

As it is over thirty four years since our family came to New Zealand, 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 read to my children like "a story". As 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 unaccustomed scenes into which I was plunged, made a deep impression upon a shy reserved child who

was yet very observant, who had already read a great deal and yearned to see and hear of other places and things. The retiring again after a couple of months into a very dull round of life and lessons deepened the effect upon the mind which naturally fed for long upon the complete change into her little life which this journey had brought about. We stayed at a hotel in Melbourne for some time before embarking. I can recall now the large dining room with its tall mirrors touching the floor and lining the walls, so bewildering the little girl who saw numerous counterparts advancing to meet her as she walked. Also on the few occasions when I was taken out with my mother, having to wait a very long time at the crowded street crossings to re-join her and my little brother who had got safely across and were waiting impatiently on the other side. How my heart can be at the