ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made."
—Wordsworth.

It was with inexpressible sorrow that Adriano learned from his brother a few weeks after his arrival in Algiers of the failing health and rapid decline of his dear old friend Madame Valorge. Lolita had given up her lessons in Paris to devote her whole time to the dear grandmother, and Lady Ainsworth spent part of every day with them, and was tenderness and devotion itself, for Espiritu could not be spared from her father's home.

"Catalina Choulex has sent many presents for her grandmother's comfort and Madame Delepoule, who has now adopted Rafaela in Catalina's place, goes back and forth from Paris to Passy, and smuggles in many a useful gift," so wrote Teodoro. "Imagine how I feel, having to stand by, my pockets bursting with money, and see them want, while I can do nothing! Of course these dear little girls will never starve while they have such friends as Lady Ainsworth and Madame Delepoule, but the trouble is that they are so proud they will not let anyone know that they suffer a single pang of hunger."

At last a day came when Espiritu was perforce spared to be by the grandmother's side, when the tender, exalted spirit took its flight from the world of darkness to realms where the blind eyes would be made to see those glories which the mind of man hath not conceived. It was the first bereavement of the young girls, for not even Catalina remembered their mother.

The illness and death of Madame Valorge brought about a crisis in Disdier's unhappy household. He had felt that he must let Espiritu go to her grandmother's dying bed. Little Maxime was croupy and fretful, and it was with many misgivings that Espiritu had parted from her little charge, leaving full directions with his mother about the medicines to be administered to him and the preparation of his simple dinner and supper. Leontine Disdier was beyond measure annoyed and disgusted at finding herself burdened with these cares. She had planned to spend the afternon at a fete with the wife of silk merchant on the first floor, who had many gay bachelor friends and held out to her the promise of drives and opera and a late supper. Leontine must have a new bonnet and gloves for the occasion, and she came to Disdier for the money before he started for his office.

"God help me, I have nothing to give you, Leontine!" he groaned, burying his face in his hands.

"I should like to know why you have not?" she exclaimed, petulantly. "I don't know where all the money goes to. I am sure I don't get much of it. I have to live in this shabby, miserable home, where I am ashamed to have my friends see me, and my child is dressed like a common workman's boy. Why did you marry me if you could not give me enough to keep us decent?"

"Why, indeed?" he muttered. Then he turned to her appealingly. "Be patient with me a little longer, Leontine. I have done my best by you. Did those jewels and laces that you wear cost nothing? Have you not wardrobes full of costumes that I am still starving myself to pay for? Do I not work nights as well as days to try and make a little more money? You have urged me to speculate, even to gamble, to try and increase my income, and what is the result? My first wife's children are earning their own bread, and her mother is dependent on them for a home to die in, and I have nothing but debts and the interest on debts staring me in the face."

"Is it my fault that your speculations were unfortunate?" she cried, with irritation. "Other men speculate and grow rich, why cannot you? I am sure I have always heard that jewels and laces are a good investment, and I wish you had put more money into them instead of wasting it at the Bourse. Then we should have something to show for it. As for your first wife and her children and mother, I don't think you ought to be throwing them in my face all the time as you do. It is dreadfully poor taste. I don't wonder they try to earn something for themselves if their father is as mean with them as he is with me. You had better look out that I don't find other ways of getting what I want than asking you for it!"

This threat, often resorted to, rarely failed of bringing the proud, jealous Spaniard to terms. It was a wretched state of affairs where a man had to bribe his wife to stay with him, but to his keenly sensitive spirit any misery was better than dishonor.

"I will try and bring you the money this afternoon," he said, humbly. But before afternoon he had a message by pneumatic post that Madame Valorge had reached the extremity, and he hurried out to Passy, not knowing whether he should be able to come back at all that night. The placid end came early, however, and after lingering to render what last sad services he could, he returned about an hour before midnight to his own home.

He opened the door to find the apartment dark and cold. It was not silent, however, for there struck his ear the distressing sounds of a child's strangling cough and restless, choking cries in the agonies of croup. He rushed to the door of Espiritu's room, where Maxime slept, but it was locked. Fortunately the key was on the outside, he turned it hurriedly and pushed into the room. It was dark and cold as the rest of the house. Striking a light hastily, he saw the little fellow lying fully dressed in his crib, moaning and struggling for breath. It was by far the worst attack he had ever had, and Disdier was terrified. The little table with spirit-lamp and medicine-chest, which Espiritu kept ready for such emergencies, stood near the crib, and Disdier worked over his child for two hours, fearing that every gasping breath would be the last. When the symptoms were slightly relieved and he felt for the first time that it would be safe to leave the little sufferer for a moment, he went into his wife's room and lighted the lamp. She was not there. Seizing the lamp he hurried through the apartment, but it was empty. Returning to the child's side, he stooped down and whispered gently: "Does Maxime know where mamma is?"

The child opened his big, pathetic eyes wide. "I cried," he said, in his husky, choked voice—"I cried and she said it was naughty, and she put me in my crib and said I must go to bed without my supper. Then she locked the door."

"That was before supper, dear. Have you not seen her since?"

"No, I was alone all the time in the dark. I cried some more, but that must have been naughty, for she never came back again." Then seeing that his father stood there silent and stern, he asked: "Am I a naughty boy, papa?"

The one thing that Disdier loved best in the world—loved with all the passion of his soul—was this frail mite of a child with the thin, hectic cheeks and big, appealing eyes. He could have killed the woman who deserted it. He fell on his knees, fondled the child, and covered him with kisses.

"No, no! my little Maxime, you are not naughty, you are only very, very ill." And for another hour he nursed the little sufferer till the child fell into a doze. Leaving the light burning low and the door ajar, Disdier opened the outside door of the apartment looked down the well-hole of the public staircase. A light was still burning in the porter's lodge. He stole down the stairs, his ears open to catch every sound from the room above.

"You are up late," he observed to the porter.

"Yes, sir. There is an entertainment going on in Madame Lemoux's rooms. They came home from the opera awhile ago with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and are having a champagne supper. It sounds merry, doesn't it. ?"

Disdier listened a moment to the sounds of hilarity coming from the floor above the porter's lodge. Then the porter suddenly bethought himself.

"Perhaps you are sitting up, too, for the party to be over. I saw that Madame Disdier was among the guests."

Disdier had been too proud to question the porter about his wife's movements. He had hoped to find out indirectly, and now he knew.

"Will you kindly go up to Madame Lemoux's door," has aid to the porter, "and send in word to Madame Disdier that her child is very ill, perhaps dying."

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir. I will go at once. Can I get a doctor for you, sir?"

Disdier hesitated. His physician had refused to come again till the bill was paid, and he had not fifteen sons in his pocket. His credit was gone, and would a strange doctor be willing to take the case? Surely one could be found to come in the name of common humanity! He accepted the porter's offer to call in a neighboring physician, and hastened up-stairs.

Maxime was still sleeping, but it was a restless, fevered sleep, and Disdier watched him with ever-increasing anxiety. There came a sound from the outer door, and he went out into the hall, closing the chamber door behind him that the child might not be disturbed. His wife stood there in her ball-dress, her cheeks flushed with the champagne she had had, and a silly smile on her pretty face. He folded his arms and surveyed her contemptuously from head to foot. She had the grace to look ashamed. His look of disdain gradually turned to one of deep hatred. He went up to her with flashing eyes, took her by the bare, white shoulders, and shook her furiously.

"Woman!" he thundered. "Wretched, heartless woman! You have deserted that innocent child, and left him to starve and suffer and die! Leave my sight forever, if you wish to save your silly, selfish life!"

"Ramon!" she whimpered. "You hurt me! Oh you hurt me!"

"Do I?" he said, releasing her. "I am glad of it. I have been watching your child suffer for three hours, till I have no pity left in my heart. Go! There is the door! Go back to your friends. They are dearer to you than your child or your husband; let them take care of you. But, stay a moment! You remarked this morning that jewels were a good investment. So they are. Those that you wear can be turned into money readily to pay your child's physician, and procure him food and medicine and warmth and an efficient nurse." As he spoke he seized her hands and stripped from them the rings and bracelets that covered them. He unclasped the necklace of pearls from about her neck, and removed the diamonds from her ears with no gentle hand. She moaned under his cruel grasp.

"Now go!" he said, pointing to the door. "I have done with you."

But she sank crouching to the floor, and gazed up at him piteously. Terror had brought her completely to her senses, yet she hardly recognized her husband. Hitherto he had been weak towards her. A few complaints or a few caresses, an occasional threat of leaving him—with these weapons she had easily been able to manage him and bring him to her will. But this new man, stern and vengeful, with flashing eyes and cruel hands, this man terrified her. He was something to fear and to respect.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, moaning and clasping her hands. "Don't send me away! Let me stay with you! I will do anything you say!"

Just at this moment the physician was heard coming. Disdier hurriedly signed to his wife to go into the salon, while he led the doctor to the child's bedside and anxiously waited his verdict.

"The immediate attack is spasmodic croup," said the doctor, "but the child is evidently laboring under another trouble. He appears to be well formed and of a naturally good constitution, but his whole system is suffering from want of proper nutrition. What does he eat?"

"Heaven knows!" groaned Disdier. "His sister has cared for him the past few months and he had seemed better, but his babyhood was neglected. I did what I could, and it was nearly all the care he got, but I was at my work all day and half the night; what could I do?"

The physician was new in the neighborhood and a stranger to the family. "Ah," he said. "Motherless! I thought so! Want of care, and poor feeding in his infancy, have stunted his growth and overtaxed his nervous system. It will take two or three years of unceasing care and tenderness to bring him right, but whoever gives him this attention will be rewarded. He has the makings of a fine little fellow. I will prescribe the treatment to be followed now. What he will need later is *mothering*."

Entering into elaborate details and minute directions about diet and nursing, the physician concluded: "Some one should sit up with him for the next three nights, and be should not he left for five minutes in the daytime. Can this be managed, or shall I send a Sister of Bon Secours?"

"Yes, that will be best," said Disdier. He still clutched his wife's jewels in his hand, and felt with triumph that Maxime could now have the best of everything. As he accompanied the doctor to to the door he caught sight of a white figure fluttering away. Leontine had evidently been listening to hear what was passing in the sick-room. Disdier cared little for her movements. Let her go or stay, there was misery either way.

An hour or two later the nursing-sister was established in the sick-room. The child had gazed at her quaint garb in some alarm at first, then he had smiled accepted her services. Disdier withdrew to seek some much-needed rest. He glanced into his wife's room. She had thrown herself across the bed in her ball-gown, and had evidently sobbed herself to sleep. There were traces of tears on cheek and pillow. He smiled grimly, then taking a rug, wrapped himself in it, and throwing himself on the parlor sofa sank into a heavy sleep.

Daylight was struggling in when he awoke. It was bitterly cold, and he sprang up to take some wood into Maxime's room and to light the kitchen fire, for the char-woman who came in for a few hours every day to do the heavy work about the house—their only servant—would not come for another hour yet. As he entered the little kitchen he saw a figure bending over the stove, a figure like Espiritu's, slender and rather tall, dressed in a simple, dark, and ill-fitting gown of Espiritu's own, and with fair hair neatly brushed and knotted as Espiritu wore hers. Surprised at her early return he called her by name; the figure turned, and then he saw that the face was his wife's. Her unaccustomed hands were burned and blackened with her efforts to light the fire. He snatched the kindlings impatiently from her and lit it himself. She stood by humbly, waiting for directions and obeying with alacrity his slightest gesture. With his own hands, and waited upon assiduously by Leontine, Disdier prepared for the child the food ordered by the doctor, and afterwards their own coffee. Once Leontine asked to sit with Maxime while the nurse had breakfast, but her husband turned on her with such a look that she shrank back and was silent.

When the char-woman came, Disdier engaged her to stay the entire day, and gave her instructions for the work and the cooking, entirely ignoring his wife. As he was preparing to start for his office, Leontine called him timidly and led him to the door of her room. There on the bed lay piled up all of her gowns and bonnets, her laces and furs and finery.

"There are people who buy such things," she said. "I know there are. Take them all and sell them. I can never put them on again."

He gave a short dry laugh. "Unfortunately, nobody can buy them, because they are not yet all paid for. They belong to my creditors." He brushed her aside and passed out.

She watched him with intent eyes, and then went to the window and again watched him going down the street till out of sight. There seemed to her a sort of grandeur in his proud bearing and scornful eyes. In spite of his cares and troubles he carried his forty-eight years well, and was still a handsome man. She could have knelt at his feet and kissed the ground he trod on. He was her master, now and forever.

And Disdier understood this instinctively. The only knowledge only filled his heart with bitter, unavailing regret. Of humblest origin, an uneducated, spoiled beauty she might still have developed into an efficient housewife and tender mother had he from the first assumed the mastery that was rightly his by superior breeding, intelligence, and experience, and had he from the first acknowledged her publicly and placed her in the dignified, unequivocal position which was hers by right as his wife. But he had been weak and vacillating: he had shown himself afraid of the world and afraid of her, he had surrendered conscience and judgment to her ever-growing vanity and selfishness, and he had not suffered alone for his weakness—his idol, his only boy, was perhaps injured for life by its consequences. He must not blame that silly, ignorant girl, more than he blamed himself for the state of things. A short sharp struggle of five minutes had given him the mastery, and now she was as clay in his hands to mould to his will. She feared him, she respected him, she had fallen in love with him. She could never give him the intelligent companionship that the other women of his family had; he could never again feel her the foolish infatuation that her characterless beauty had once stirred in him; he could never rely on her judgment for the direction of house or child; he must stand alone as head of the house and hold the reins of the government firmly in his own hand—but at least there might yet be honor and tenderness in their relations, Maxime might yet know a mother's devotion and love! Disdier groaned within himself as he thought how easily this might have been theirs in the past had it not been for his own fatal weakness.

When Espiritu returned to her father's home the following day she instantly saw there had been a change. She saw her father masterful and sullen towards his wife; she saw Leontine abject, humbled to the dust, and touchingly devoted, trying to make herself useful, and weeping piteously at seeing herself shut out of the child's sick room. With instinctive delicacy Espiritu herself kept away from the little invalid—what right had she where a mother could not go? She was not absolutely needed there, for the trained nurse watched him by day and the father by night, and there was many household tasks dependent upon her which she busied herself in fulfilling. Leontine followed her everywhere, watched the deft fingers admiringly, and timidly asked for instruction in the homely accomplishments.

A week or more passed in this way. Little Maxime improved daily, took an interest in toys, and began to play quietly about his room. At last he nestled against his father's shoulder and looked up at him with troubled, inquiring eyes.

"Is mamma very angry with me?" he asked.

"No, my darling," answered his father. "Mamma is not angry at all. She is very, very sorry that little Maxime has been so ill."

"Then why doesn't she come to see me?" asked the child, anxiously. "I want my mamma! I want my pretty mamma so much!"

Disdier put the child down in the crib and laid a little wooden horse in his arms. "Now sit here quietly, dear, while I go and bring mamma to you."

He opened the salon door and saw Leontine seated by the window, trying with awkward fingers to mend a child's frock. She looked up in the timid, beseeching way habitual with her nowadays.

"Leontine!" he called, gently, holding out his hands.

In a moment she was by his side, ready to kneel at his feet if he would let her. But she was Maxime's mother, and her place was at her husband's side. He took her hands in his and looked down into her face. The beautifying touch of penitence had lightened it with new graces. He bent forward and kissed her brow and drew her to his heart. She gave a little gasp of joy.

"My wife!" he said, tenderly. "Maxime has asked for his mother."

She sprang back from the kiss she had thirsted for, she tore herself from the embrace she had prayed for, she flew from him at whose feet she had been ready to worship, and in an instant she was by the little crib and was rocking Maxime in her arms, and he was laughing and shouting and stroking the pretty, tearful face with his little hands.

Disdier leaned against the door, watching them. He heard Espiritu's light footstep and went forward to meet her.

"Espiritu!" he cried. "My troubles are over! What is poverty? What is work? My child has found a mother and I am a man again!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

A Beautiful Address to Teachers.

The convention of the National Educational Association at Minneapolis, Minn., came to an end Friday evening, July 12.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul spoke on "The Influence and Responsibility of the Teacher." The well-known churchman and orator was at his best and with his sparkling wit, his flow of language, his fine diction and his thoughtful and earnest manner there seemed to be nothing lacking in his effort to control the audience as only an experienced orator such as the Archbishop can control ten thousand people.

Were I to choose a device to adorn the classrooms and inspire teacher and pupil, whether in lowliest rural school house or in stateliest university pile, it should be this—Devotion to the Truth, for Truth's own sake.

Devotion to truth is the prime condition of intellectual life and progress; it must be the dominating virtue in the work of the pupil whose mind is bidden to unfold beneath the sweet and penetrating light from Heaven's own skies, and yet more so in the work of the teacher whose task it is to turn this light in its full power and radiance towards the mind of a willing, but inexperienced dependent.

I should say, too—devotion to truth for truth's own sake, with heart undivided, with intellect unbiased. Truth is a jealous and imperious queen; it has the right to be such, so rapturous its beauty, so sublime its majesty. Truth scorns the wooer whose proffer of homage is not plenary, and hides itself indignantly from his gaze.

What is truth? The brief, calm definition given at first questioning, by philosophy is: Truth is that which is: truth is reality—reality in actual existence, reality in causes, reality in effects—the thing itself, whatever that thing be, completely and exactly as it is.

PLEA FOR TRUTH.

What is, is true; and what is, is good and beautiful. The three terms are substantially convertible, truth, goodness and beauty.

The simplest definition given of truth secures to it our reverence and love, and tells the baseness, the sacrilege of that illusory phantom which fain would put itself in the place of reality, which fain would distort or destroy reality, which has for name, error or falsehood.

This is not all. Upon further questioning, philosophy soars into its highest altitudes, and there speaking to us, is exclaims: Truth is divine; it is either God Himself or the image and the work of God. Challenged we are to award to truth the devotion, I would say, the worship which is due to the eternal First Cause, the Infinite, the Omnipotent, the Omniscient; and rightfully are we so challenged.

Truth is that which is: truth is reality. But the plentitude of reality, and consequently, of truth, is God's eternal, infinite essence. We recall the biblical words, God's own definition of Himself: "I am Who am." What, then, is truth in its eminent entity, but God, the Eternal, the Infinite?

God, being the First Cause, the Creator of all else that is—all else is the externalization of ideas eternally resplendent in His uncreated essence, and the effects, whether immediate or mediate of His omnipotence: and so, whatever else there is, it is and it is true, so far, and so far only, as it mirrors the divine essence, and is that which God willed it to be. And thus, truth is ever divine in its eminent entity, it is God Himself: in tiniest form, it is, in the measure of its special entity, the image of God's eternal essence, and the fruit of His wisdom and power, being in itself truth only inasmuch as, when seen and judged by His supreme intellect, it is in conformity with its prototype within His essence and with the counsel of His will in its actualization.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Every being from the smallest grain of sand on the sea shore to the mightiest sun in the firmament, from the most diminitive insect to sovereign-man, from all that is created to the Creator, is truth; every act going out from infinite God, or finite creature, every fact or incident marking the flight of time since time began, is truth: and wherever truth is, the divine is there, and it is very religion to approach it with respect, and, in opening to it our mind, to bid it enter thither, in its native perfection, unaltered and undimmed.

In God and in man there is mind, the ability to know truth.

God, infinite mind, knows all truth; man, finite mind, knows truth partially; so far as man knows truth, so far is he nigh unto the infinite, partaking of the life, the beauty and the power of the Infinite.

As the bodily eye is made to see bodily things, so the mind is made to see truth. The mind lives of truth; it is dead when no truth comes to it; it is dying when false appearances, instead of realities, are set before it. With the avoidence of error it is freed from disease; with the increase of truth, it grows in vigor and in power.

Truth is light, and light is the adornment, the beauty of the mind. Every being, every fact, that is truth, is a ray shed upon the mind; and as ray follows ray, as the slender streak first cleaving the darkness, widens into sunkissed horizons, the mind glows, and is afire; it mirrors more and more the intellect of the infinite; it is ravishing of comeliness and splendor.

Truth begets strength in the mind. Every reality, which is seen and laid hold of by the mind, transmits to the mind its own force; and as the mind travels from reality to reality, absorbing force after force, it ascends in stature and mightiness, dominating the universe around it. Making its owner, man, what God intended man to be, the sovereign of creation. The strength of the mind is strength to the whole man. All, indeed, in man is dependent upon the mind. The several energies in him, through which he may work and conquer, are set in motion by his will. But the will of itself is blind; it sees not whither it should tend; it needs the light which comes from mind; and the more brilliant this light, the more far-reaching its diffusion, the more capable is the will to discover the pathways over which man's other energies may travel, the more ambitious is the will to issue words of command, and the more ready are the other energies to obey it.

The knowledge of truth is power: it is the condition of all movement, of all progress in the individual and in society. And hence it is that all communities that live and seek to go forward clamor for greater truth, and labor that knowledge of truth be coextensive with their membership, and, at least here and there, rise upward into towering peaks whose summits may bask in the lustre of truth's highest and most radiant suns.

The noblest and most sublime thing in creation is the human mind. It is the image of the highest attribute in God, the divine intelligence. Through it man is conscious of himself: he knows himself; he knows things outside of himself; ranging far and wide through the universe, he grasps and appropriates to himself the truths that are within it; he rises far beyond the universe into the regions of ideas and principles; rising still higher he reposes upon the very bosom of the Infinite—the First Cause and the Final term, the Alpha and the Omega, from which all truths come and to which all truths lead, and there enriches himself with the life, the knowledge, the grace, the power, which are God's. "O Lord our Lord," exclaims the Psalmist, "how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth! * * Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor: Thou hast set him over the work of Thy hands * * * O Lord our Lord, how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth!" It was the mind which is in man that the Psalmist was contemplating, while he uttered his hymn of praise.

THE HUMAN MIND.

Does not the human mind compel our respect? Does it not by its capability of beauty, of grandeur, of power demand from us the homage, that we open its portals to that, and to that only, which is for it beauty, grandeur and power—to truth, and to truth only? To draw darkening clouds around it, while it craves for purest light, to proffer to it vilest husks while it hungers for the food of God's skies, to put before it error and falsehood, instead of truth, truth whole and entire, in its unpolluted virginal radiance, is treason and sacrilege.

Be it the devise of the classroom; be it the religion of all sanctuaries of learning: be it the inspiration of the teacher as he gives guidance to his pupil, and of the pupil as he questions his teacher—Devotion to Truth for Truth's own sake.

What in regard to truth is in every man a sacred duty appeals with singular emphasis to the conscience of the teacher. For, the teacher is by profession the Apostle of the truth and the guardian of the human mind. The dignity of the teacher! I say it when I recall that the subject-matter of his labors is truth—that the purpose of his labors is the introduction of truth into the human mind, and as a consequence, the exaltation of the soul of man into the regions of the divine. The dignity of the teacher! I say it, when I recall that the search of the truth is the search of the divine, that the search of truth is an act of religion. The profession of teacher is the priesthood of truth; where the teacher speaks, there is there a sanctuary, the sanctuary of truth: and the sense of the Divine should permeate the atmosphere.

It was the great thinker of France, Joubert, who wrote: "Study the sciences in the light of truth, that is, as before God: for their business is to show the truth, that is to say, God everywhere. Write nothing, say nothing, think nothing that you cannot believe to be true before God."

Words sweet and beautiful, those of Joubert! They explain and confirm the devise: "Devotion to Truth, for Truth's own sake."

DEVOTION TO TRUTH.

Is there need that I urge faithfulness to truth? Is not truth at all times sought out and revered, as it deserves to be? Do not its native charms suffice to open every pathway to its advance to remove whatever obstacles might retard its march?

We have but to cast a quick glance over the world of letters and speech to be satisfied that its rights are not seldom denied to truth, that not seldom where truth should be supreme, error and falsehood prevail. Truth has enemies. At times it is the inertia of mind and will which recede before the effort that that genuine devotion to truth makes necessary, at times it is prejudies; at times, again, it is passion—pride anger, self-interest.

Frequently truth retires to a distance; it delight, as it were, to hide, from its suitor and to surrender only to toil and patience. It is not truth; it is error calling itself truth, that they lay hold of, who would conquer at first sight, whom idolence impels to quick retreat.

It is proposed to study a foreign country. A few months, a few weeks are made to suffice the greater part of the time being spent in the hotels, which in no manner are representative of local thought or custom, where ciceroni are especially trained to say and show what will flatter the national pride and prejudices of guests. Nevertheless, a volume is published, portraying the whole life of a nation, its moral and intellectual conditions, its religion and its politics, its commerce and its industry, concluding with most assured predictions of its approaching rise or fall, and with abstruse philosophical disquisitions on nations and races is general.

A book, bearing the name of a literateur of fame, written to describe America and its people, is to-day widely read in Europe. The writer spent in America eight months — five of them in a charming winter resort in the heart of Georgia, and one amid the bustle and fashion of Newport; what could he know of America, as it is, and as we expect it to be? Many are the books read in America, written to describe countries foreign to us whose authors spent far less time in those countries than Paul Bourget did in America, and without the cosmopolitan information and the keenness of intellectual insight which characterize Paul Bourget.

Monsieur Bourget's candor of spirit led him not long ago to entitle a book, which he had written as an account of a very rapid journey through Italy—"Sensations from Italy."

SOME TENDENCIES.

History—the material from which is woven so largely the texture of our thoughts and of our philosophy of life—is very often gathered from the mere surface of things. What was said by writers of yesterday is repeated by writers of to-day, as what had been said at an earlier date was repeated by writers of yesterday. And readers, unfortunately, are inclined to give their faith to the volume which first falls into their hands. Frequently the sources of our historical store are second-hand statements and, in this manner, egregious historic falsehoods can be pointed out, that pass down through many generations, doing vast injustice not only to individual names but to whole nations and whole races. What should be done for history is to go deeply into first sources, study each question in the light of the epoch more or less remote to which it originally belongs, by impartial investigation of contemporary documents of whatever nature these may be; or, if this is impossible for certain ones among us to seek out, as far as we may, writers who have gone to first sources and who are noted for their fairmindedness; and, in controverted matters, to give an attentive hearing to witnesses on both sides in the dispute.

In late years there is visible a wondrous improvement in the study of history, for which the worshippers at the shrine of truth cannot but be most grateful. No one is to-day reputed a worthy historian who has not gone in a most patient and laborious manner to first sources. Lustre of name, literary beauty of style win no confidence, if proofs are not given of sound erudition and absolute honesty of purpose. Facts are in demand, the facts must be offered, or the volume is ruthlessly set aside. National governments honor themselves by lending aid in this search for facts. Their secret archives are opened to investigation and their treasures, hidden for ages on dusty shelves, are printed for public use, usually at the expense of governments themselves. In this instance I take pride in recall-

A Wonderful Tonic and Strengthener. Said a druggist to day, "No doubt about it, the tonic that gives best results is the biggest seller, and that is Ferrozone. It enriches and purifies the blood, restores strength and energy to the feeble, and is a scientific reconstructor that was always popular. In Chlorosis, Anæmia, Tiredness Langour, Brain Fag, Indigestion and Dyspepsia its action is prompt, and satisfactory cures always follow. Yes, I recommend Ferrozone to my customers because I believe it is the best tonic and strengthening medicine that money can buy." Large boxes cost 50c.