As it is over thirty-four years since our family came to this island, a few reminiscences of that time and our journey over from Melbourne may be interesting to my children, their mother being then a little girl of seven. In that interval of time the facilities for travelling have so increased and the very route and mode of getting from Lyttelton to Christchurch so totally changed that the veritable simple details of my early travels may lead to very children like's story.

So I was very young and in delicate health after a long and severe attack of scarlet fever. I can not give a very copious narrative, but my memory was remarkably good for a child, being a family gift, and what I do remember is accurately stated as far as it goes. Then the wonderland of our journey, the succession of scenes into which I was plunged, made a deep impression upon a delicate child such as I was yet very temperate, who had already reached great height and yearned to see and hear of other places and things. The setting again after a couple of months into a very dull round of life and lessons deepened the effect upon the mind which naturally felt for long before the complete change into her little life which this journey had brought about. We stayed at an hotel in Melbourne for some time before embarking. I can still see the large dining room with its tall mirrors touching the floor and lining the walls, so bewitching the little girl who was under, our counterparts advancing to meet her as the walked. Also on the few occasions when I was taken out with my brother, having to wait a very long time at the crowded street crossings to rejoin her and my little brother who had got safely across and were waiting impatiently on the other side. How my heart ached at the