

glacier present themselves; deeper and deeper becomes the bluish green tinge, deepening still more in the depth of fantastic clefts in the icy mass; the tips of its picturesque points, or many steeples, one might say, seem to become shaded in mourning for the passing away of the bright white winter snows. Nearer and nearer — grander and grander does the sight become. The very air, as if awed by the glacier, comes down chilled from over it. Gazing at the stupendous mass of ice and the lofty hills around, a man feels himself but an atom, his heart is chilled, and he shrinks involuntarily at the thought of his very nothingness in comparison with the stupendous grandeur of the objects around him.

The effect of the view of the glacier from a short distance was considerably heightened by the rata on the adjoining hills being covered with their bright red flowers, brightly contrasting with the dull green bushes and the delicately tinted glacier — and all together bathed in a flood of sunshine. The glacier is about half-a-mile across the point, rising abruptly like a wall, here and there cut into caves, the lower part having at a short distance, much the appearance of grey rock, from the gravel and stone covering it. From a large cave at the southern end flows forth the first of the Waiho, which runs close across the front of the glacier. Upwards for miles lies the solid icy mass, filling up the huge gully between the lofty hills, and finally hidden from sight by a bed of mountains. The ice assumes all manner of fantastic shapes. At the base there is a perfect bridge, bright and clear, but not to be trodden by human foot; higher up there is a huge pinnacle with an eye through which the sunlight seems to stream. These were striking points, but ever new beauties in the view met the wondering eye, and the effect produced on the mind is beyond description. The low altitude of the glacier — about 675 feet above the sea level — and the luxuriant vegetation and close proximity to the ice — a vegetation covering the hills on both sides of the glacier for a height of from 800 to 1000 feet — are the most remarkable features.

Several excellent sketches were taken by Mr Fox, the party lingering wherever some new view was presented for the admiring gaze. At length they started on the return journey, reaching the camp about three o'clock in the afternoon. There they saddled up and travelled down the river as rapidly as possible, and arrived at Mr Friend's lower station at about six o'clock in the evening. Mr Fox and his secretary, Mr Mueller and Mr Tizard, were hospitably entertained there for the night, the remainder of the party returning to Okarito. While making some sketches of a greenish hue at the glacier, Mr Fox, oblivious of the fact that copper is poison, and that continuous sucking of it from a paintbrush is somewhat dangerous even to an iron constitution, laid himself open to an attack of illness which lasted for two days, but the excitement of the visit to a hitherto unapproached glacier, was sufficiently strong even to