SANTIAGO.

Santiago has proved three things.

It has proved that the Spanish make brave sailors and soldiers. In the Spaniard courage born of desperation is as tenacious as courage born of hope. But this is not the highest form of courage. It is better to know when a cause is lost, and learn the lesson of defeat, than to die for a lost cause and be buried in the grave with it. The dash Cervera made for freedom was the last resort of a brave general; the refusal of Jose Toral to surrender Santiago is the mistake of Castilian pride, which fights on when fighting is useless. The London "Spectator," in a suggestive article on "The Spanish Temperament" a few weeks ago, depicted its pride and callousness. These combine to color and determine the quality of Spanish courage.

Santiago has proved that the Americans, whether regulars or volunteers, are good soldiers. They have proved afresh the courage which not only dares death but endures privations. They have demonstrated their staying power as well as their dash. The same qualities which characterized the British grenadiers under Wellington, the boys in gray and the boys in blue at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness, have shown themselves again before Santiago under Shafter.

Santiago has proved that the sixteenth century is no match for the nineteenth; that unintelligent courage is no match for intelligent courage. The Spanish fleet at Manila is destroyed without the loss of a single American life. This is not because Spanish sailors are not brave fighters, but because they are not educated fighters. Naval battles require mechanical skill, and Spanish sailors have not mechanical skill. The conflict at Manila and that at Santiago were between the Public School and the Inquisition; between a century which teaches the common people to think and one which forbids them to think.

There is always an uncertain element in war; the unreligious call it chance; we believe that it lies in the will and the ordering of God. Never in the history of the world have two such naval victories been won as those at Manila and Santiago; never was destruction so complete accomplished with so slight injury to the destroyer. The prophetic vision which saw God's guardianship in Gideon's warfare or in Israel's emancipation may well believe that Manila and Santiago have emphasized divine approval of America's mission by the preternatural victory of America's arms.

How long must this war last? Until either the Inquisition surrenders to the Public School, or until the Public School has destroyed the Inquisition. Will Spain learn her lesson and live? He who can answer that question can foretell how long the war will last. No one else can.—The Outlook, N. Y.

Like Bells Which Ring Out.

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music and which, when touched, accidently even, resound with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

The Bicycle Heart.

In a former number of tho Youth's Companion a warning was uttered to parents against the abuse of the wheel by young children who are ignorant or careless of the evil effects which over-indulgence is sure to produce sooner or later; but children are not the only ones who are in danger from this cause.

There are many older people who are doing themselves lasting injury, and undoubtedly shortening their lives, by straining the heart through foolish and criminal excess in the use of the bicycle.

Century runs are now such common and every-day affairs that one scarcely dares call himself a wheelman who has not made many of them. Yet there are few, even of seasoned riders, for whom a journey on a wheel of a hundred miles in a day is not a dangerous excess and a certain tax on the heart.

We have described in a previous article the cycling neurasthenia which comes sometimes from a repeated slight overtaxing of the strength. Another much more serious result of the abuse of the bicycle is the injury done to the heart.

This injury is of two kinds, the acute and transitory and the chronic or permanent. The acute trouble appears suddenly in answer to a strain by an unseasoned rider. It may take the form of heart failure; the victim perhaps falls from his wheel in a faint while straining up-hill or against a high wind, or while scorching to keep up with others. The sufferer's pulses throb he pants for breath, his hands are cold, his face is pale and covered with a clammy sweat.

The heart may recover its tone after a short rest, or it may remain irritable for months, the pulse being irregular and becoming very rapid with the slightest physical exertion or mental excitement.

After several attacks of this sort, or more commonly without any such providential warning, the heart begins to thicken in order to accommonate itself to the greater amount of work it is called upon to perform, and now the rider is becoming "seasoned."

In the case of a sensible person who rides for pleasure and exercise only, there is no harm in this "seasoning;" the enlargement is not excessive because the extra work demanded is not excessive. But the punishment for senseless over-exertion is apalling, because it is final and irremediable after a certain point.

The wheel, like many another good thing, is an excellent servant, an incomparable aid to health, but it is a terrible master, a death-dealer.—Youth's Companion.