

least such have been the opinions I have formed after my limited observation of both races.

The Maoris are a very licentious race, and formerly female virtue was but little known previous to marriage and to a limited extent thereafter.

The curious, hideous, and frequently most obscene idols and carved decorations of the native meeting-house (*runaga*) are evidences of their sensuality. They are said to have abandoned idolatry, but they still cling to their *runagas* and many of their superstitious notions. When a thing or place is pronounced by them *tabu*, that is to say, sacred, it is sacred indeed, and one of the tribe so pronouncing the *tabu* would not touch it nor go near it (as the case may be) for love or money. The race, however, has very many good characteristics as well as bad ones, and there is no reason why it should not progress. The men have very fine physiques and are said to be very shrewd fellows—intelligent and capable.

The chief source of sustenance of the Maori is the potato, both sweet and white, which they cultivate largely, and in some places *taro* is also cultivated and used, though to the Hawaiian alone is due the credit of having perfected the cultivation and use of the latter root.

There was much that was curious and interesting in the *pah*, but I have time to mention but one most striking feature, viz., the method of cooking. Stones are arranged about some of the smaller hot springs, and become so heated that it is possible to employ them for baking purposes, while similar arrangements are made for boiling kettles. There are actually places on the lake shore, at the very water's edge, where by merely sinking a kettle into the sand the natives are enabled to cook their vegetables, strange as it may seem.

Never will I forget the scene from the upper hotel porch at twilight, my first night at Ohinemutu—it was a picture of wonder and beauty. Stretched before me was the lovely milk-green lake of Rotorua, the reflected tints on the surface blending with those of the sun-set shades of the sky; some four miles away, about its middle, was the pretty island of Mokoia, and on every hand were

rays of a sinking sun. The strange fascination of that weird but beautiful scene I shall ever hold in remembrance.

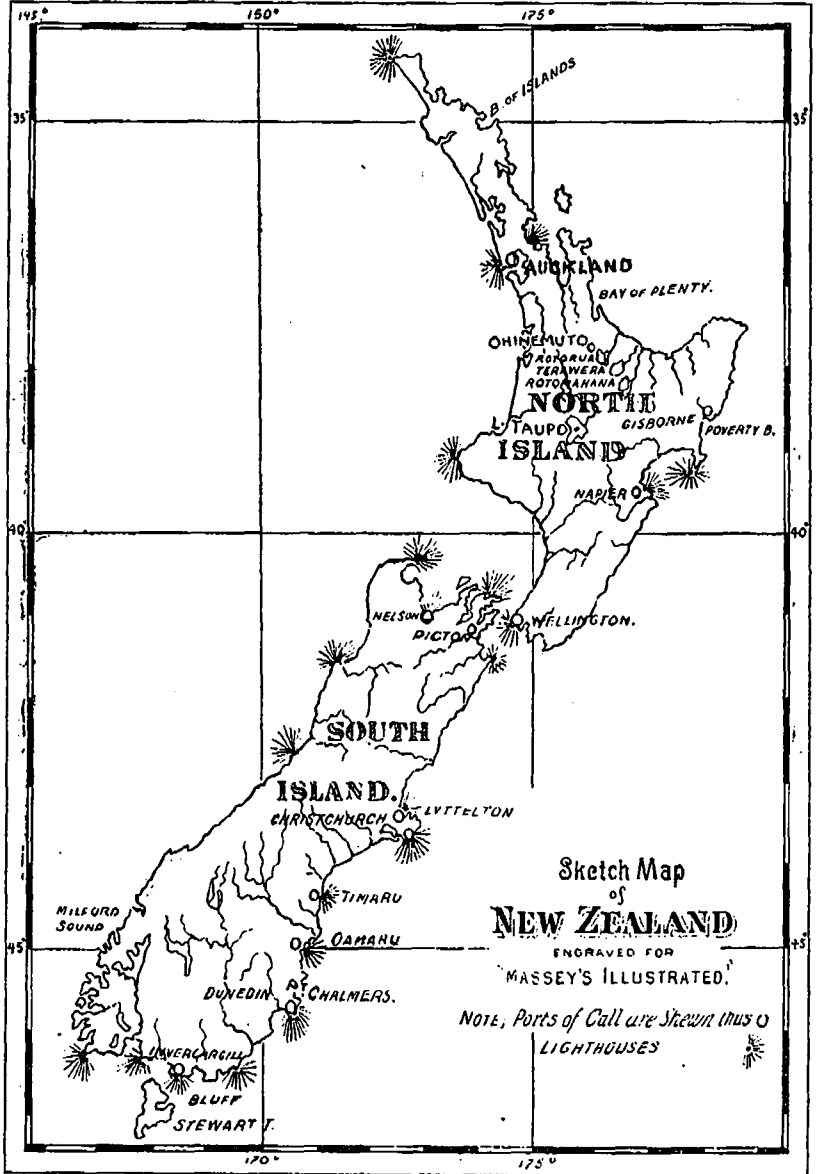
Friday we made the excursion to Tikitere—a congregation of great and terrible-looking mud and sulphur springs. Our conveyance, a so-called "buggy," was a light, strong wagon, and the road—well, the latter part of it was really no road at all, nor scarcely a trail. The roads about Rotorua were once good, but the great quantities of mud and ashes thrown up at the eruption at Rotomahana in 1886 destroyed roads, vegetation, and almost everything within a radius of some fifteen to twenty miles.

Lake Rotorua, though some twenty miles distant from the volcano, is said to have risen twelve inches as a result of the eruption, and the hills between it and Rotomahana were covered with deposits, the beautiful vegetation on their sides being almost completely destroyed. The natural water courses being thus filled up, this loose deposit was washed down in enormous quantities, forming new water-courses and made frightful washouts and fearful havoc with the roads. In several instances we had to ford streams, the bridges standing over former channels some fifty to one hundred feet to one side on dry ground. In due time by careful management our driver succeeded in getting us there without accident, though we went up and down and through some very scary places.

Tikitere itself is the big hollow of an old and very large crater, the great hot mud springs and boiling ponds being the only remaining life of the volcano—it is quite life enough! For it is an awful place, and when one gets in the midst of these marvellous seething and boiling springs and mud cauldrons, he is reminded of the infernal on every hand, and the communication with the interior is altogether too close to allow one to be quite comfortable.

Without an experienced guide it is a most dangerous place to visit, the crust being thin and in places very soft and treacherous. Sulphur deposit was conspicuous on the ground surface, and sulphurous fumes and vapors from *well-kept* fires beneath filled the air—in places so thick as almost to stifle one, and our guide informed us tourists occasionally fainted there. The largest pond was boiling as hard as it is possible to conceive anything boiling, great mounds of water, as it were, bounding up in its middle some three feet or more, and clouds of steam constantly ascending. The mud geysers or cauldrons, or, as I would call them, the little volcanoes, for such they seemed, were the most interesting. The largest of them had built up little craters from ten to twenty-five feet across, resembling those of large volcanoes, and one runs the risk of being splashed and burnt with the slate-colored mud which is being thrown up by the hard-boiling process going on inside, if his curiosity to look down leads him too close to their edges. This mud is of various degrees of consistency in different springs or geysers—in one I noticed it being so thick as to be bounced up in chunks like thick clay, in its desperate efforts to boil. Another peculiar phenomenon which attracted my attention was a low, flat place in which the little water there was, was fairly dancing and hissing as though poured on a hot frying pan.

Tikitere is a frightful place altogether, and when



in the midst of these marvels of nature, I could but contemplate my uncomfortable position in case of still greater activity from beneath—there being quite enough as it was. In front of me was a great bubbling, steaming pond sending up "pillars of cloud;" on my right, thumping and groaning mud geysers; at my left and behind, other gurgling and seething springs and tiny deceptive openings emitting sulphurous odors—all about me was superficial evidence of the great powers beneath the surface and of the fiery interior. The crust of the earth, which on the average is only "as the shell to the egg," seemed here decidedly thin, and I felt far safer when a few miles again lay between Tikitere and me.

From Tikitere we drove on a little further to an eminence commanding a fine view of the little lake of Rotoiti—a very pretty sheet of water, now of a white-green color, dotted with numerous islets—and there lunched. This lake, like all the others in the district, had changed in color since the great eruption, due to the quantities of mud thrown and washed into them.

(To be continued.)



## His Sister.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

ROBERT, I found the barn unfastened again to-night, and the rails in the corner pasture down. I declare, you deserve to be flogged for your carelessness!"

"You won't flog me, sir!" said the boy, in a low voice. His face flushed hotly. He had been reading, his hands on either side of his chin; now he pushed his book away and sat looking doggedly before him.

"Meroy on me!" murmured Grandmother Macy, who sat



"KATE"—A WELL-KNOWN MAORI GUIDE.

extinct volcanic hills extending into the distance as far as the eye could reach. Away to my right, just peering above the hills, was the top of the terrible Tarawera, which suddenly belched forth with such awful fury on June 10th, 1886, and wrought such dreadful havoc. Nearer at hand in the same direction, prettily situated on a narrow point of land running out into the lake, was the Maori *pah* just mentioned, with its queer little grass *whares* and *runaga*, while at the extreme point a few delapidated and ancient carved "door posts," still sticking out of the water, are all that remain of a native village, which tradition has it, suddenly sunk into the lake one night some eighty or ninety years ago. To complete this picture, and it was one of extraordinary beauty, there was the vapor ascending from a hundred springs and steam holes, both small and large, along the shore of the lake before me—the whole lighted by the twilight