

the further boundary of the valley, and from Lizzie's Look-out there is another lovely view of the Harbour and of the Peninsula Hills. The Peak itself, one of the Seven Sleepers, as these summits at the Harbour head are called, is a fine, stern grey face of rock towering above green Bush, and fronting in proud loneliness all the empty air to seaward. I do not know from which side of its own spur it looks the nobler. Pause, though, a moment on the Spur itself, and take a look back—at the long slopes of good green Bush, at the dark crags



*Beken, Photo.] Mr. Ell, Bishop Julius and Mrs. Julius, and Mrs. J. Cracroft Wilson Dec. 12th, 1908.*

above, gathering together and seeming to bend forward in a company over the harbour (you can see very well from here the curve of the crater lip), and at the peep of blue outer sea beyond them.

On again! More quiet tawny slopes below, more crags above . . . several patches of bright flax glittering in the sun . . . of green Bush that bathes the eye . . . and now, again, another tremendous view, perhaps the most tremendous of all, of plain and ocean and mountains. We are here some fifteen hundred feet up in air; the outlook is almost a circle; and before a view so vast, a sigh breaks from one's lips—a sigh of satisfaction and relief. Man was meant to take wide views, there is no doubt of it. No wonder that this generation dreams of tracts higher even than our Summit Road, and of journeys through the air.

From Vast View a new valley falls open at our feet—a valley great and green, with black plantations and red roofs showing at its mouth, and in the plain a little way beyond, the village of Tai Tapu. Three strange excrescences crown the spur, or rather spurs, that form the valley's opposite wall—Cooper's Knob right at the top, flat-headed Tableland Hill at the bottom, and, between the two, the likeness of the back and head of a Titan retriever dog, swimming away plainward with his muzzle lifted towards Heaven as if in desperation and appeal. Did he set out for a careless swim some autediluvian morning, that poor dog, and come upon the crater in full blast, and become petrified with fright even as he fled away? As a matter of fact—or of imagination if you will—in the company of all these summits, quiet though they lie, there really is always a sense of cataclysm and shock . . . they come strolling upwards out of the plains so gradually and smoothly . . . rear up all of a sudden so sharply . . . stop so short . . . then fall so sheer down towards the Harbour. It is not only the outer frame of Nature that is here so vast, you get a continual hint of her illimitable power as well.

Beyond Cooper's Knob the Road, at present, does not go, but we can climb that rock-top, if you will, and get a glimpse of the way that go it might . . . past the Harbour Head, along Gebbie's Pass, over into the crowd of the Peninsular Hills, and so towards Akaroa, along their summits. What an unparalleled hill road that would be! But will be, ever? Well—

“Who bodes himsel' a silken gown  
Is sure to wear a sleeve o't.”

Therefore, at least let us bode! But, for the present, we must go back, with many a fresh view on the way, but no time even to mention them, in order to return to Dyer's Pass, and explore the other half of our Road, towards Sumner. An inn is really very badly needed at Dyer's Pass, to minister to the Summit pilgrim. With what a view, what air, what sunsets, too, it could regale also the week-end visitor from the City!

But, since this walk of ours is on cool paper, since our boots are still quite comfortable, and the fifteen miles of tramping have left our throats unparched, forward, towards Sumner! Above us towers now the Sugarloaf, 1630 feet high. Round the shoulder of it, and ah! what a dramatic vision! Partial peeps of the city we have had, it is true, often on our return walk from the Knob, but now, all of a sudden, here is the whole of it spread beneath our feet—its windows flashing in the sun, its curls of smoke glittering up into the air, its roofs of red and grey, its spires and domes, trees and green garden-spaces, diversifying the Plain. Beyond it, to the right, opens the fair blue of Pegasus Bay; past it, straight ahead,