

walls and sweeps down, a rushing, swirling mass of foaming water, until it finally plunges into a broad pool. The fall is only about twenty-five feet in height, but its beauty lies in its glorious colouring, the mingling of blue water and white foam. Standing by the Huka, one remembers the legend of Tamatea and his bold attempt to shoot these rapids, and can picture the natives of the surrounding district running excitedly along the banks, watching his doomed band as their canoe was swept onward to destruction by the resistless current.

From this point the river flows on in a comparatively peaceful fashion, though it is rare to find a place where there is not a fairly strong current. Passing near Wairakei, with its famous Geyser Valley, until some miles further down again may be heard the thunder of rushing waters, for here are the Aratiatia Rapids, which rival the Huka Falls in beauty. The water is again dashed into foam by the speed with which it hurries between the rock-bound banks, which in many places are covered by native bush.

The rapids may be seen conveniently from either side, and form a picture that is not easily forgotten, one where the blue and white of the water is strongly contrasted with the sombre hues of the rocks and the green foliage covering the foaming cliffs. Here, as at the Huka, one realises to a certain extent the tremendous force which is momentarily being expended by the rushing waters, and what an utter impossibility it would be for anyone unfortunate enough to be seized by the current to escape from its grasp! These rapids extend for about half a mile.

Difficult as it is to tear oneself away from the sight of these rapids, yet they are not the last of the scenes to be viewed on the

river banks, for, miles below, is a place which, though seldom visited, has amongst its varied sights two that are hardly to be equalled for beauty in the Wonderland of New Zealand. These are the Alum Cave of Orakei-Korako, and a white terrace which gives one an idea of the vanished charms of those terraces destroyed by the great eruption of Mount Tarawera. To reach these, one crosses the Waikato in a canoe, and climbs the eastern bank, the path winding amongst fiercely-boiling holes and so-called porridge pots. The terrace is first reached, a high buttress, white with silica, and above it a huge sheet of the same substance pierced here and there by pools of blue



HUKA FALLS, WAIKATO RIVER.

water, the whole half-shrouded from one's eyes by immense clouds of steam. Here the visitor follows the guide's steps with an exactitude which is usually uncommon, but it is easy enough to remember that a false step may lead one to a part too thin to bear any weight, while a glance at any of the beautiful, but boiling, pools shows one what the result of such an accident would be, a result too horrible to be thought lightly of, though there is not the slightest danger in following the guide, and the beauty of the shining white terrace is well worth the trouble taken to see it. On leaving it the track leads on to the Alum Cave. On the side of a rise, overlooking the river, lies a