

like dying men were they, that even the wild "sea beggars," were moved to pity. They, who could calmly and unconcernedly look on death in battle, nay, on the cold-blooded torture of a helpless foe, cared for the starving people patiently and tenderly. They carried bread from house to house; they fed tiny children with a gentleness that such harsh natures rarely show; and they tended the old, the helpless, and the maimed with untiring zeal. Rough, cruel, hardhearted as they were, the Zealanders on that day showed themselves in a new light, and many a soul in Leyden called down blessings on their heads.

Once again music sounded in the streets, bands played gaily, and overhead the riotous merriment of the bells added to the joyous confusion. Deliverance had come. Leyden again kept holiday, as she had kept it two months before in hope (only in hope) of this glorious ending to her woes. Now it had come! The town was full of friendly faces; and there was bread enough and to spare. Enough and to spare! No longer were her people doomed to the slow misery of starvation. They had eaten and were satisfied, they had feasted in the streets, on the bread for which they had been dying! They lived unconquered still.

Many a song of praise, many a thankful prayer, rose that day from the churches and the homes of Leyden. The great cathedral was filled to overflowing with the people and their deliverers. From many hundred voices rose up the grand "Te Deum," but the strain was hushed ere it reached its end. There a