

to twenty feet, and throwing it over this rock. This geyser had not played for three months. There was another I had been examining pretty closely, and five minutes later it was playing furiously as if resenting my curiosity.

Here we have a sample of most things, viz., hot waterfalls, cold waterfalls, geysers, volcanoes of boiling mud, and a siliceous terrace in the course of formation. The Waikite Geyser that was forming this terrace has unfortunately stopped playing, so the terrace has an unfinished appearance. It is rather remarkable to note that it ceased to play the day the first train arrived at Rotorua about three or four years ago, and has sulked ever since. Whether it was jealous of the rival attractions the steam engine presented to the natives, or whether it, there and then, realised the narrowness of its scope, and has not yet had time to get over its disgust, has not so far been explained; let us hope, however, for the sake of the terrace that it will soon resume its playful mood and make up for the time it has lost.

Whakarewarewa is a place of surprises—here you have an ice cold spring, there a boiling one, here is a spring of pure water, there within a few feet an alum spring, there a sulphur one, and yet again an oil one. Along the edge of a cold creek are boiling springs apparently the same stream of water. You can boil a billy of water by standing it in one of the boiling springs by this stream, and only two feet away you can get a drink of ice cold water. We had some eggs with us, which we put in a basket and placed in one of these boiling springs, and in three and a-half minutes they were done to a turn. We had lunch, and a few feet further along we found a warm spring in which we washed our crockery. We procured a few quaint specimens here, amongst which was a piece of sacking partly petrified by the action of the geysers.

It is very noticeable how Maori carvings for the ornamentation of whares, canoes and weapons run in curves and circles; when one visits this district one realizes how near

akin is Art to Nature, and how truly they have observed Nature and followed it in their designs, *e.g.*, all the silica incrustations on the edges of these streams and springs being of circular or curved patterns. Some of them look as if they had been formed by the hand—as indeed they have, the great hand of Nature. The stem or trunk of the tree fern, when cut in two, presents these same curves and circles.

The native children are expert divers, and boys and girls, thinking, no doubt, that "Nature unadorned adorned the most," dive so for coppers. They seem to live in the water, and are nearly as expert beggars as their dark brethren we are so familiar with at Port Said and Colombo.

#### TIKITERE.

Another trip well worth the time and money expended is to Tikitere by waggonette or buggy, and thence to the Blue Lake. Augusta Sala, I think it was, who, on visiting Tikitere called it Hell's Gates, a very appropriate name too, His Satautic Majesty having appropriated everything. The Devil's Punch Bowl, which is filled with boiling mud; the Devil's Porridge Pot, a large round hole filled with thick boiling mud, which remains quite still for a second or two, then thick wrinkled circles form, and with a loud puff and a tremor that shakes the surrounding ground, the top surface is thrown off and scattered far and wide. The hydro-thermal action is so strong at Tikitere that you can feel the earth vibrate under your feet. It is not safe to walk about here without a guide, as you might put your foot into a hot pool or break through the crust of the earth, which is very thin in places. Here we have also the Devil's Delight, a most gruesome sight, especially to one with a vivid imagination. It is a huge cauldron or lake of boiling mud, and as it boils it assumes most suggestive shapes, departed spirits leaping to get out, heads bob up, and soon after long arms thrown up as it were in despair, the boiling mud dropping from their fingers as they sink again into the weird whirlpool.