

stands the sublime purple and white of the mountains ; about it sweeps the Plain. It is Man's contribution to the landscape, and as much a part of it now as the unalterable Alps themselves, though, sixty years ago, where now it lies there was nothing but tussock and swamp. From the picturesque point of view, it is in many ways valuable to the landscape ; vitally, it is invaluable. Some people are squeamish about man's interference with Nature ; but does not Nature herself court that interference—having made man ? Some of her pictorial effects he may, he does undoubtedly, spoil ; but her poetical, her cosmic aspect—that, how enormously he enhances ! The presence of the Cape-to-Cairo railway bridge, for instance, amid the very spray of the Victoria Falls, takes nothing away from Nature's impressiveness, but emphasises it, instead—doubles her declaration of Power, by setting next to her own triumph of "inanimate" creation, the triumph of that other creation of hers—her son. So here, the presence of our city in the plains, I will not say lends them a soul, since a soul in their own kind I am persuaded they have already—but it vivifies them in another sense. Visibly breathing, doing, making, there it lies, what a reservoir of change ! How many actions, how many feelings, how many thoughts, far-reaching, immortal, and ever active, all, are at this moment coming, down there, to the birth ! "The joyful and the sorrowful are there ; men are dying there, men are being born ; men are praying—on the other side of a partition, men are cursing . . . Friend, thou seest here a living link in that issue of History, which inweaves all Being." Yes, Teufelsdröckh would have enjoyed this view of Christchurch from the Summit Road.

But we have so much yet to see, we must get on—round the head now of great green Bowen's Valley, with the dark pines of Victoria Park very distinct on one side of it, and the red buildings of the Sanatorium visible near its bottom. Little glimpses of Bush greet us here and there—now on the Harbour side of the Sugarloaf, now above Rapaki, and again at Bush Head and in Dry Bush Valley, where the remains of the old cob cottage still stand beside the burnt trees. All these remnants of growth show very clearly how well these sheltered valley-heads would respond to the Summit Association's scheme for replanting them with native trees, if funds would but allow.

And now we come to a pathetic human touch upon the great care-freeness of the hills. On the spur above Dry Bush stands a slender iron pillar ; there is a second on the slope a little way below ; and these commemorate the pitiful death of two little boys, one ten, the other only eight, who, in 1883, having been across the hills on a fishing expedition to Rapaki,

were caught on their way back in a blinding snow-storm, and, wandering till they were worn-out, "perished here," as the pillars simply say. And they were so near to safety, too ! only a few steps further, and one of them would have reached a point whence he could have seen the lights of Opawa. Poor little souls ! The tragic death of a child seems always double tragedy, and that again seems doubled here by the indifference of these giant hills.

And now a new item comes into the view—the joint estuary, namely, of the Avon and Heathcote rivers, at high tide a lagoon, at ebb a maze of lovely, shining scrolls of sand and water, like a shield damascened with silver and gold. The outer ocean, too, begins to open before us, in fact, from this point on, the sea begins to make the main feature of the picture—just as between here and Dyer's Pass it was the city that most occupied the eye, and between Dyer's Pass and Cooper's Knob, the mountains and the plain. Witch Hill now raises on our right its strange grey-green head—Dog's Head, the Maoris called it ; I suppose the streak of red rock at one side of the base was the animal's mouth. Just this side of it, there is a remarkable, really fine bold wall of what looks like Cyclopean masonry—Giant's Causeway, one of the dykes mentioned and explained in Mr. Speight's article on the geology of these hills. And now the Road brings us to the other side of the summits—we look down into the Harbour again . . . delicious to the eye after the long tawniness of the hills comes that sudden, sweet, unbelievable blue ! see, too, how clear the crater curve shows from here. Yonder, as it rounds, against the sky, stand out the two antique cabbage-trees above Hoon Hay . . . and beyond them, all the Seven Sleepers, Mt. Ada, Cass's Peak, the Lion Rock, Cooper's Knob, and the smaller ones between. We must turn our backs on them, though ; we must push on. Soon, between the rocky outcrops of the Tors upon our right, and of great craggy Castle Rock on our left (have you ever noticed how finely Castle Rock shows from the Sumner tram-line ?), we are passing round the head of Heathcote Valley : green marshes spread its floor, orchards and blue-gum plantations hang upon its further side, and the little settlement in its midst is bisected by a long straight line, ending, apparently, in a cornfield. Ah ! even as we look, a puff of smoke, a distant rumble, and away along that long, straight line speeds the train from Lyttelton. A moment ago it must have been actually beneath our feet—more than half a mile beneath them ; for this is where the Heathcote-Lyttelton tunnel brings nowadays through the hills both people and produce. In "the old days," fifty years ago, it was over the hills that everybody and everything had to come—up and down this steep Bridle