

twenty-four miles in all ; but it can be reached from the flat at various points in its career—from Sumner, Clifton, Opawa, Cashmere, other tracks or roads run up to it.

Strike it where you will, what a walk it offers ! Everywhere it is well-graded, in places almost level : its air, coming from whichever way fresh off the snows or sea, is so light and pure, so brisk and invigorating, that five miles along the summit of the hills seem no more than one mile on the flat ; and then—the view ! Different points along the route yield, of course, different outlooks, but the main effect is everywhere

the same ; everywhere a free and mighty panorama commands at once and liberates eye and mind alike. About a thousand feet below the spectator, the vast plain of Canterbury, flat apparently as any sea, criss-crossed with hedges, dotted with trees and homesteads and chequered green and brown by cultivation, spreads itself widely out beneath an immense sky. Southward, that is, to one's left as one



Photo.] School Picnic at Kennedy's Bush. [Kennedy.

stands looking, it flows on apparently for ever ; northward it meets, by means of a beautiful great crescent curve of yellow sand, the further plain, blue and shining, of the sea ; within it, not far from the coast, amid dark bouquets of trees and glittering curls of smoke,

“ A sounding city, rich and warm,

to adapt the words of John Davidson,

Smoulders and glitters in the plain,”

with a river shining beyond ; and, then, as if all this were not enough, forty miles or so across it, facing the beholder, there stands superbly a huge, magnificent wall of mountains, parallel

with the plain, and, stretching beyond it out to sea as far as the eye can reach : range behind range, shoulder above shoulder : based upon purple, shadowed with blue and bronze, crowned, and fully clothed in winter, with pure white.

Such is the view from the Plains side ; but often the Road leads you to the other side of the summits, and shows you a scene quite different—of less breadth but more detail. Here, there is a glimpse down into the turquoise mirror of Lyttelton Harbour . . . there, the revelation of its full seven miles, and of the corrugated landscape beyond of Banks Peninsula, all a tumble and toss of grassy heights, green or brown, according to the season. Now a naked dark grey crag stands just before you, nobly silhouetted on bare sky ; now a bit of native Bush, interrupting the tawny tussock, relieves your eye with its fresh and restful green. And always—except when mists enshroud the Road, and then the wise walker leaves it alone—there is an expanse of sky, and there are aerial glories to be seen, that of themselves reveal to the plain-dweller not a new heaven only, but also a new earth.

Is, then, the news so surprising, which world-wide travellers tell us Christchurch folk ?—namely, that in our Summit Road we have a possession of whose worth we are as yet but half conscious : that it is one of the show-places of New Zealand, and that hardly anywhere else, if indeed anywhere else at all, in the wide world, is its vast and varied combination to be matched, of plain and snowpeaks, city and harbour and sea—of space, grandeur, and cosmic interest. Some day we shall wake up about it ; and then we shall vaunt our advantage and advertise our view, and all give due honour perhaps, to that loyal lover of both the city and the hills, to whose public spirit in the first place, and unremitting perseverance in the next, his fellow citizens owe the existence of their Summit Road.

Would anyone care to come for a walk along the Summit Road to-day—right along the whole length of it, as it is at



Photo.]

[Webb.

Dripping Spring, above Governor's Bay.