

a better display of chrysanthemums.

On the morning after our arrival we were early astir, and Father Holierhoek took us over the Maori settlement of Ohinemutu, on the banks of Lake Rotorua. Our party had to proceed in Indian file. The genial Maori missionary, who was in the lead, would every now and again look behind to see that we kept in line. Any deviation from the path would likely end in one's disappearance below. For a full hour we wended our way past boiling springs, the more dangerous of which were fenced round. Into one of these eight years ago a horse belonging to Father Holierhoek fell, and several days later was found completely boiled. It was a novel sight to witness food being cooked in the boiling springs all over the settlement, and the clothes boiled and washed, and snow-white at that. Going through this settlement at night, even the old hands never venture out without a lighted lantern. At the Runanga, or meeting house, where an important Maori meeting was being held, and attended by Maoris from the surrounding kiangas we were made most welcome.

The Catholic church was next visited. The interior is certainly unique and striking. Around the walls the following may be seen, 'Kia noho koe ki te miha i nga ratapu me nga haringa tapu.' Translation: 'Be present at Mass on Sundays and holy days.' The above is worked in white flax in narrow strips on a black ground. The Papal tiara and the keys of Peter are on one panel, and in it alone there are over 1700 stitches. On another are shown representations of the Sacred Heart; a monstrance; a cock crowing, reminding us of St. Peter's denial. In another panel is worked a harp, surrounded by shamrocks. The work on this panel was suggested to the designer through the fact of three sons of Erin always occupying a seat beneath it. The whole design was the idea of the Rev. Father Holierhoek. The choir loft was erected by the Rev. Father Kreymsborg, now in charge at Rotorua. This energetic priest is at present erecting a new presbytery next to the church, and was to be seen every day toiling in true orthodox carpenter's garb. The old presbytery close by has been given to the Sisters of St. Joseph, who have within the last month settled in the township. We visited their school, which had been opened within the last fortnight, yet there were fully 30 pupils present, and more promised for next week. A number of Maori children was amongst them. Upon the blackboard was written in chalk the hymn, 'Hail, Queen of heaven,' and the lusty manner in which it was sung showed how promptly the good Sisters had inculcated a love for eternal things in the minds of the children. The Sisters came over specially from Sydney to this district. On Sunday morning the Rev. Father Furlong preached on the Real Presence, and the Rev. Father Holierhoek immediately afterwards redelivered the same sermon in Maori to the natives present.

Whakarewareware

now received our attention. It is about two miles from Rotorua. The boiling springs there are certainly nerve stirring. One name Pohutu is a terror. It emits volumes of boiling water, which rise occasionally to a height of 60 feet. The Brain Pot is a round, angry seething mass, and is so named because in olden times the brains of captives were thrown into it. For an area of many miles round, under the able guidance of Father Holierhoek, we visited sights to describe which would cause my readers to say I was 'drawing the long bow.' We visited the carved house for which the German Government had offered £3000, but its deportation was forbidden. It is now owned by Mr. Nelson, proprietor of the Geyser Hotel, a hostelry worthy of any city in the colonies. The landlady is a Galway woman, and made our party at home right away. She gave us free use of the private hot baths connected with the hotel, and we made several journeys to Whakarewareware to indulge in them. The 'round trip' is the principal attraction of the tour. It is under Government management. Unless four or more tourists present themselves the trip will not be taken. At 7.30 a.m. we got into the coach at the door of our hotel, and when all had been gathered at the various houses we mustered 11 exclusive of our jehu. It was a lovely bright autumn morning, with a cloudless sky and a sharp bracing breeze. Leaving Rotorua behind us we traversed a manuka-clad plain, and soon entered the forest, wending our way through the giant trees, the early morning sun gleaming now and again upon a scene enhanced by a most luxuriant and varied undergrowth. It was most exhilarating. Suddenly in the depth of the forest we come upon Takitapu or the Blue Lake. It is like indigo in color, and while we are expressing our delight at the sight we had just left, another and much larger lake, green in color, is before us, and named Rotokakahi. The old settlement of Wairoa is now reached, where the party leaves the brake, and is taken in hand by a guide, who shows us the devastation all round caused by the eruption of Tarawera in the eighties. The ruined dwellings told us in language more eloquent than words of that awful time. Catching eagerly every word from the lips of Riri, and noting well every spot pointed out to us where whole families were enveloped, and miraculous escapes occurred, we reached the immense lake, Tarawera. Four stalwart Maoris were at the oars to row us over eight miles of blue waters. On the bow of the boat appeared the euphonious name 'Hineroeto,' which rendered into English means 'Lady of the Lake.' We passed right under the mountain of Tarawera, on whose top and sides great and ominous fissures were seen. From the mountain all vegetation has disappeared. Presently we disembark, and a walk of one mile brings us to Lake Rotomahana. Before the eruption it was possible in a canoe to go from Lake Tarawera to Lake Rotomahana. This mile of deb-

ris was thrown up in four hours, in fact, Lake Rotomahana was completely blown away, and with it the famous pink and white terraces. The water of Rotomahana is green in color. Our boat was rowed to that part of the lake where the geysers are very active. Here a novel sensation awaited us. Under the boat we could feel the boiling water thumping like a mighty propeller. One of the lady occupants cried out: 'Oh! do take us out of this.' The angry and active geysers here, into which the boat was backed consonant with safety, are truly marvellous. Disembarking again, we trudge away over volcanic debris extending over many miles, smothering all growth, and giving the country a dreary aspect. Desolation reigns all around. By a narrow beaten track we ascend a rugged range between 800 and 900 feet high. Strange sights are seen while ascending this hill. The action of the rain upon the volcanic debris has resulted in the formation of what might aptly be termed stalagmites covering the whole country side. At the summit a small hut has been erected, into which all enter, and, hampers being opened, a welcome meal was partaken. Looking down into the valley our guide points out to us

The Famous Waimangu Geyser,

the quiescent state of which would scarcely lead one to imagine that in its angry moods it throws up boulders and black, boiling, muddy water to heights varying from 200 to 1000 feet. The disappointing news was conveyed that Waimangu was not likely to go off before midnight. As a matter of fact it did go off that night at 10 o'clock. The indication of a 'shot' is that the contents rise to high water mark, which is plainly discernible in the geyser fully half an hour before. We struck low water. Danger posts are erected all around warning visitors, 'so far and no further.' A Minister of the Crown from the State of New South Wales recently had a narrow escape from death. During an eruption he foolishly crossed the danger line, and finding himself in too hot a corner he ran for one of the shelter sheds, amidst loud cries of alarm from the occupants, when an immense boulder crashed to the earth close beside him. Several tents were pitched in the locality, where numbers of people awaited an eruption. At the head of the rift a large wooden accommodation house was in course of erection by the Government Tourist Department in order that visitors might put up there, and view this wonderful geyser, alleged to be at the present time the greatest in the world. Fortunate are those who view it when in eruption. From the heights we were favored with a fine view of snow-capped Tongariro. At the Government house before mentioned the coach awaited us, and with a declining sun we wheeled away over a splendid road nearly twenty miles, back to Rotorua. En route we passed Earthquake Flat, so called because of its, in places, depressed surface. Inhabitants tell of its depressions during the great eruption of 1886. Father Holierhoek pointed out to us two native villages, in both of which he ministered a decade back, in primitive churches erected by himself, but which now may be classed with the loneliness of Goldsmith's 'Sweet Auburn,' owing to the migratory spirit if their former inhabitants. It was dark when we reached Rotorua. During the twelve hours that had passed since we left in the morning we had viewed sights and scenery to compare with which it would be difficult to find. Next morning in a steam launch we crossed

Lake Rotorua,

nearly nine miles across, and after a short walk reached Hamurana stream, where we embarked, the party filling two small boats. This is one of the most picturesque and charming spots of the many to be seen in this interesting district. The water is icy cold, and so clear that the bed of the stream is plainly discernible, and presents to the eye a kaleidoscopic view, the effect of which is quite entrancing. We shortly arrive at Hamurana's source, an immense hole, into which all gaze with wonder and astonishment. It emits in every 24 hours 5,000,000 gallons of cold water, all of which filters into Lake Rotorua. To the arid plains of the Commonwealth what a boon Hamurana would be. It is the custom to throw pennies into the spring, and so great is the force of water issuing that the coins sink but a few feet, where they hover for some time, eventually finding their way to ledges at the sides, which literally swarm with copper coins of the realm. No one has yet been venturesome enough to try and 'scoop the pool.'

We are soon aboard the launch, and shortly reach the island of Mokoia, which stands, sentinel like, in the midst of Rotorua's waters. Sixpence toll is collected of each passenger by the Maoris on the island. I was pleased to note that the natives exempted Fathers Holierhoek and Furlong. The principal attraction was Hinemoa's bath, in size about 12 feet square, about whom and her lover, Tutanekei, the Maoris have a pretty legend. Since, however, Hinemoa's immersion in the famous bath, an extra shovel or two of coal must have been heaped on below, for at present it would be too hot a trysting place for our New Zealand Romeo and Juliet.

Ngongotaha Mountain, on the mainland, was next visited. The Tourist Department has made a good coach road to the summit, from which an excellent panoramic view of the country around was obtained. White Island, in the Bay of Plenty, with its overhead sulphuric vapor, a goodly stretch of the east coastline, Lakes Rotiti and Rotoua, steaming Tikitere, and an admirable view of the rapidly extending township of Rotorua and its suburb Whakarewareware are seen from the mountain top.

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