rose, appeared to be streaming, hands folded on their breasts, towards that sacred spot in the west where Day's last act was now accomplishing . . . And now it seemed as though all Colour were exhaling all itself in one long, gradual breath. The whole sky flamed and flamed afresh with rose and purple, gold and copper and silver, and all burning, all luminous, all on fire. . . . One marvelled how the clouds could hold so much intensity. It seemed every moment as though something must burst, and Colour overflow . . . one held one's breath. . . . . But then, very gradually, began the great inhalation; the flame became a glow, the glow quieted . . . red-gold passed into rose, cool spaces of green and blue and daffodil began to assert themselves between the fading, cooling clouds, and then the clouds themselves turned grey . . . the pallor of a pearl took possession of the clear gash, the mountains confused themselves with the clouds, the journeying angels withdrew in long hoods of grey, and in the west the fire was put out.''

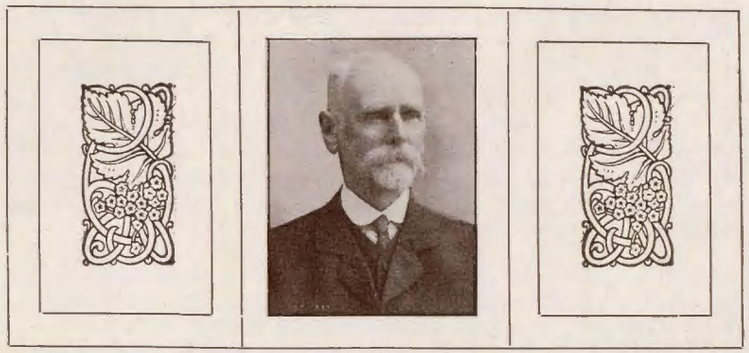
I give this description simply as one specimen, but nothing could truly describe a nor'west Canterbury sunset, and no two are alike. I have watched many a sunset in the tropics and in different parts of the world, but, so far, the only sunset I ever saw that could compete in gorgeousness with a Canterbury nor'-wester was in the Karroo, South Africa.

Yes, delights of the eye are many, upon the Summit Road, and there are other delights as well. With every step one takes, every breath one draws here, high upon the hills, health comes newly into one's veins, and elasticity into one's fibres. But I question whether the greatest joy of all lies not in the largeness, the breadth, the room, of this great prospect. One is delivered here from the tyranny of detail; all the lines are large and all the ''fever and fret'' of little things seems only not ridiculous because it is too remote to be felt at all. The fine sheerness of the crags, the large and leisurely descending of the spurs, the spread of the Plain, the long march of the mountains, the royal simplicity of the Bay's one ample curve, the wide wings of the sky—all these do more than satisfy the eye; they rest, and they enfranchise, and they ennoble the soul.

"I will flee unto the hills, whence cometh my help."

How true that is for many of us, both in a literal and a spiritual sense ! As we stand looking here, overlooking our daily level, seeing all our setting in a new perspective, Life itself enlarges its proportions and clears and widens its atmosphere, till up on the Summit Road,

"The soul's wings grow wide."



A Sketch of the Botany of the Summit Road and its Environs.

By Dr. L. COCKAYNE, F.L.S., F.R.S.

THE Port Hills form a portion of Banks Peninsula, so named by Captain Cook in honour of Sir Joseph Banks, who, with Dr. Solander, made in 1769 the first collection of New Zealand plants, 360 species in all. It was not until seventy-one years later that E. Raoul, surgeon to the French exploring expedition that visited Akaroa, studied the plants of Banks Peninsula itself and made many important discoveries. As for the actual Port Hills, it remained for Mr. J. F. Armstrong, for many years Curator of the Christchurch Botanic Gardens, to tell us of what their flora consisted, which he did, in 1870, in the second volume of the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Armstrong divided the area into : Dry Bush (115 species), Mount Pleasant Bush (100 species), and Port Hills and Sumner, north side of the range (131 species). So far as I have examined the locality, the total number of species of flowering plants and ferns is 205, which belong to 54 families and 131 genera.

Before proceeding further, it must be impressed upon the reader that the greater part of the plants are to be found in no other part of the world, and in that lies much of their special interest, as also the reason why every effort should