

make men travelers. Oftener than not they confirm in the reader his love of home. They widen our horizon, it is true, but not necessarily by blurring the immediate prospect. They awaken interest in foreign lands; but they need not make us indifferent to our own. They lead us to admire the manners, the art, the literature of other nations; but they do not as a necessary consequence induce us to disparage those of our own people. And M. Routhier, while impressing us with the grandeur of the wreathed pillars of the Cathedral of Burgos; with the beauty of the thousand columned Christian mosque of Cordova; with the grace of the perfect fane of Seville; yet leaves us with just as warm an affection as ever for the simple altar of our own familiar parish-church.

Books of travel are written not only to interest and to amuse, but also to instruct and to edify. They must, therefore, be characterized by fidelity to truth. In them we look for more than pleasing elegance of diction; we demand accuracy of narration. The traveler who deems his impressions of sufficient importance to warrant their publication, should be certain that they are neither trivial nor commonplace; neither hastily conceived nor superficially derived. He should know something of the language and much of the literature of the people he visits. He should be in sympathy with the national spirit, and not intolerant of the national religion. He should possess both a capacity to receive æsthetic impressions, and ability to give them adequate expression. He should see clearly and relate plainly. And he should be inspired by a worthy aim. In the traveler there should still be something of the pilgrim. His work should be our guide not only to the mansions of nobles or to the palaces of kings; not only to the peaceful charms of some smiling plain or to the breezy prospect from some mountain top; but also to the sequestered cloister or to the sacred altar before which generations have knelt in worship. And are there not times when it should gently lead us to hallowed graves, to spots of earth consecrated

by holy lives unselfishly surrendered to the service of their country and their God?

Such a work we believe we have found in "A Travers l'Espagne," and such a traveler in M. Routhier.

Few of us even in these days of "Cook's Personally Conducted Tours" can afford to wander very far from home. All the more grateful then should we be to the traveler who is generous enough to share with us his treasure-trove. And, when the traveler is a refined and cultivated gentleman, familiar with the history and the literature of the people he visits, skilled enough in such matters to be able to see and to show cathedrals, palaces, and the picturesque; so circumstanced that he has ready access to good society; so conscientious that he will neither look himself, nor invite us to look on sights that provoke unwholesome curiosity; then, indeed, we have very much for which to be thankful. To M. Routhier, therefore, we gladly offer our tribute of gratitude and respect. In these delightful letters we find the vivacity, the epigram and the polished grace that we expect to find in French authors of distinction; while of that cynicism, that impudicity, that thinly veiled indifference to religion which unhappily characterize so many brilliant writers of modern France, there is not the faintest trace.

"A Travers l'Espagne" may be divided into three parts. Of these, the first and the third relate to the author's experiences while traveling through Spain and North Africa; while the second part contains a brief sketch of the history of Spain, and a careful study of Spanish literature.

Traveling in our day is easy: it asks only health and a full purse; to see in any real way is not so easy, it requires training and a certain amount of sympathy; but to tell others what we have seen, to describe how it has impressed us is a task that demands the magician's art. For to describe means not only to inform the understanding (who would seek to supplement "Murray"?)—it means to address the imagination; it means to produce illusion; it means to call up a picture so