as of no great importance. When many thousands of people suddenly rushed into this unknown land in search of gold, a high road was opened over Arthur's Pass. The Bishop of Christchurch took the Episcopal oversight of the new settlements there, and presently the whole district was transferred from the Diocese of Nelson to that of Christchurch.

The Diocese of Christchurch may be divided into three strips nearly equal in length and area. The eastern strip is mostly the Canterbury Plain, closely settled and populous. The middle strip lies behind the Plain, between it and the Alps, and is hilly to mountainous in character. The western strip lies between the Alps and the Tasman seacoast. It extends from the Teremakau River to Awarua Bay (Big Bay), and is all mountainous, with numerous large rivers running through extensive flats. The eastern and central strips are mostly destitute of timber—open tussock country; while the western strip is densely wooded.

The settlement of Westland began with the discovery of gold fields near its northern end. The older fields of Victoria, Otago, and Southland, had already been robbed of most of their easily won gold, and thousands of eager miners "rushed" the new fields of Westland. This movement began in 1864, and reached its height about 1866 to 1870, when nearly half the population of New Zealand became concentrated in Westland, which now became a Province. So important was Westland in the later sixties that an effort was made to move the seat of the Colonial Government, and make Hokitika the capital of New Zealand

Hokitika was then a town of about 15,000 people, with two steamers weekly running regularly to Melbourne, and a vast body of irregular shipping as well. Over 130 vessels of various kinds have been seen at the Hokitika quays at one time.

The Hokitika goldfield was discovered about 1864, and was the most important. The Ross field followed three or four years later. Kumara opened about 1876. Less important fields further south followed later, dotted along the coast, almost down to Milford Sound in the Diocese of Dunedin. These goldfields declined in the eighties and Nineties, and are now of comparatively slight importance. With the decline of the gold output many of the miners left the district, so that the population greatly decreased. Those who remained gradually turned their attention to more settled occupations, becoming sawmillers and farmers. At the present day the principal industries of Westland are sawmilling, cattle raising and dairy farming. The bush is being rapidly cleared off and the land grassed, and the whole district has been proved most admirably suited for pastoral and especially dairy farming. There are about nine prosperous dairy factories in Westland, besides many others in the Grey Valley and adjacent parts of the Diocese of Nelson towards the north.

The climate is very equable without sudden and marked alternations of extreme heat and cold, so common in other parts of New Zealand. It is also almost windless, in marked contrast to New Zealand as a whole. The mean annual temperature is about 1 1/2 deg. F. above that of Christchurch. The total annual sunshine in Hokitika is not far short of that of Christchurch. The rainfall is very heavy indeed, say about 130 inches per annum. Light rain is uncommon. It comes down in heaps, as compared with handfuls in Canterbury. Most of it falls at nighttime. Mud is almost unknown, because there is practically no clay in Westland. The roads are mostly clean and smooth. A traveller can take the road shortly after a heavy downpour without getting much splashed.

South of Ross a good motorcar road runs for 74 miles to Waiho Gorge, through several rivers still unbridged impede traffic very seriously. South of Waiho the road in places is for many miles excellently adapted for motor traffic, but no motors have yet been used there, because none of the

larger streams have yet been bridged, and some stretches of road are still mere bridle tracks. This continues south of Ross to Jackson's Bay or Cascades, over 200 miles. The population of the far south is still small, and cannot increase much until better communications can be provided. The great need of South Westland is a good trunk road with all streams bridged. Given this, South Westland will certainly carry a population of many thousands.

From present indications the industries of Westland will always be mainly pastoral, the production of cattle, sheep, wool, hides, cheese, butter, pork and probably poultry and honey and fruit. Timber will also be one of the most valuable products, and minerals of various kinds, gold, copper, silver, manganese, antimony—and coal at Caringa. The tourist traffic in years to come will be enormous, for here you have a tourist's paradise with the most exquisite scenery in New Zealand, mountain and glacier, river, lake and forest, headland and sea, conspiring to charm the eye at every turn. The people of Westland are so surfeited with natural beauty that they seem unable to appreciate it, and marvel at the enthusiasm of a visitor. To anyone in search of beautiful scenery I can recommend no place preferable to Waiho Gorge. It can be reached easily by motor, and has an excellent hotel with experienced guides for mountain and glacier.

So much by way of introduction to my subject. Next month I will continue with an account of the Church life of Westland, and the great opportunity for building up the Kingdom of God which we are now called upon to seize.