

Track whose saddle, 1130 feet above sea-level, now we cross. Round, a long way round, the precipitous rock-face of Hill Morten (Mt. Cavendish of earlier days), through a short cutting in the solid rock, and we come on to the shoulder of Mt. Pleasant. Here, a very little way from the Road, is the outjut known as Weir's Look-out (Weir was a shepherd); and it is well worth while to go down to it, for the great picture it provides has some entirely new features. To the left, lies the Heathcote Valley, and the eastern side of the city. Right ahead are the mountains, running seaward; in the foreground spreads the estuary, patterned with rare colours, and sprinkled, maybe, with sails; while, away to the right, far away, the long coast-line of Banks Peninsula is flung out upon the great, and open and lonely ocean, point after point, head after head, of russet-brown and tawny, purple and bronze, running up inland to a great multitude of many-folded hills. It is chiefly this view, of headlands and of ocean, that meets us now as we pass along Mt. Pleasant, with here a glimpse down on to Redcliffs and Monck's Bay, and their fairy fleet of yachts at anchor: the red roofs of Clifton just showing over the spur, and soon the blue-gums appearing and the hawthorns and the site of the burnt homestead of "Hornbrook's"\* Major Hornbrook was one of the few early settlers who had an eye for the hills. Up here he made his home, and from here he used to descry the arrival of ships from overseas, and signal the news from the top of Mt. Pleasant, just above his homestead, down to Lyttelton.

From Hornbrook's another ten minutes or so brings us on to Clifton Spur, and out upon one of the most beautiful outlooks in the whole walk. On the left, wide and shining,

"Light upon light, line upon line,  
Purple and pink and opaline"

(I quote one of the younger poets of Christchurch, Mr. Philip Carrington), lie the plain and part of the city; in the foreground, the estuary's mosaic of blue and green, the yellow, many-shadowed dunes, the dark pine woods of New Brighton, the white foam-fringe, and beautiful blue swan's neck of Pegasus Bay. The black pier of New Brighton, so little from here, and yet so delicately distinct, is like a tiny finger pointing out at once the great scale of things and the crystal quality of the air; and beyond, as background to both land and sea, the long range of the Puketeraki (the Hills of Heaven) seems to run right out into the ocean, while straight ahead of us the sublime white peaks of the Kaikouras, based apparently on nothing earthlier than blue air, shine up like some far-off

\*Now being rebuilt.

City of God. On the left, two azure glimpses of the Harbour, and the dark trees and white buildings of the light-house at Godley Head, lead on the eye to the tossing hills of the Peninsula, and the serene spread sea. A little further, and all the Sumner Valley opens out. How tidy and how prosperous it looks! and, first of all our valleys, it opens on the ocean. Right up to the head of it, past two pretty bits of ribbonwood Bush, and we are out upon Evan's Pass, on the Lyttelton-Sumner Road. By and by the Summit Road will cross this, and run along for another four miles right to Godley Head. But for the present our walk is done.

Now, all this while, in surveying this great scene, we have neglected to notice a most important part of it—what one



Beken, Photo]

Port Cooper, from Kennedy's Bush.

might call its air-scape. And this is like observing the features, but neglecting to read the expression, of a most expressive face. The mountains, the freedom and wide expanses of the landscape give it grandeur; but it is the incessant changes of colour and light and shade that invest it with charm. And incessant they are. On this gigantic canvas the hours and seasons paint continually, and produce ever a new scene. The plain is as sensitive as the sea to all the moods of the sky, and the sky here is so vast there is room for many moods.

The very mountains, stable though they are, change incessantly. In winter they are white with snow often to their very bases; and on a frosty morning, beneath a jewel-blue