

name of his master, the King of France, to his deep mortification he beheld the English flag waving a triumphant welcome to the new comers. The English ship had arrived about hours before and Akaroa was lost to the French. But I have settled down at this Picturesque spot as if it were the end of our wanderings, instead of the half way point. From thence our <sup>return</sup> route lay along the winding range slowly ascending to the summit, known as Hill Top, near the highest peak on the peninsula Mount Hau following the track down the other side to a sheltered spot called Little River which nestles at the foot of the hills, there we will take the coach, and leave the high latitudes with their clear bracing air to resume our ordinary way of life on the low level of the Canterbury plains. We all met in Ch.Ch and stayed the night at the Terminus Hotel. At nine o'

clock next morning we set off in the train for Lyttelton, a journey occupying twenty five minutes. We pass through the famous tunnel which was constructed during the term of office of Mr Moorehouse, one of our superintendents who has made his name a household word in Canterbury, by urging on and constructing a work which but for his untiring energy would have been delayed for many years. The expense was great, and difficulties many, but it has made Christchurch the flourishing centre of business for all Canterbury, though Lyttelton has suffered hereby. The port is a strapping place, streets very steep, and well do I remember a fortnight spent there three years ago, and the amount of fatigue consequent on the shortest walk. There are a few good buildings notably the Post Office, but the harbour