

THE INGLEBOROUGH CAVE IN CLAPDALE.

For about eighty yards from the entrance the cave has been known immemorially. At this point Josiah Harrison, a gardener in Mr. Farrer's service, broke through a stalagmitical barrier which the water had formed, and obtained access to a series of expanded cavities and contracted passages, stretching first to the north and then to the north-west, afterwards to the north and then to the north-east, and finally to the east, till, after two years spent in the interesting toil of discovery, at a distance of seven hundred and two yards from the mouth, the explorers rested from their labours in a large and lofty irregular grotto, in which they heard the sound of water falling in a still more advanced subterranean recess. It has been ascertained, at no inconsiderable personal risk, that this water falls into a deep pool at a lower level, beyond which further progress appears to be impracticable. In fact, Mr. James Farrer explored this dark lake by swimming—a candle in his cap, and a rope round his body. In this long and winding gallery, fashioned by nature in the marble heart of the mountain, floor, roof, and sides are everywhere intersected by fissures which were formed in the consolidation of the stone. To these fissures and the water which has passed down them we owe the formation of the cave and its rich furniture of stalactites. The direction of the most marked fissures is almost invariably north-west and south-east, and, when certain of these occur, the roof of the cave is usually more elevated; the sides spread out right and left, and often ribs and pendants of brilliant stalactite, placed at regular distances, convert the rude fissure into a beautiful aisle of primeval architecture. Below most of the smaller fissures hang multitudes of delicate translucent tubules, each giving passage to drops of water. Splitting the rock above, these fissures admit or formerly admitted dropping water. Continued through the floor, the larger rifts permit or formerly permitted water to enter or flow out of the cave: by this passage of water, continued for ages on ages, the original fissure was in the first instance enlarged by the corrosive action of streams of acidulated water; by the withdrawal of the stream to other fissures, a different process was called into operation. The fissure was bathed by drops instead of by streams of water, and these drops, exposed to air currents and evaporation, yielded up the free carbonic acid to the air and the salt of the lime to the rock. Every line of drip became the axis of a stalactical pipe from the roof; every surface bathed by thin films of liquid became a sheet of sparry deposit. The floor grew up under the droppings into fantastic heaps of stalagmite, which sometimes reaching the pipes, united roof and floor by pillars of exquisite beauty.—[The Rivers, Mountains, and Seacoast of Yorkshire, by John Phillips, F.R.S.

WHERE ARE OUR TREASURES?

In judging of the state of the heart—of the moral attitude of its purposes and affections,—we can ask ourselves no more important and search-

ing question than this:—Where are our dearest prized treasures deposited? For the Saviour has declared in one of those brief utterances which command at once the assent of every reflecting mind,—“Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also!”

Where are your treasures? let all ask who read these paragraphs. Are they hidden in earthly coffers, are they placed on earthly wisdom or honors? If so our hearts are fixed on transitory things; they dwell in the strong box where our wealth is hoarded, they are bound up with the honors we have gained, or have become a part of the wisdom of which we pride ourselves. Our hearts have no home but with the earthly and fleeting; they live with their empty, vanishing honors, with their wisdom which proves folly in the light of eternity, or with their wealth which takes wings like a frightened bird, fleeing at once and for ever away. Nor can one of these valued possessions prove of any worth beyond the present existence. Death strips us of all treasures laid up in earthly coffers. If moth and rust corrupt not, and no thieves steal away, yet an hour comes when all must be left behind, and the heart be ushered into the eternal world, naked, poor—with none of those possessions which it has hitherto made its pride and solace—its hope and stronghold in its earthly journey.

Where are our treasures? let us ask again. Some who read are of those who have looked upon the earth and everything it esteems, and found nowhere a worthy home for the heart and the riches most to be valued. The admonition, “Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven,” we have thought that of wisdom, and through the grace of God gave heed thereto; and our treasures are safe with Him, beyond the reach of moth or rust or prowling thief, and there our hearts are also. We love to contemplate the riches of love Divine, which even now are ours, and the priceless joys we shall soon inherit in the chosen home of our hearts, where is laid up that “pearl of great price”—the hope of eternal life.

Who would not “lay up treasures in Heaven? They are safe there, and though we enjoy them continually, they shall increase thereby. The heart need never fear of becoming bankrupt which has there its treasures in deposit.

HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER.

“What is the reason that my plants do not grow as well as Mrs. Jones’? I am sure I take a great deal more pains with them, and water, and nurse, and air them, but all will not do; they are weak, slender, sickly, and some of my best plants have died—while Mrs. Jones seems to take very little care of her’s, and yet they grow and bloom beautifully!”

This appeal to us for aid and advice, which has just been made, is not the first complaint of this kind of ill-success. The truth is, some plants are actually nursed to death. Care and attention bestowed on plants, *which they do not need*, are worse than no care at all. It is knowing *just what to do*, and doing that, and no more, that gives some persons their success. Or, as a late writer remarked, there are two great points to be