

Working and Wishing.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be
But never tries his mettle
Is the boy that is bound to see
His plans all come to failure.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1900

A TALK TO BOYS.

The Interior is proud to number among its readers a great army of boys.
And while all classes are nowadays being lectured through our columns, it occurs to me that the boys will appreciate a talk that is not grandfathers' and fathers' but, as it were, older-brotherly.
With that in view, we have been trying in imagination to do what, alas I cannot be doing in fact—turn back a score and more of years, and construct the boys in whose place we would like to put ourselves.
We are going to draw the picture of the kind of a boy we would like to be, and trust the some of our readers may find good some traces of their own characters, or, at least, some answer of their own wishes and hopes.
If we were a boy, we would like to be a hard-working boy. All success waits on that. Only fools and gamblers trust to "luck." We will never come to much unless the habit of hard work teaches us the right use of our faculties.
As all boys do not come from the same rank, and file are average sort of boys, with ordinary brains and opportunities, it will be a good thing if we can learn how far hard work will go to make good the least gift and the good man.
Sir Walter Scott was called the A. behind of the school at Edinburgh. Perhaps calling him that waked him up, he went to put himself to hard work. Isaac Newton was the dull boy at school. The smart boy once kicked this dull boy. That kick stung him to an iron purpose. He went to work, and never let up till the stars were in his eyes. Oliver Goldsmith was so stupid that the person who taught him the alphabet was thought to have worked a miracle. So he did. He waked up the boy who could by-and-by read the stars in his eyes.
The Traveller and the Deserted Village. A friend said to us, patetically, not long since: "I used to long for a library. Now I have it, and cannot use it." But that was not the use of the use of everything that comes to us.

Again if we were a boy, we would want to be a thorough boy. If it were only to sharpen a lead pencil, we would want to bring it to the very best point—not for fine writing, but for the self-justifying satisfaction of doing it.
Again we would want to be an obedient boy. Only those are fit to command who have learned how to obey. Grant after the battle of Shiloh, was disgraced, and ordered to report each morning to an officer his inferior in worth. He touched his hat to that subaltern every morning as deferentially, as if he were standing before the commander-in-chief. That spirit helped to make him an irresistible commander. The boys who hang fire by throwing false accusations before they are fairly out of the nursery are not likely to come to anything. If we were looking for a captain, we would hunt for a boy who never disobeyed their mothers.

If we were a boy, we would want to be a boy with a purpose. We would not loaf or drift, we would set our rudder; we would set the sails to the wind, to the best energies, and then we would stick to it, and, as Carlyle would say, "Work at it like Hercules. There will be people who will lecture against ambition, but I believe that a boy with an ambition will likely be the boy without a good record. And only high things are worth aiming at. As Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

We would also like to be a truthful boy. Truth is a cardinal virtue. In Hebrew it means firmness; in Greek it means that which cannot be hid. A boy at once truthful and obedient will be respected. And when business men are looking for a boy whom they may advance in their service, their most important question concerns truthfulness. It makes a good deal of difference to a good deal of men who has that for a corner-stone.
And then, as including everything else, if we were a boy, we would be a Christian boy. We would be quite sure it would help us in the battle of life. As we look around among the successful men of our acquaintance, we do not know of one whose success was not helped by his Christian principles. We do not know of one whose success was not helped by his feeling that the saints are going to possess the earth within the next fifty years, and if we were a boy, with a chance for seeing the dawn of the next half-century, we would want to stand on the Lord's side.

Great things are going to be done in the lifetime of the boys; and if we were a boy, we would want to get the best of the things that are going to be done. We should feel pretty sure that our small gifts wrought out by hard work and discipline, would be able to stand up to the gifts of a true Christian spirit, would give us a good and successful standing in the lists of the battle.—Interior

HOW THE SIEGE WAS RAISED.

By F. M. COLBY.

The funniest and quaintest of cities in that quarter of all little countries—Groningen, in the north-west of the Old Rhine. It is a city of moats and dykes, of canals and windmills, of dog-carts and red roofs. Dutch thrift, Dutch frugality, Dutch cleanliness are apparent everywhere. It is a city of Dutch and Dutch quaintness. It is a prosperous and a picturesque city.
The city stands in the heart of a well-wooded country. In the centre of the town is a hill, the highest point of the city, raised hundreds of years ago, and on its summit is a ruined fortress called Hengist's Tower. Groves of oak and orchards of fruit-bearing trees clothe the hillside. From the elements of the tower one can gaze over a level landscape miles and miles, and see the white waves glisten on the North Sea. At his feet are noble churches, stately public buildings, and spacious squares.
Three hundred years ago Leyden was one of the most prosperous cities of the Low Countries. Its people were industrious, enterprising, and rich; more than four hundred trading establishments were in the city. Behind the strong dykes which kept back the surging ocean went up the noise of a hundred quarrels, happy people. They were brave, too, and they were Protestants.
Holland, by a series of fruitless circumstances, had fallen into the hands of the King of Spain. The heart of the Philip II, an ardent Catholic, set his

face strongly against the spread of the Reformation. He commenced a cruel persecution of his Protestant subjects, and so severe was it in Holland that the people rose in arms. The first success in piercing the dykes, but the waters of the sea were kept back by adverse winds. The starving inhabitants were nearly crazy with despair.

The Spanish soldiers were led by the bravest, ablest, most ruthless general of his time, iron-hearted even beyond the hardness of his ago—Fadrigue, Duke of Alva. But they met with a stern resistance. The conduct of the men who had conquered the sea and waded it out from their flood-swept lands had the brave, determined spirit of their fathers, and they did not yield without a struggle. All Europe looked on, interested spectators. The Dutch had taken Holland, but could they defend it? It looked indeed very doubtful. City after city surrendered, and the inhabitants were butchered, for Philip's soldiers had hearts of stone and gave no mercy.

At last the Spanish host sat down before Leyden, and the gray-haired, pitiless Duke of Alva, in a solemn assembly, swore a terrible oath that he would not take it down until the city yielded. But the inhabitants knew that it was useless to invoke Spanish clemency, and very soon they were all gathered up in a "hunger" in defence of their hearths and homes if need be, rather than be slaughtered ruthlessly by Spanish bayonets or perished in the torture chambers of the Inquisition.

One hope sustained them—that of their valiant prince, William of Orange, who had managed to gather an army of men, and who was waiting for help to them. So though they had but little food in the city and no way of getting more, they waited patiently as they might.

One day there flew into the city, over the heads of the Spanish, a carrier pigeon, which bore under its wing a letter from Prince William, bidding them hold out, and promising succour at the first opportunity. The Duke of Alva, however, he recommended the husbanding of their food, and that the population be put on short allowance. They followed his advice and sent back word that they could hold out for six months with food and another without."

Slowly the six months passed, and the stout-hearted citizens saw hunger staring them in the face. After another month they were obliged to treat to the trees, and they began to strip the trees of their leaves, and eat them, till there was nothing left that was green in the city. Still the burghomasters refused to listen to any terms of capitulation, and the general of the most desperate clamoured to let the Spaniards in, that stern official offered them his own body for food, which he offered forever all talk of listening to any terms of capitulation.

Time passed slowly, and monotonously. The sixth day seemed brazen above them. Day by day they grew thinner and paler, and many had been an army of ghosts that marched to the walls searched the gutters for a morsel of food. Every day the burghomaster and his soldiers went up to Hengist's Tower and looked in the sky for the first sign of a general. His friendly banner was in sight; but beneath them, gloomy and portentous, lay the camp of cruel Alva's grim warriors; and far off, beyond the western dykes, flashed the cold waves of the North Sea, with a white foam upon them. Hope grew faint in their hearts.

And now at this most distressing time a carrier pigeon brought cheering intelligence from William of Orange. That gallant prince had been unable, despite all his endeavours, to give the city succour, and he was now going to resort to desperate measures. He had an enemy was to help them fight the present foe; in other words, he explained to the suffering citizens that as he occupied several important points upon the barrier, he would cut the dykes and let the waves of the German Ocean gush in, and destroy the Spaniards. He also told them that a fleet of ships loaded with provisions from Rotterdam would sweep the coast, and bring up the food and supply their necessities.

Was not this inspiring news? The city almost went wild with joy. They discharged ordnance, rang the bells, built bonfires, and the burghomaster was hung out as at a triumph. The noise of the rejoicing penetrated to the Spanish camp, and the grim Alva and his soldiers were wonder-struck by such strange doings. They were obliged to surrender they were hourly expecting.

A week of feverish expectation succeeded. Through the waning autumn days and the brilliant October nights, their eyes kept watch from Hengist's Tower. But the sea was calm, and no

white sails dawned in sight, no fleet appeared before the battle-carried walls of Leyden, laden with a food supply. The weather was in the end, it succeeded in piercing the dykes, but the waters of the sea were kept back by adverse winds. The starving inhabitants were nearly crazy with despair.

On the morning of October 3, 1574, the city was relieved, and the inhabitants had satisfied their hunger, and in the afternoon the whole population gathered in the great church, where a glad to the weak and the old. The burghomaster, a public thanksgiving was held in the presence of the burghomaster—the first in Dutch history, and for many days thereafter Leyden wore the signs of gladness and festivity.—Sunday-School Visitor.

NEW BOOKS.

- "Captain Curley's Boy." By Isabel Hornbrook. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 60 cents.
"Temple of Fenton Harbour, the hero of this spirited story, is a well-reared from the waters of the North Sea against the weaker elements of the world. Captain Curley, a master of a fishing vessel. The story tells how Temple at the risk of his life rescues a little friend from a falling wreck during a tornado, and how this brave action is the means of his eventual restoration to his father, who, after many years of fruitless search, had given him up for lost.
Mrs. Hornbrook is a frequent contributor to these pages.

"Kidnapped" By Gordon Stables M.D., C.M., Surgeon Royal Navy. With six illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.
In this new story, by an author who is a well-known traveller and naturalist, we are first introduced to the hero, Willie Stewart, on the far-northern shores of Savo action is the means of his eventual school and fisher life among the frugal inhabitants of village and farm. Willie runs away to sea. There is a terrible mutiny on board, stirred up by foreign sailors. In the mean time, the hero, who knows, islands in the southern seas, the boys are cast away. Their strange, wild life and adventures for years are told in Dr. Gordon Stables' most graphic style.

"All Hands on Deck!" By W. C. Metcalfe. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.
Mr. Metcalfe, if we mistake not, is a Canadian writer of international reputation. In this story the good ship Canaan, whilst on a voyage from Sydney to Hong-Kong, is destroyed by fire, and the crew are compelled to take to the boats. The story begins with the expedition of the crew and the young lady passenger in an open boat. After many privations they are picked up by the ship Arlaine, then en route to Shanghai, and on board of this ship many stirring scenes are enacted.

"Little Village Folk." By A. B. Romney. With many woodcuts. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.
Humour and pathos are delightfully blended in these charming tales of Irish village children. How Judy walked to Dublin to save her poor old grandmother from being turned out of her cottage, how Kitty's little red petticoat saved the railway train, how Tom found a "servant,"—all these stories and many others are told by Miss Romney in a style calculated to delight the little folk, and with so much literary feeling that they are likely to be an important source of pleasure to elder readers.

While teaching a class in Sunday-school recently the teacher asked: "What do you suppose to be doing when the animals are going to be put to rest?" She received several answers. At last a little girl put up her hand. "Well," she asked, "what do you say?" "Taking the ticks, miss," said she.