

HOME & SCHOOL

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Spain.

ALMOST all children know something about the geography of Spain. They know at any rate that its capital is Madrid. They have also an idea that things are very different in that country from what they once were, and that though there are grand cities and splendid buildings to be seen everywhere in Spain, that somehow or other things have rather gone to the bad there for a long time past, and that it is not a very nice place to live in even though the land is very fertile, the scenery very romantic, and the climate very pleasant.

Spain is separated, as every boy and girl knows, from France by the Pyrenees, and our picture shows how that range of mountains is crossed by long trains of mules, bearing the products of the two countries.

The centre picture gives a tolerably fair idea of the Giralda—the tower connected with the grand cathedral of the famous City of Seville. This cathedral is one of the largest and finest in Spain, as it well may be when we bear in mind that it is 431 feet long, 315 feet wide, has seven aisles, and an organ with 5,400 pipes. The tower is Moorish, was built in 1196, and was originally only 250 feet high—the additional 100 feet being the rich filigree belfry added in 1568. The pinnacle is crowned by a female figure in bronze, fourteen feet high and 2,800 pounds in weight, and which veers about with the slightest breeze.

Below the Giralda is the Escorial, which some have called the eighth wonder of the world. It is an immense monastery, palace, and mausoleum, was begun in 1563 and finished in 1584. It is 744 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west. It is said to have 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows, and to have cost 11,000,000 ducats.

The Alhambra is a famous Moorish fortress in the City of Granada, the most characteristic parts of which have been reproduced in the Alhambra Court of the Sydenham Palace, London, England.

Surely not many boys need to be told the story of the famous Rock of Gibraltar. It is on the southern extremity of Spain, and has on it the famous fortress held by the British since 1704, when it was taken by Sir George Rooke. It has been often

besieged since, but never taken. It is not of so great importance as it used to be, and some think that it ought to be restored to Spain.

A Brave Boy.

I SHALL ever remember a lesson which I received when at school. One

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jack, what do you fodder on? What will you take for the gold on the cow's horns? Boys, look here, if you want to see the latest Paris style, behold these boots!"

Watson, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow

The boys attending the school were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunce enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature did Watson bear all their silly attempts to wound and annoy him.

"I suppose Watson," said Jackson, one day, "I suppose your papa means to make a milkman of you!"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them, that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified at the remark, said: "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk, too."

The day after this conversation, there was a public examination, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbouring towns were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, he remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class, who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render what service he could.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. Alas! what



morning, as we were on our way to school, one of our scholars was seen driving a cow toward a neighbouring field. A group of boys met him as he was passing. The opportunity for ridicule was not to be lost by a boy of the name of Jackson.

to the field, opened the gate, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then, closing it, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school he let out the cow and drove off, none of us knew whither. And every day for three weeks he went through the same task.