

with poplars and willows, the winding Ebro, and the snow-crowned Pyrenees to the north.

The city is surrounded by a wall, and one of the gates, the Portillo, was defended during the war with Napoleon, in 1808, by the famous "Maid of Zaragoza." Her name was Augustina, and she died in extreme old age in 1857. During the siege of Zaragoza by the French, in 1808 and 1809, when over 50,000 of the inhabitants perished, she distinguished herself by her heroic participation in the severest encounters with the enemy. She was called *la Artillera*, from having snatched a match from the hands of a dying gunner and discharged the piece at the invaders. For her services she was made a sub-lieutenant in the Spanish army, and has been immortalized in art and poetry.

A TALK WITH OUR BOYS.

BY MRS. ETTIE H. DAVIS.



WHAT grand possibilities are wrapped up in our boys! What wonderful powers for good! Boys, what will you do for the future welfare of your country? Do not let any one dissuade you from getting an education. By this we do not mean simply going over a prescribed course of study; but we do mean a deep laid, thorough education of heart and head; one that does not end when the student leaves the academy or college walls. This should indeed be but the starting point, simply the foundation upon which should be built a grand and glorious structure.

Tamper not with evil; shun it as you would a plague. Go not with the tempter. Be ever on your guard, for pitfalls are prepared for your unwary feet; nets are laid across your pathway; draughts of poison are covered with tempting fruits and placed just within your reach. Avoid everything that would tend to pollute your lives. Keep your hearts and lives so pure that were it possible to place a mirror opposite you would not be ashamed to have your mother or sister see your every act reflected there.

There are very many temptations common to the young, especially those who are just treading the verge of manhood. The first is a desire to throw off restraint, to trust solely to one's own resources and to shake off parental control. There is a restlessness, a longing for the attainment of manhood's prerogatives. The boy sees a man smoking a pipe or cigar, and straightway he must have a cigarette. Never mind though the head reels, and pains and nausea follow the attempt, smoke he must and will. Then comes the breaking away from the cosy home-circle—out in the streets with a band of boys older in years and sin. Here, boys, beware! Stop and think before you leave the shelter of the home roof. Temptations do not often assail you there, but out in the street the demon lurks, waiting for you. Do you think it manly to turn away from your father's commands and your mother's earnest, beseeching voice, and your sister's loving smile, and saunter off with those who care nothing for you, only to degrade you equally with themselves? Did you know that when

you departed a chill fell upon the home-band? The father lost his interest in his paper; your mother went to the window many times during the evening and gazed out upon the street with hands clasped close against her aching heart, while she murmured, "Oh, where is my boy to-night!" Your sister laid aside the game which she could not enjoy alone, often wishing that brother was there with his merry jest and happy laugh; for as yet you have not grown cross or very disrespectful, only negligent. At first you shrank back in dismay when the boys at the corner greeted your coming with a boisterous shout and inquired how the "governor" come to let you out? or how "the old woman" allowed you to go beyond her apron string? or how the "milk-faced doll" would spend the evening without her brother. Involuntarily you clinched your fist and felt like knocking some one down. But the next moment some one had you by the button hole and was confidentially telling you of the little room behind that wonderful green baize door just round the corner where lots of fun could be had for a dime or a quarter. And so you are led by them, hearing perhaps for the first time in your life a coarse jest or brutal catch. You find yourself at last in a room furnished with tables, upon which are placed decanters and glasses of many beautiful shades. You are at once both repelled and fascinated by the new sights and sounds. There are many boys about your own age, some even younger, and very many men, some of whom pat you upon the shoulder and pour out for you a tiny glass of that sparkling, foaming beverage that looks as if it might have been just dipped from the cup of a snowy sea billow; but oh, boys, beneath the light, foamy, creamy surface that looks so inviting, there lurks a deadly serpent that fixes its glittering eye upon your fair, boyish face and seeks to charm you to a nearer approach, knowing that once within its grasp it can wind its slimy coils around you tighter and tighter until you are helpless, with a broken and wretched manhood. You sip the beautiful nectar, ever so small a draught brings an unwonted flush to your cheek and adds a strange lustre to your eye, but it brings also a dizzy sensation to your head and you feel unlike yourself as you slip away and go home; for you do not dare yet to keep late hours. No keener reproach can greet you than the quiet, sad-faced home-circle. You feel unworthy and self-abased. Somehow you have fallen. You are no longer upon an equal with them, and this knowledge makes you irritable and ready to meet reproach by an attempt at self-justification. You soon become cross and disrespectful to your parents, and anything but an agreeable companion for that pure sister. You are not asleep (though you feign to be) when your mother comes to your room and bends lovingly over your couch, passing her hands lightly over your brow. You can hardly refrain from throwing your arms around her neck and begging her forgiveness, with a promise never to grieve her again. If you would only do this and then turn over a new leaf and leave forever the band at the street corner, how radiant with promise might the future be! But some, alas, stifle the earnest pleadings of their better nature and abandon themselves to shame and ruin.

Perhaps you may smile when we advise you, whether you are the son of a millionaire or of a day-labourer, to learn a trade; seek some congenial occupation, follow it closely, in all its intricate windings, bending every energy to its mastery, until you have conquered its every detail. If not needed at present, you may need it hereafter. No man is truly independent who is a mere hanger-on to another man's purse strings, be that other parent, uncle or guardian. Work is a great safe-guard against temptation; by keeping heart and hands busy the whole nature is strengthened. Sleep is sweeter and more restful, and there is less inclination to vice or mischief. Work is, in fact, one of the most powerful antagonists that Satan has to cope with; if he can but keep men idle he will generally find them ready to do his errands.

I MUST DO MORE FOR MY MOTHER.

IS there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill? was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends." then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him, by asking him why he did not stay at school another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply, "but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?" said the interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other; but

she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tromblingly entered.

—S. S. Times.

EASTER CAROL.

BY ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D.D.

OLDEN wings of morning
Open in the sky.
Brilliantly adorning
All things from on high;
Heaven and earth are meeting
On this Easter morn,
Heaven gives joyful greeting
To the earth forlorn.

Woe-begone, and weary
Underneath its sin,
Desolate and dreary,
Hath this poor earth been.
But from out its prison
Comes the captive, free,
For the Lord is risen
Now, triumphantly.

All transfixed with wonder
Angels saw him, when
On the grim cross yonder,
Jesus died for men
Earth in terror quaking,—
Heaven enwrapped in gloom,—
Human hands were taking
Jesus to the tomb

Mary and Salome
Saw with sob and moan,
When the fight with hell, he
Breasted all alone.
Silent, sad, and tearful,
Jesus dead they laid,
On that evening fearful,
In the garden shade.

Spices they came bringing
To anoint his clay,
Ere the birds were singing,
Ere the break of day.
But they did not find him
In the dark grave lain,
For death could not bind him
With its iron chain.

So, with glad lips sing ye,—
Children of the King,—
"Grave, where is thy vict'ry?"
"Death, where is thy sting!"
Lift we up his banner,
And his triumph tell,
Greet him with hosanna,
Lord, Immanuel!

A GENTLEMAN.

WHAT is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble? Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than most of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's eye of fashion; but of gentleman, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list.—Thackeray.