

Northwestern Plains and Rocky Mountains. The Kicking Horse river in the Rockies derives its name from an accident to Sir James or Dr. Hector as he then was. It was interesting to hear from his own lips, the story, how he was kicked by his pet pony, and considered dead, so that preparation had already begun for his burial, only to be foiled by his showing still signs of life. I cannot but pay a tribute to the scientific work done in New Zealand, and to their publications, notably, the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, work which perhaps Canada cannot show its equal. Dr. Rutherford of McGill University, to whom the Rumford gold medal was recently awarded by the Royal Society of England, was born and educated in New Zealand.

But this is digressing, nor must I enter upon the social problems that New Zealand is trying to solve, and which are being watched by the world at large with the greatest interest. As New Zealand is the laboratory of social experiments, so it is the laboratory of the forces of Nature. In the South island we find a lofty range of mountains, covered with eternal snow and glaciers, carving out valleys, and the elements relentlessly grinding and washing down the mountains to the sea to build up new lands. On the North island we enter the workshop of Hades. In the district of Rotorua we smell the hereafter, sulphur and hot fumes, and experience tremblings and eruptions. It is an uncanny feeling to walk about the bubbling, quaking, steaming grounds, which the Government has set aside as a reservation or park for tourists. Maori girls act as guides, and tell the stories and legends of these weird haunts. Time does not permit me to narrate some of these interesting tales. The Maoris living in these parts have cooking made easy. Their principal food is the kumara or sweet potato. They simply wrap the food in a mat, made of the flax spoken of and put it over a steaming hole and, presto! the food is cooked.

I had the peculiar sensation of being rowed over a lake, Lake Rotomahana, where the water hoiled and bubbled and thumped underneath the boat. One cannot help imagining—if the boat had upset, there would have been no lecture to-night.

New Zealand is the country of ferns. With us, our vacant lands are covered with grass, there with ferns,—you smell ferns. Beside this common fern, the tree fern is much in evidence too, and