

turn off, on the hillside, to another walk, bordered by willows dipping low to the stony-bedded Water o' Leith. The walk takes us to the small, but very pretty Public Gardens.

Ocean Beach and St. Clair are too well-known to ask much comment. The former is grand in its desolation, in its reach of gray sandhills, in its great gray-blue waves. The latter, seen on a spring morning, when the clouds are gently lifted, and the waters proudly rearing their crests before rolling in shore-

flats some richer red-brown colouring than is usual in Dunedin, we walked on by a road bordered by masses of glorious golden broom. The scent of it was in the air; the wet clouds lifted, and the sunshine met and kissed the glowing yellow. The richness of its hue, as it grew in great masses along the roadside compelled admiration. Then round another bend, another overpowering sweetness greeted us. A pale lemon-coloured lupin was growing thickly along, trying its best to outrival the sturdy broom. Down below us



The Triangle, Dunedin.

ward, is a beautiful combination of soft colours. A charming haziness blends the water and sky into harmony of mid-colour, the rocks stand sentinel, their brown hue toning softly, while ever the great waves come dashing in. Round the corner is a sheltered rocky bay, where one may sit on the boulders, revelling in the peace that comes of blustering billows.

One day in springtime we visited Tomahawk Bay. Passing Anderson's Bay, which revealed on the

stretched a level, half-marshy island, half water, while away in the background rose the green hills. The road, yellow-bordered, wound over a bridge. Turning sharply off, we came upon the beach, flanked by sandhills and rugged rocks.

No description of Dunedin would be complete without a mention of the Waterfall. The road to the North leads past the Leith, with its great boulders and stones so thickly strewn. Finally, we turn in at a broken-down gate; and, scrambling