

Gardner returned to Auckland, accompanied by others of the brethren, among whom were Elders Charles B. Bartlett, Christian Peterson, Joseph C. Jorgensen, Lewis G. Hoagland, Willford F. Nebeker and James S. Abbott, who returned to their homes in Zion after performing good missions in New Zealand. The next day more Elders and Saints left, but I still remained to finish up my historical labors in the Hauraki district, being well taken care of by Reha Aperahama, the president of Te Aroha branch, in whose house Elder Gardner and myself had occupied a comfortable room all the time during our sojourn in Te Aroha.

On Wednesday, January 8th, I finished my labors in Te Aroha, and at 10 a. m. Elder Joseph W. Linford and myself gave the parting hand to Elders Joseph M. Folkman and Moroni Lazenby and the native Saints, who still remained at the village; and Brother Rewi Mokena took us in a cart drawn by two horses, fourteen miles over the lowlands to Morinsville, where we took the train for the famous health resort Rotorua, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the mountains and on the west shore of lake Rotorua. New Zealand is singularly rich in springs of water holding mineral in solution, and some of these are already noted for their valuable medical properties. Both hot and cold springs are found, the former being, with few exceptions, confined to the North Island, where superficial volcanic forces have been active since the so-called tertiary period, and are not yet altogether dormant. The thermal springs district of New Zealand comprises an area of upwards of 600,000 acres, or close to 1,000 square miles. The length of the district is about fifty miles, with an average breadth of twenty miles. Its altitude varies from 900 to 2,000 feet above sea level. The most striking physical features of this region are the extensive pumice plains, intersected in various directions by high ranges of igneous formation, which are relieved here and there by enormous trachytic cones. Forests of extraordinary luxuriance and beauty clothe the mountains and border the extensive plateaus, while hot lakes, boiling geysers, and thermal springs are dotted far and wide over the country. These springs are of the most varied chemical character, and of every degree of temperature from 60° to 212° F. The New Zealand government has chosen the western shore of Lake Rotorua as the basis of operation for opening up this wonderful district as a sanitarium and bathing establishment. The sanitarium reserve here comprises an area of some fifty acres bordering on Lake Rotorua. Twelve years ago this was a howling wilderness, covered with manuka scrub, and diversified only by clouds of steam rising from the various hot springs. Here the adventurous invalid of years ago pitched his tent and derived what satisfaction he could from digging a hole in the ground for a bath. In many instances he immortalized himself by giving his name to the spring, and thus the visitor of the present day has pointed out to him such as "Cameron's Bath," "McHugh's Bath," "The Priest's Bath," etc. The acid waters in the latter are said to have nothing equal to them in any part of the world. Other springs have received their names from some real or imaginary quality, and thus

we hear of the Madam Rachel. The Rain Killer, The Coffee Pot, Blue Bath, etc. Now the former desolation has been changed, a garden intersected by walks and drives lined with evergreens and grasses, fountains and flower beds also delight the eye, and commodious bathing pavilions are built over the principal springs.

Thursday, January 9th. Having enjoyed a comfortable night's rest at a private boarding house at Rotorua, where we put up, Elder Linford and I arose early in the morning and walked two miles south to the renowned Maori village Whakarewarewa, where we spent the forenoon taking in the sights and admiring the natural wonders which are grouped together here on a few acres of land. There are numerous small lakes, in some of which the water is boiling hot, in others tepid, and in some cold. The geysers, which were the greatest attractions years ago, are not so active now, and hence not so interesting as before. One that used to send boiling waters a hundred feet up in the air at regular intervals is almost dormant now. Only by putting on several bars of soap and other stuff possessing explosive qualities, can it be forced to play, and then only once or twice a day. Hot steam emerges from the springs and fissures in the rocks, and wherever one walks a hollow sound is produced, which conveys the idea that only a thin crust of earth intervenes between the pedestrian and the hot boiling mass underneath him. In several places the crust is so thin that considerable caution has to be exercised on the part of the visitors, who are advised never to venture out on their first expedition here without a guide. One native woman fell into a hot pool some time ago, and was immediately scalded to death. Evil tongues would have it that her husband, who was with her at the time, pushed her in, as he was tired of her. The volcanic mud lakes, which abound, is another interesting feature of the place. Immediately in front of the Maori village is the hot pool Parekohuru in which the natives cook nearly all their food. They also bake their bread in skillets which they bury in the hot soil adjacent to the pool. This cooks the bread without making any crust whatever, and we truly enjoyed the eating of some bread cooked in this manner. While taking dinner with Erueru Wikiwhi, who together with his family are the only members of the Church at Whakarewarewa. He also acted as our guide. His wife is a daughter of Sophia, an intelligent woman who is well and popularly known to tourists as a guide.

After enjoying a bath in one of the tepid springs, Elder Linford and I returned to Rotorua where we tried to hire a couple of horses and ride to the site of the once famous village Wairoa, situated about ten miles away, across a range or several ranges of mountains; but the stable man assured us that it was too late in the day to start on so long a journey, as it would be impossible to get there before dark. Now we were both anxious to see the scene of the terrible eruption and earthquake of ten years ago; and our only chance perhaps in a lifetime was to see Mount Tarawera that afternoon, as we were compelled through force of circumstances to return northward the following day, in order to fill other appointments. So I told Elder Linford that I could walk to Lake Tara-

vera and back that night if he could. Without hesitation he expressed the opinion that he could walk any distance that I would attempt to tramp. So, after taking a good peep at the sun, in order to mark its exact position and distance from the western horizon, off we started at 3 o'clock p. m. Our road led over mountains and through gorges, over ravines and dugways, and through forests and bush. We also passed two good sized lakes, namely, Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, in which the water was nearly as white as milk, on account of the great quantity of pumice stone which was thrown into it at the time of the eruption. At length we reached the ruins of Wairoa, which lie in what was once a beautiful but now a desolate valley through which the Wairoa river courses its way from Lake Rotokakahi to the celebrated Wairoa Falls, where the stream takes a leap over a precipice about two hundred feet high into Lake Tarawera below. The eruption of Mount Tarawera, which took place June 10th, 1886, covered this valley with volcanic stones and ashes to the depth of something like five feet on an average. It destroyed everything; and one hundred Maoris, besides a number of white people lost their lives. The whole country within a radius of over fifteen miles was changed from a beautiful tract to absolute desolation. When the survivors emerged from under the ruins of their houses, such as had not time to get away, or those who succeeded in out-running the volcanic showers, returned to look for their former homes, they found nothing but black sand which covered hill and dale everywhere. Most of the smaller houses at Wairoa and in other villages were crushed in under the heavy weight of the masses which fell upon them, and entirely buried; but the roofs of several buildings were seen protruding above the stones and ashes. Thus the ruins of the hotel and a mill are still visible above ground and are examined with great interest by tourists and others who visit the place. Though the trees and shrubs and all vegetation were also destroyed during the eruption, some of the more thrifty trees who were not buried so very deep commenced to grow afresh, and thus a number of weeping willows and several fruit trees are now ornamenting the old townsites; among the latter we found three cherry trees laden with most delicious ripe fruit. Of this Elder Linford and I partook freely, as we had brought no lunch along and were consequently hungry. I have eaten a great deal of fruit in my time; but I don't remember that I ever enjoyed a meal of fruit alone so well as I did those cherries growing on the site of that town which had been destroyed by an earthquake. Having examined the ruins of Wairoa, we ascended a hill from the top of which we had a fine view of Lake Tarawera; but as we wanted a better view of the mountain of that name standing on the opposite side of the lake and which we were prevented from seeing by intervening hills, we descended to the banks of the lake to a point where the black old giant which sent forth its deathly messengers of destruction ten years ago was in clear sight, about twelve miles away across the lake. The mountain, which is 3,370 feet high, was almost rent in twain at the time of the eruption; and from our point of observation the chasm thus formed could be seen quite distinctly. A thin covering of vegetation has grown out upon the mountain slopes, par-