

shadowy banks till it reaches the Murray River and finally the sea.

The enchantment of these woods lies in their constantly shifting kaleidoscope of colour. A passing cloud makes them solemn, brooding, awesome. A shaft of sunlight sets the leaves dancing and shimmering and the water bubbling merrily. A thunderstorm lets loose the evil spirits that hurry through the woods, wrecking birds' nests and shrieking demoniacally, blasting giant trees with lightning bolts and making little trees tremble and shake with fear. A touch of Jack Frost's icy fingers congeals the sap and splashes blood-red stains upon the trees. Time wrinkles the leaves and paints them a mellow gold till they drop, and whirl, and twirl, and swirl in an abandoned frenzy on the fringe of autumn's skirts.

Think of the mystery of these woods under a soft blanket of snow! Each baby twig wrapped in white swaddling clothes, each branch loaded with its fluffy burden. All the leaves gone, all the berries hidden—asleep, under Nature's great white counterpane till the magic awakening in the spring!

Think of the radiancy of the moon rising over this gorge on a frosty night when the air is crystal clear and the stars bright diamond points in the blue, and the everlasting pines