

Arenas, where he spends the night. The next morning at daybreak he resumes his journey and rides fifteen miles to San Mateo, breakfasts at eleven, takes his siesta in a hammock until four or five in the afternoon, then mounting his mule again covers the ten miles to Esperanza by sunset, where he dines and spends the night, usually remaining there to avoid the heat of Punta Arenas, until a few hours before the steamer leaves; and then, if the ox-carts have come with his baggage, makes the rest of his trip by rail.

The journey is not an unpleasant one. The scenery is wild and picturesque. The roads are usually good, except in the dry season, when they become very dusty, and, after heavy rains, when the mud is deep. But under the tropic sun and in the dry air moisture evaporates rapidly, and in six hours after a rainfall the roads are hard and good. The uncertainty as to whether his trunks will arrive in time makes the inexperienced traveller nervous. The Costa-Rican cartmen are the most irresponsible and indifferent beings on earth. They travel in long caravans or processions, often with 200 or 300 teams in a line. When one chooses to stop, or meets with an accident, all the rest wait for him if he wastes a week. None will start until each of his companions is ready, and sometimes the road is blocked for miles, awaiting the repair of some damage. The oxen are large, white, patient beasts, and are yoked by the horns, and not by the neck, as in modern style, lashes of raw cowhide being used to make them fast. They wear the yokes continually. The union is as permanent as matrimony in a land where divorce laws are unknown. The cartmen are as courteous as they are indifferent. They always lift their hats to a *caballero* as he passes them, and say, "May the Virgin guard you on your journey!" Thousands of dollars in gold are often entrusted to them, and never was a penny lost. A banker of San José told me that he usually received \$30,000 in coin each week during the coffee season by these ox carts, and considered it safer than if he carried it himself, although the caravan stands in the open air by the roadside every night. Highway robbery is unknown, and the cartmen, with their wages of 30 cents a day, would not know what use to make of the money if they should steal it. Nevertheless, they always feel at liberty to rob the traveller of the straps on his trunks, and no piece of baggage ever arrives at its destination so protected unless the strap is securely nailed; and then it is usually cut to pieces by the cartmen as revenge for being deprived of what they considered as their perquisite. — *W. E. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

THE ENGLISH HAT.

In walking the fashionable streets of London one can hardly fail to be struck with the well-dressed look of gentlemen of all ages. The special point in which the Londoner excels all other citizens I am conversant with is the hat. I have not forgotten Béranger's

"Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids
..... moi, j'aime les Anglais!"

but in spite of it I believe in the English hat as the best thing of its ugly kind. As for the Englishman's feeling in reference to it, a foreigner might be pardoned for thinking it was his fetish, a North American Indian for looking at it as taking the place of his own medicine bag. It is a common thing for an Englishman to say his prayers into it, as he sits down in his pew. Can it be that this imparts a religious character to the article? However this may be, the true Londoner's hat is cared for as reverentially as a High Church altar. Far off its coming shines. I was always impressed by the fact that even with a well bred gentleman in reduced circumstances never forgets to keep his beaver well brushed, and I remember that long ago I spoke of the hat as the *ultimum moriens* of what we used to call gentility—the last thing to perish in the decay of a gentleman's outfit. His hat is as sacred to an Englishman as his beard to a Mussulman. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes, in October Atlantic.*

PURITY OF NATURAL GAS.

The natural gas burns absolutely without smoke, dust or odour. Beautifully-decorated tiles used in the construction of a fireplace are not stained or soiled after a whole year, although they may have been in contact with the flames of the burning gas for months. The most delicate furniture and fabrics are not injured by being kept in a room heated by it. In fact, they retain their original freshness and beauty as though they had been carefully protected by covering. The natural gas requires no attention. Lighted at the beginning of the season in a furnace, stove, grate or fireplace, and the proper amount turned on to give the required degree of heat, the latter will not vary so much as two degrees in months. But, since with the varying temperature of the outer atmosphere, varying degrees of artificial heat are required to preserve uniformity in an apartment or house, artificial regulators are supplied by which the amount of heat of each room can be governed so accurately that the variations of temperature will never be greater than two degrees, except during the heat of the summer. — *Z. L. White, in the American Magazine for October.*

COY-BOY DIALECT.

It becomes, indeed, a familiar and useful addition to your conversational stock of the vernacular. Nay, you even find the field of its usefulness enlarging, for the terms of the "round-up" and the "branding" and sheep-shearing are more or less piquant, and lend themselves easily to applications remote from their primitive usage. Transposed to the ordinary business or social conversation of modern life, they come to have a sort of zest in them. They reveal new sources of humour; they place old saws and old customs in a sharp light, a fresh illumination; but always by that undercurrent of suggestion, by contrast or association with the original purport, which the words described. So I heard, last year, a politician speak of a boiler of the Re-

publican ticket as a "bucker." A "bucking horse" is one that "jumps sideways or forward, up and down, with his legs stiffened into an unrelaxed perpendicular," and the image certainly has a kind of affinity with the moral action of a refractory voter. — *Louis Swinburne, in Scribner's Magazine for October.*

TRUE ART.

To paint the picture of a life
Sincere in word, in deed sublime,
Noble to reach the after-time,
And find a rest beyond the strife:—

This is the highest goal of art,
To move a form of rare device,
The fruit of early sacrifice,—
The true devotion of the heart.

We work in shadow and in doubt,
But view our Model, and with trust
Toil on, till He, the Good, the Just,
Shall bring the perfect fullness out.

— *W. T. Herridge, in the Presbyterian College Journal.*

CONCERNING TRANSLATIONS.

I shall not exaggerate when I say (with righteous exception of those exceedingly few translators from the Russian, whose work is not less sound and genuine than their scholarship) that most of these versions of Russian literature have as much value for the earnest student of Slav authors as the moon of a muddy frog pond possesses for the telescope-aided investigations of a selenographer. Yet it must be admitted that to a not inconsiderable extent we have treated these Russians exactly as they have been treating us. I once deemed the Slav polyglot, in matters of language, to be infallible; but recent examination of some St. Petersburg versions of American and English classics shows me that the Russian translator, by serious trippings of his own, has long anticipated, if not provoked, the blunders of his American and English prototypes. Longfellow has been travestied in this way even oftener than Shakespeare, Byron and Shelley, but perhaps the most remarkable failure to reproduce for Russian readers a poetical English composition appears in the last number of the *European Messenger* (Vestnik Yevropy). I cite both translation and original, thus:

TRANSLATION.

When I am dead do not come to my grave;
Do not trouble me in my sweet sleep,
And in thy childish weak grief
Do not shed unnecessary tears.
The wind will sweep the dust from my tomb;
The rain will weep over it,
Why, then, shouldst thou tread on my poor ashes?
Go by!

Have no concern as to whether thou art guilty or not,
And, like me, forget all!
Thou art free—wed whom thou wilt,
I am tormented to death,
And now I am lying deep under the ground.
My heart sleeps calmly in my breast:
For overtaxed strength rest is delicious.
Go by! V. Z. LIKHACHOFF.

ORIGINAL.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save!
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,
But thou, go by!

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
I care not, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie,
Go by, go by! ALFRED TENNYSON.
— *October Atlantic.*

THE SITE OF THE PARIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

The school is built on the site of the old convent of the St. Augustins, converted, under Henry IV, into a museum of French monuments. The buildings are isolated, irregular and picturesquely grouped, having been arranged at first more especially to receive the collection of over 500 architectural fragments of ancient France, than to meet the requirements of a School of Fine Arts. These relics are placed chronologically, in a series of court-yards and halls, themselves built with some of the debris.

The incoherency of disposition, and unsuit of the arrangement of this series of halls for the necessity of the institution, led the Third Napoleon, in the early part of his reign, to employ the famous architect of the Louvre, Félix Duban, to better adapt the buildings to the conveniences of the students and the requirements of the administration; and his genius created a series of studios, amphitheatres, hemicycles, recitation, lecture, examination and council rooms, with a grand art library and museums of painting, sculpture and architecture, besides fascinating series of courts, corridors, halls, loggias and gardens that are beyond comparison with anything in Europe. Each feature has a varied character, an expressive ornamentation, a philosophical idea to maintain, and a poetic story to tell; nothing has been neglected to excite the young student, either by original work or the copies of great men. — *Henry O. Avery, in Scribner's Magazine for October.*

British and Foreign.

DR. GEORGE MATHEWSON preached before the Queen in Crathie Church on a recent Sunday.

ONE of the late Mr. David Kennedy's daughters has gone to London to study at the Royal Academy of Music.

THE Rev. A. C. Murphy, D.Lit., of Crouch Hill, London, is to succeed Dr. Moore in Elmwood Church, Belfast.

A BILL has passed the Legislative Council of New South Wales extending the law of divorce to certain cases of desertion, cruelty and drunkenness.

IN the essay competition in connection with the Church Guild the medal has been gained by Mr. Marshall B. Lang, a son of the minister of The Barony, Glasgow.

THE *Woman's Friend*, edited by Mrs. Rudisil, of Madras, is being published in four languages, and has a monthly circulation of 5,000. It is computed that 20,000 women in the zenanas read it.

THE union of the two U. P. congregations at Earlston has been happily consummated by the election of Mr. Thomas Crawford, B.D., preacher, Tarbolton, as colleague and successor to Rev. John Kechie.

ALL the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors, says Darwin, are liable to become hereditary even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.

MR. ANDREW SETH, a distinguished graduate of Edinburgh, and professor of Logic in University College, Monmouthshire, has been chosen out of twelve candidates to succeed Mr. Spencer Baynes at St. Andrew's.

MR. SPURGEON, reviewing a harmony of the four Gospels by Mr. Waddy, M.P., writes: "What shall we say of the miracle of grace exhibited in one who is both a Q.C. and a Member of Parliament, and yet is found in the kingdom of heaven?"

THE British Protestant Alliance invites suggestions as to the best mode of carrying out its proposed celebration of the bicentenary of the Revolution of 1688, with which it is proposed to combine the recalling to remembrance of the overthrow of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, the novelist, according to the *Greenock Telegraph*, began life as a ploughboy in Dorsetshire, and many of his exquisite delineations of rural life are transcripts from his own experience. He still lives among his own people, honoured and respected by all.

MR. GEORGE M'KELNIE, M.A., at a congregational soiree of Dalmarnock Parish Church, Glasgow, was presented with a purse of sovereigns on the occasion of his departure for Canada. Rev. James Kelly bore high testimony to his character and work in the congregation.

SIR DONALD CURRIE, M.P., opened lately a hall at Keltynburn Village, in Perthshire, which he has built for a library and reading room as well as for Sunday school and Sunday evening services. The latter are to be conducted by both Established and Free Church ministers.

PRINCIPAL RAINY will preside at a meeting to be held in Edinburgh on November 15, to condemn the licensing of sin in India. Similar demonstrations will be held on the succeeding evenings at Aberdeen, Dundee and Glasgow, and Mrs. Josephine E. Butler is expected to be one of the speakers.

M. ROUVIER is thoroughly awake to the demoralization of his countrymen through strong drink. He has advised M. Grévy that the State should take the matter in hand before yet more serious consequences befall the nation. He has appointed a commission to make researches in their own and other countries, and submit plans to reduce the evil.

ABERNETHY Presbytery, though petitioned by 170 communicants and adherents of Cromdale congregation to proceed with the induction of Mr. M'Gowan, Fort William, who had a decided majority of votes, persist in the resolution to appoint a minister themselves on account of the divided state of the congregation. An appeal to the Synod was intimated.

MR. WM. BILBOROUGH, a recently-deceased member of Mr. Spurgeon's Church, who kept a second-hand furniture shop in a back street, had his notice always exposed in his window: Any poor and unfortunate sister that requires a good home, will she kindly inquire within? He was the means of rescuing many from a life of shame, and he preserved a record of 148 who had stood fast, and were now honest women.

THE Conference of the Church Guild will be held this year at Galashiels, opening with a united fellowship meeting on Sunday morning, 23rd inst. Professor Charteris will preach the sermon to young men, and Lord Polwarth is to preside at the public meeting. The subjects to be brought forward include the starting of correspondence classes, and the report by Mr. Thorburn's committee on the proposed foreign mission.

THE valedictory service in Barclay Church, Edinburgh, in connection with the departure of Drs. Alexander Paterson and B. Stewart Cowen, medical missionaries to the Mahomedan Arabs and Somalces, was deeply impressive. Dr. Cowen was Mr. Keith-Falconer's colleague, and Dr. Paterson goes out with him to continue the good work which that devoted servant of Christ began. The two missionaries will be supported by Mr. Keith-Falconer's widow.

TWO aged parish ministers died on the 26th ult. — Mr. Laidlaw, of Wanlockhead, in his eighty-sixth year, and Mr. Sharp, of Aberdalgie, Perth, in his eighty-seventh year. The former died at Prestwick, and the latter at Trinity, Edinburgh. On the 24th ult. Mr. Angus Macintyre died in his manse at Kinlochspelve, in Mull, of which parish he had been minister for forty-one years. He was previously for some time in America. He was a good Gaelic scholar, a bard and the translator of several hymns. One of his best known productions was a Gaelic translation of "Ye Mariners of England."