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veronicas cannot fail to attract the attention of the most amateur botanist. But it is when the sharp, down-hill dip leading to the Otira begins to be negotiated that the passenger recognises he is really on the western side of the range. Down below, in a deep gully on the left, surges the Otira River, now dashing against massive boulders, now taking flying leaps in the air as it forms one miniature cascade after another. Surrounding all is the thick and almost impenetrable bush, while in front and behind are towering precipices, bold, rugged, unattainable, standing as though it was their business to keep watch and ward over the whole district. Down, and ever down for a distance of three miles, the coach rolls along, and at every turn fresh beauties are disclosed to the view. Cliff and waterfall, cavern and torrent; above all the ragged heights and the blue sky; around all the silence, broken only by the thunder of the waterfall, or the roar of the foaming river below—that silence which can almost be felt, and which is so marked a characteristic of the New Zealand bush. We have thoroughly enjoyed the drive, but after the long and steep descent are glad to miss for once the continuous grinding of the brake as we speed over the level piece of road which lies between the foot of the Pass and the Otira Hotel, which is likely to be the railway terminus on the West Coast side of the range for many a long year to come. Though the rest of the journey must be completed by rail, it may not be out of place to mention that the Otira is a very convenient centre from which to make spare excursions. First there is the trip to the top of the Pass, where a day may be usefully spent in collecting botanical specimens, or in investigating the many rock mysteries, many of which have been indelibly branded by the hand of Time. The valley of the Rolleston River is also within easy reach; and a drive to Aicken's, celebrated for its fern growths, or even as far as the celebrated Avenue, past Jackson's, is well worth taking, as there is no better place on the whole of the West Coast in which to study the various growths of native trees, the finest specimens of which closely border the road on either side. The West Coast is in itself a land of wonders, so far at least as the ever-varying grandeur of its mountain, river, and bush scenery is concerned. The traveller to whom time is precious will probably journey through Kumara, Greymouth, and Reefton. From the latter place he will take coach