

present, and yet just a brief, easy walk, as shortly to be got over as this article? Well, then, suppose we start by taking the Hills tram from the Square, and walk through the pines of Victoria Park to the new track above the Dyer's Pass Road. Why, we are already, less than an hour since leaving the city, quite up in the hills! And how sweet the tussock smells! with what a smile the little bright-yellow native "wood-sorrel" gazes up from its nest in the stones, and how the skylarks sing! The track leads up along the side of a great spur, Latter's Spur, and looks, as it goes, down into the fair green of Cashmere Valley, and over to its opposite wall of tumbled rocks and grass. Presently it comes out close to Dyer's Pass itself; and there, running from the Pass, towards Sumner on the left, to Cooper's Knob on the right, behold the Summit Road! Let us explore it first as far as Cooper's Knob—Cooper was a trader long ago with the Canterbury Maoris before Canterbury was; Lyttelton Harbour was once called, after him, Port Cooper; and the Knob is one of the hill-crests above it.

Past the scenic reserve, then, of Coronation Hill, with Governor's Gap at the further side of it giving an exquisite little side-peep deep down between grey rocks, into a green valley opening on blue sea; below a high hill-top (Marley's) crowned with dark pines, and then . . . lo! all of a sudden, what a change—and what a picture! Gone is Cashmere Valley, gone are the plains; and here, twelve hundred feet below, in all its length and breadth, is Lyttelton Harbour: spread out beneath us like a long, narrow, irregular lake, whose satiny surface, of a blue particularly sweet and vivid, is sunk deep down among an absolute tumult of great, grassy, rock-topped hills, tawny in sunshine, violet-shadowed, and, here and there along the water's edge, emerald with pasture or black with trees. How lovely and how calm it lies; yet here was once a steaming, seething crater! Governor's Bay, with its homes and trees and gardens, spreads just below us. Two long peninsulas (cooled lava flows) prawl out like russet lizards upon the blue water, separating, the one Governor's Bay from Head of the Bay, the other Head of the Bay from Charteris; beyond them both lies the tree-set hump of the quarantine station, Quail Island (so called from the flushing there, in 1842, of some of the native quail, rare then, now extinct); and, a long way on, far past the white mid-harbour beacons that at this distance look almost like white sails, the rocky heads stand out, one on each side, with the sapphire sea between them and beyond. And midway, on the left side of the Harbour—what is that fairy settlement, that cluster of red roofs and dark trees, nestling back between the spurs, yet

stretching out, as it were, two long arms to enfold blue water and black hulls; can those really be the roofs and moles of Lyttelton—Lyttelton of the tunnel smoke? Lyttelton of the steamer smells? Lyttelton it is—but with its smoke and smells all cleansed, up here on the far-sighted Road, and with its real romance revealed—ay, for "There go the ships!"

One could stay looking at this lovely scene for hours; but Kennedy's Bush and Cooper's Knob are waiting. Round the brow of Hoon Hay Park, then, next, with ancient, many-headed cabbage trees dotting the crest above us, and a long tree-scattered valley leading to the plain below; then under the grey fortress of Mt. Ada, and round to three small knolls among the tussock—Rocky, Kiri-kiri (speargrass), and Nancy's Knoll; and another wide and splendid view, as little like the Harbour as can be. For now, far beneath us lies, expands, in every direction, the flat and open plain, all irregular patches of colour like a child's school-map; with the noble barrier of the mountains on the west; and on the east—is that huge azure gulf all sky? No, that is the blue of the open ocean out there, below the blue of heaven; and do you see, towards the seeming base of it, what look like stripes of purple cloud, with a cloudier blue below—the dun blue of a Rhine-stone? that changeful sheen is Lake Ellesmere, those purple clouds are its sea-shore. And turn now, and look north, and see that other inlet of blue, shaped like a spoon-tip—that is ocean also, that is Pegasus Bay. We stand here between sea and sea.

A little further, and the scent of clover and capeweed grows stronger, and tall cocksfoot grasses fringe the track; we come out upon the rim of a beautiful rounded valley cup, filled with real green Bush—Kennedy's. Kennedy was a woodsman who lived here with his family in the sixties. Much of the Bush was cut out in the early days, when two woodcutters, the brothers Foster, made their homes up here. Much, fortunately, remains—the only fair-sized specimen of native Bush in the immediate vicinity of Christchurch. In one sense, Kennedy's Bush might almost be called the starting place of the Summit Road, for it was his success in getting this beautiful place declared a scenic reserve that gave Mr. H. G. Ell the thrice happy idea of making the people free for all time of these summits.

A solitary *wbare*, relic of past sheep-farming days, used to look picturesque enough down there among the ribbonwoods and matipos of the Bush; and at the further end of the valley-head, a patch of rose-red clay still makes a delightful contrast with the fresh green of the foliage. Cass's Peak, with Cass's Spur (Cass was an early surveyor), makes