

which they prayed. The Yarrangobilly Caves are situated in the mountainous district lying to the south-east of the Colony. Among the many beautiful sights in these are groups of yellow, pink, and green tinged stalactites of irregular form; a pillar of stalagmite eight feet high; a group of stalagmites, which, forming a single mass at the base, gradually taper and separate, until only the central stalagmite reaches the roof; a forest of pillars formed by the union of stalagmites and stalactites, between which are stalagmitic basins full of water; a beautiful mass of stalactites resembling a frozen waterfall; and a chamber, the stalagmitic formations in which recall to mind the spires and turrets of some grand cathedral.

The Bolubula Caves are situated in the Bathurst district, and are entered by descending vertical pits and proceeding along narrow passages studded with stalactites, the leading features including a phenomenal stalactite upwards of six feet in diameter and eighteen feet in length, deeply fluted and resembling the pipes of a large organ; a display of beautiful white stalactites of varying length dependent from the ledges around the wall, suggesting the idea of petrified cascades; a couple of stalagmites eighteen inches in diameter and six feet high, pointed at the apex, conjoined at the base and rising from a conical mound of the same formation; some beautiful curtain stalactites descending from the roof in drapery-like folds gracefully disposed; a white floor with ornamental cavities filled with clear water, and walls sparkling with calcite crystals. Another chamber, the Bone Cave, is rich in fossil bones of every description.

The Wombeyan Caves, near Goulburn, are similar in character to those at Jenolan, with which they are supposed to be connected, forming a subterranean passage through the heart of the Blue Mountains. The Bungonia Caves, a few miles from Goulburn; the Kybean Caves, in the south-east of the Colony; and the Bendithera Caves, near Moruya, are all more or less interesting, and still remain only partially explored. The principal of the Bendithera Caves resembles an immense straight drive into the mountain, and is about 250 yards in length, averaging in width and height forty feet and fifty feet respectively. Some very fine specimens of dripstone formation, mostly massive, are met with, amongst which may be mentioned a large slab of calcite, over twenty feet in height, by four feet wide, and two inches thick, projecting from the wall in the form of a screen. Most of the discoveries in the various cave systems, except that at Wellington, have been made within the last ten years, and it is believed that many other caves will be found as the mountainous regions of the Colony become more fully explored.

#### SCENERY OF GUIANA.

Whatever discomforts the traveler may have to undergo in journeying through Guiana, he is compensated for them by the scenery, which is more enchanting than the loftiest flights of the imagination can picture. As soon as you leave the low swamps at the great mouth of the Orinoco, the land rises gradually toward the Imataca range, the peaks of which are clearly outlined against the clear tropic sky. Still farther into the interior, following the windings of the Rio Cayuni,

the green banks of which are bright with scarlet passion-flowers, you see more mountain peaks, and innumerable cascades and waterfalls tumbling and roaring over rocks that raise their black heads above the surface of the water. On all sides countless parasites entwine themselves in the most intricate and fantastic fashion around the branches of the lofty trees.

It was my good fortune to reach one of the loftiest of the Imataca peaks just at sunset, the hour that most impresses all travellers. To the south and east, as far as the eye could reach, the scene was one of indescribable beauty and grandeur. Below, the great Cayuni, unknown to the world for so many generations, but now with a name in history, wound in and out of the green valley like a serpent of a thousand colors. The soft rays of the afternoon sun, glimmering through the mist of waters, fell upon the river in showers of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds. Soon darkness closed upon the valley, for in the tropics the twilight is as brief as it is entrancing; and on all sides the tiny camp-fires of the Indians twinkled like myriads of fireflies. Now and then the stillness was broken by the night cry of some wild animal in the distant jungle.—*"Glimpses of Venezuela and Guiana,"* by W. Nephew King, in the *Century for July*.

#### HOW GOOD HABITS COME.

It is easier to do well, as it is easier to do ill, when we have the habit of so doing. But the habit of ill doing requires less effort than the habit of well doing. Even without effort we fall naturally into the way of being wrong and doing wrong. Going down hill is always the easiest way going. But well doing requires effort; for it is up-hill work. As Hooker says: "The constant habit of well-doing is not gotten without the custom of doing well; neither can virtue be made perfect but by the manifold works of virtue often practised."—*Sunday School Times*.

#### EVOLUTION OF FICTION.

In the beginning Fiction dealt with the Impossible,—with wonders, with mysteries, with the supernatural; and these are the staple of the "Arabian Nights," of Greek romances like the "Golden Ass," and of the tales of chivalry like "Amadis of Gaul." In the second stage the merely Impossible was substituted for the frankly Impossible; and the hero went through adventures in kind such as might befall anybody, but in quantity far more than are likely to happen to any single man, unless his name were *Gil Blas* or *Quentin Durward*, *Natty Bumppo* or *d'Artagnan*. Then, in the course of years, the Impossible was superseded by the Probable; and it is by their adroit presentation of the Probable that Balzac and Thackeray hold their high places in the history of the art. But the craft of the novelist did not come to its climax with the master-pieces of Balzac and of Thackeray; its development continued perforce; and there arose storytellers who preferred to deal rather with the Inevitable than with the Probable only; of this fourth stage of the evolution of fiction perhaps the most salient examples are the "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne and the "Romola" of George Eliot, the "Smoke" of Turgeneff and the "Anna Karenina" of Tolstoi.—*Brander Matthews in The Forum*.

## Our Young Folks.

### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough, enough,  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night—  
Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high  
And in the silent wilderness  
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth;  
To comfort man—to whisper hope  
Where'er his faith is dim,  
For who so careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for Him!

—Mary Howitt.

### CRANE INSTEAD OF COLLIE.

A dog that, unaided, may be trusted to shepherd a flock of sheep is considered a sagacious animal, but a shepherd bird which will drive its charges to pasture, protect them from prowling animals, and gathering them carefully together at nightfall, bring them safely home again, is something till recently unheard of in this part of the world.

Such a bird is the yakamik of South America. The settler in Venezuela and British Guiana needs no dog to care for his sheep and poultry. He has an efficient guardian in the shape of a crane which he, or an Indian for him, trains to obey the voice of its master.

To the care of this bird he intrusts his sheep or his ducks and other poultry, and sees them depart to their feeding-grounds secure in the knowledge that the crane will bring them all back safely. Woe to the unlucky animal that, prowling about to steal, is detected by the vigilant yakamik. The bird savagely attacks the marauder with wing and beak, and forces it to retreat in haste. A dog is no match for the crane.

At nightfall the bird returns with its flock, never losing its way, no matter how far it may wander, for its sense of location is very acute. Arrived at home, it roosts upon a tree or shed near its charges, to be ready to resume its supervision of them when they are let out again in the morning.

The bird is as affectionate as it is trustworthy. It will follow its master about, capering with delight, and showing its appreciation of his caresses by the most absurd movements.

Mr. Carter Beard, in an article in the *Popular Science News*, says that the yakamik is so jealous of other household pets that when it appears at meal-times it will not take its own food until it has driven off every cat and dog and secured full possession for itself.

It can bear no rival in its master's favor, and will not even tolerate the negro waiters unless it knows them well.

With Christ there came into the world a new saving power, and hope for humanity made possible an enthusiasm for humanity. To have seen the radiant beauty of Christ and then to see in the vilest the possibility of Christ's likeness, was enough to make love and hope flame up into enthusiasm.—*Josiah Strong, D.D.*

### WHY TOMMY WAS GLAD.

Rustle, bustle, bang, racket, disorder, dust, confusion!

That was the state of things in the early summer getting ready for the flitting to the lakeside.

Putting away in closets, cupboards and drawers—that was the school-books, the Sunday clothes and the best china and silver.

Pulling out and packing in trunks and boxes—that was the tennis and croquet, the outing suits, the fishing tackle, and all the other things which make a boy stand on his head for joy.

Tommy did his best to help, really helping more than he hindered. This may be one reason for his being quite as happy as he expected to be, when one morning he, with his elder brother George, started out for their first fishing.

There was only one trouble about it. The fresh air put such a spring into Tommy's limbs that he simply could not keep quiet enough to fish. At last George said:

"See here, Tom, I want to fish, and you're too much of a jumping-jack to have about. You go 'round that side of the point and you may thrash the water and skip stones and dig for crabs and whittle and whoop and dance like an Indian all that you want to."

Tommy went and was noisy to his heart's content, until, hearing a little chattering in a tree, he lay down and gazed up. What was that on the big branch just above his head?

A little gray head poked itself out, and two shining beads of black eyes looked sharply around as if their owner might be saying: "I wonder if the coast is clear."

Mr. Gray Squirrel seemed to think that it was, for he bounded out of his hole and ran down the trunk of the tree to the ground. Followed by—oh, delight! Tom clapped his hand to his mouth to keep in a laugh and a shout—four baby squirrels about the size of an ear of pop-corn, and their tails not yet grown fuzzy.

How Tom had to hold himself to keep from screaming with laughter as the cunning things frolicked! How they skipped and gambolled, tearing after each other, jumping over sticks and rushing up tree-trunks!

Tommy stole away to call his brother, and both enjoyed the fun. Just as they were ready to go home, Tommy turned suddenly to look at a hole at the root of the squirrel tree.

"Oh, I'm so glad! so glad!" he claimed.

"What about?" asked George.

"Just before we left here last fall I was nutting one day, and I found this hole full of nuts. I was just going to take them because I had had real bad luck. Then I remembered that papa had told us that squirrels hide their nuts so to eat in winter. I thought it would be a shame to steal from such a little bit of a fellow, so I didn't. Now see all these shells left here."

"Yes," said George. "It's been a hard winter, and if you had taken them I daresay that family of squirrels wouldn't be capering in the sunshine to-day."

"I'm glad," said Tommy, again.

"I guess," said George, "it's good not to do a mean thing, even to a squirrel."  
—*The Youth's Companion*.