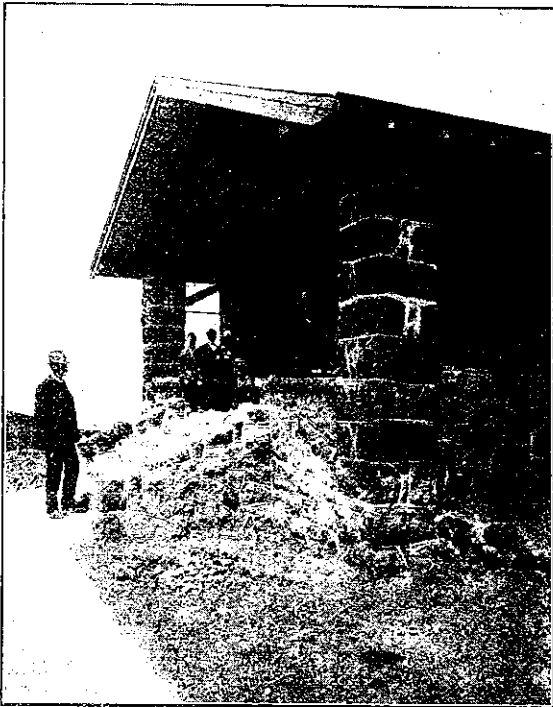


Pass and Kennedy's Bush, and near the summit of Mt. Pleasant. On our left hand side, far below is Lyttelton Harbour, behind us is the sea. And on our right a wide plain slowly but determinedly sloping up to the great mountains in the west. Yet though there is to this extent uniformity in the view, every turn in the road, every little peak gives fresh and unexpected Pisgah-sights. To one, who has not made a study of the effect of a slight alteration of the standpoint upon the outlook, these



TOLL HOUSE (View from Side)

S. Webb, Photo

kaleidoscopic changes are astonishing, and yet a little alteration in height and angle make new and wonderful changes in the scenic pictures, that are a constant source of pleasure. It is quite impossible then to give more than a hurried account of the varied views to be obtained from different parts of the track. As everywhere, however, the most beautiful effects are the rarest. Thus I have seen the harbour looking like a translucent pearl into which one might peer like the crystal gazer in search of deeply hidden visions. On another occasion the outlines of ridge and peak were limned upon the clouds, whilst a white-winged schooner, sailed through a rainbow end, midst a flock of glinting sea birds. Sometimes the plains are hidden by a sea of rolling mist, whilst the white mountains to the westward rise into a cloudless sky from this yeasty ocean. Again on rare occasions under the north-west arch, the mountains magnified by unusual atmospheric conditions seem to rise to more than their usual height and grandeur.

However, these are but passing visions, glimpsed perhaps once in a decade, and disappearing again swiftly as the snowflake on the river. To the average city dweller they are quite unknown. Yet no day comes and goes which does not bring with it beautiful pictures of mountain, sea and plain. These are to be seen by any walker on the Summit Road, and though they may never be twice alike yet he can never fail to secure something worth perpetuating in memory.

The first gap in the ridge is at Evan's Pass, here on the left the road zig-zags into Lyttelton and on the right slopes down to Sumner. Rounding the flank of Mt. Pleasant, we arrive at a tea-house immediately under the summit of the mountain (1,615 ft.). Here one may rest, obtain a meal and even accommodation for the night. From the top of the hill the red roofs of Lyttelton may be seen below, with the ships in the basin looking like mere toys. A mile or two further on is the next pass—the Bridle Path—which has left unforgettable memories in the minds of the early settlers. Here again almost at our feet on the left is Lyttelton, and to the right the warm sheltered Heathcote Valley. Some four miles further on, we come to Dyer's Pass, about 1,000 ft. high. This is the locality best known to Christchurch people. Strangely enough the vast majority of plain-dwellers are content to live in complete ignorance of the hill country at their doors; but the number of outdoor people is I think slowly increasing, and on most fine Sundays and holidays several hundred people reach the pass and descend to Governor's Bay or continue along the summit track to Kennedy's Bush some four miles further on. On the top of the pass is the Toll-house a quaint and beautiful little cottage built from stone in the vicinity, and of a strength to stand a thousand years. On the beams over the lintel are carved verses of comfort and inspiration for the foot-sore and thirsty traveller.

"Jog on, jog on the foot path way,  
And merrily hent the stile—a!

A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile—a."

or—

"Merry to meet, and merry to part,  
And merry to meet again."

It would have been very easy to spoil the general effect by some meretricious modern cottage; but this stone-built, slate-roofed old-fashioned little building fits into its rocky background as if it had always belonged to it; and in a year or two it will look old if not antique.

Governor's Bay is now on our left and Christchurch on our right; and at this point we shall stop for the present—and indeed we may stay at our cottage for the night if we wish.

Modest Johnnie: Teacher: "Do you know, Johnnie, where shingles were first used?"

Johnnie (modestly): "I'd rather not tell."—  
"Milestones."