

avenue of the glorious yellow broom, past a field which is one white mass of daisies, then straight into climbing bowers of native clematis and bush-lawyer, falling in scented bouquets of pale pink blossom. The stream is there, stepping stones and all, just in the very place for a picnic. This abundance of retired picnic spots so close to town is the great charm of Dunedin. They are within a few moments' walk of the main tram routes. Fraser's Creek, for instance, is a charming combination of bush and stream, at the end of a walk of a few minutes from the Kaikorai terminus.

For the sake of variety, one may drive along the Portobello Road, which leads past Anderson's and Broad Bays—a perfectly level road with cliff on one hand, harbour on the other. The drive is delightful. Numbers of cyclists are met, for the road is level to the end, where is Portobello, an exceedingly pretty seaside resort. For more ambitious picnickers, Waitate, Outram, Woodside, Brighton and others furnish a twenty miles drive, with delightful scenery at the end. But I do not wish, at present, to expatiate on these more distant holiday spots.

To beauty lovers, there are so many charms about the suburbs, and during October and November, the hillsides fairly glow with the glory of the broom. Great yellow patches of it rivet the attention everywhere, throwing perfume into the air, painting the landscape with splashes of colour. About the

same time, white clematis blossoms profusely along the belt of bush. In the Roslyn district are large areas of undulating country where homes are springing up plentifully. Along quiet country roads, bordered by paddocks, one may walk in the bracing air high above the city. While walking one day along one of these lanes I was greeted with the scent of violets. Looking over a hedge I saw a great plantation of the sweet English flower. Planted out in the same manner as strawberries, they were in full bloom, and the picture of that hill slope, purple-painted and extravagantly throwing wild its delicious perfume, was one to have come miles for.

The citizens of Dunedin deserve the warmest congratulations for the care they have taken to preserve natural beauties. Their Beautifying Society is evidently a live one, to judge by the manner in which spaces have been reserved along the public streets, and kept as gardens glowing golden in spring with daffodils, or clad in summer with scarlet geraniums. Northern cities have had so much better chances with their broader sweeps of blue harbour, and their more genial skies, but as compared with Dunedin, they have neglected their opportunities. They have one garden to the half-dozen of the chilly South, they push back the forest growth further and further, they destroy Nature instead of assisting her. In the matter of taking care of their property, they have a useful lesson to learn from Dunedin.

