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.



AND so was born the city of Christehurch, 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 colonial contentment.

Canterbury's earliest colonists were no toughas-leather immigrants. there were men from Oxford and Cambridge, women whose lives had been lived in sheltered vicarages.

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 neat curtains, the healthy neat current, the he chicken run, the he

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

and young Nathan went to work for an engineer.



HE showed surprising aptitude would have to leave. They at his work, was entrusted went out into the paddocks, with some of the plans for the opened gates, turned the cattle Lyttleton Tunnel, the big tunand the horses loose, chased the nel that was driven through chickens out of their pens. And the hills under the very Bridle with no more than a few Track over which the pilgrims clothes and a canary in a cage which the young wife insisted for all sorts of work. The on taking with her, they turn- Provincial Government ed their horses' noses into the building bridges and buildings, grey, mounting waters and roads and tunnels.

> had become a partner in the firm, was taking an interest

in the politics of the thriving

little colony, had become a respected citizen of the growing town of Christehurch. 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.



## rode down toward Christ-That flood of the eighteensixties is still talked about in When he had first gone to WITHIN ten years Westwood

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 yawky Yorkshireman-and romance y was born.

Then he went away . . . and the girl's family considered the little romance at an end. But not Nellie. She had a pounds, she bought a t for New Zealand, and travelled all that long and dangerous journey for the sele 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 Late one winter's afternoon, 2 terrific rain storm broke . . . the rain lashed down all night, and

Trevor

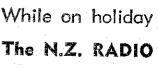
all the next day, and all the next night, too. The Ashley River rose alarmingly. It flowed across the garden, scouring out the sturdy little oaks and the willows. It flowed through the stables soaking the hay and searing the horses.

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, Remember



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