

timber. They were rough and ready, but they were home to this little band of pilgrims. And keeping strange company with these little colonial shacks were pieces of Crown Derby, paintings by Romney and Rembrandt, delicate miniatures of brothers and sisters left behind, plate from London's most famous silversmiths.

★
Canterbury's earliest colonists were no tough-as-leather immigrants... there were men from Oxford and Cambridge, women whose lives had been lived in sheltered vicarages.
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AND so was born the city of Christchurch, largest in the South Island of New Zealand, and world-famous to-day as the most English city outside England.

Westwood had no hankering after life in a town. His mind was young enough to be filled with tales of derring-do, and he had visions of rolling sheep country with the fresh wind blowing in from the Pacific and the smell of the open tussock country in his nostrils. So he struck a bargain with the Canterbury Association and became the owner of a good stretch of land bordering the banks of the Ashley River. Sheep had been brought from England, and he purchased some of them. He bought a couple of cows from the Deans brothers. He built a cottage and a stable. He cleared land and put up fences. He was happier than he had ever been in his life.

★
AND then something happened to complete this picture of colonial contentment.

farming than in writing—for which the world can be thankful. He was Samuel Butler and I have stood on the doorstep of his lonely little cottage in the foothills of the Southern Alps and tried to turn my mind back to the days when he had sat far into the night writing the words that went forth as the famous "Erewhon."

You can't imagine a more peaceful, lonely spot. From the door of the little one-roomed shack—it's falling into ruin to-day—there is a magnificent view of mountain peak and green hill and turbulent river. To-day, Samuel Butler's sheep station is a part of the huge run owned by Sir William Nosworthy, a former Postmaster-General.

★
AS I have said, Nathan Westwood's little sheep station was prospering. The cottage had grown into quite a house, the stables and sheep pens and stock had grown, too. There was a homely woman's touch about the neat curtains, the little chicken run, the healthy well-cooked dinners. And



IT ran across the paddocks where the sheep stood in desolate little groups up to their bellies in water. On the third morning the water was flowing through the house and the young couple decided they would have to leave. They went out into the paddocks, opened gates, turned the cattle and the horses loose, chased the chickens out of their pens. And with no more than a few clothes and a canary in a cage which the young wife insisted on taking with her, they turned their horses' noses into the grey, mounting waters and

and young Nathan went to work for an engineer.

★
HE showed surprising aptitude at his work, was entrusted with some of the plans for the Lyttleton Tunnel, the big tunnel that was driven through the hills under the very Bridle Track over which the pilgrims had travelled not so many years before. Orders flowed in for all sorts of work. The Provincial Government was building bridges and buildings, roads and tunnels.

little colony, had become a respected citizen of the growing town of Christchurch. He died twenty years ago, but he lived long enough to see Christchurch grow into a proud city, a city where the culture and scholarship of the old world was allied to the vigorous spirit of the new.

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When he had first gone to Edinburgh as a medical student, young Westwood had carried a letter of introduction to a manufacturer there. This man had several daughters, bonniest of all being Nellie, a bright-eyed Scots lass of seventeen. She looked shyly at the tall and gawky Yorkshireman—and romance was born.

Then he went away . . . and the girl's family considered the little romance at an end. But not Nellie. She had a few pounds, she bought a ticket for New Zealand, and travelled all that long and dangerous journey for the sake of the man she loved. They were married in the tiny Anglican Church in Christchurch . . . the beginning of 60 years of happy married life.

★
ABOUT this time there was another young Englishman in Canterbury who had felt the call of the colonies. But he was less interested in sheep-

so into the 'sixties when Westwood took his little store of capital to buy more land.

But the gods who had smiled on his every enterprise now turned away their heads. Late one winter's afternoon, a terrific rain storm broke . . . the rain lashed down all night, and

rode down toward Christchurch.

That flood of the eighties is still talked about in Canterbury. The rivers became mad, swirling seas spreading out over the plain, desolation and destruction in their race to the ocean. The Waimakariri River flowed down into Christchurch, washing houses away and terrifying the people.

★
NATHAN WESTWOOD went back to his farm as soon as the waters had subsided. The house was gone, the stables and fences and stock were no more. Where his most fertile paddocks had been the Ashley River now flowed in a stony bed nearly two miles wide.

There was no such thing as appealing to the Government in those days. If you chose a colonist's life you chose hardship and hazard. There was no use cursing the folly that had caused him to spend nearly all his capital adding new acres to his sheep run. A tiny cottage in Christchurch became the young couple's new home,

all the next day, and all the next night, too. The Ashley River rose alarmingly. It flowed across the garden, scouring out the sturdy little oaks and the willows. It flowed through the stables soaking the hay and searing the horses.

by
Trevor
Lane

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