

am as much a king in God's eye as you are a king in the eyes of yonder courtiers."

"You have an old head on young shoulders," declared the king, motioning to a servant to throw his cloak on the ground that he might sit on it. "And I shall chat with you an hour—just as though I were a peasant like yourself."

"Or I a king like yourself," smiled the boy.

"Ah, you are a strange youth," said the king. "Come, tell me. Are you always happy?"

"Always very happy, sir," declared the boy. "In the first place, I am very busy all day long helping my father and mother in the work of earning an honest living. I am too busy to be unhappy, sir."

"Why do you not call me 'Your Majesty?'" asked the king.

"I like the plain title better, sir. Only God is my king."

The king knit his brows, then said: "Suppose I should command you to call me 'Your Majesty?' And if you should refuse suppose I should order your head cut off?"

"Then you would be a cruel king, and committing a very grave crime, sir, for in having me killed you would be committing murder. My life belongs to my Maker, not a man of the earth."

The king sat silent for a little while. Then he said: "Tell me, boy, where have you learned all that you say? There must be traitors in my realm, and they must have talked in your hearing."

"A good king need fear no traitors," said the boy, putting some bait on his hook. "Only an evil ruler fears enemies."

"You are right, youth," said the king fervently. "And you have set me to thinking of many things new to my mind. I shall beg you to come to the palace and visit me. I can learn from you, though I be a king and you a peasant. But—do you angle all day long?"

"Oh, no sir; doing one thing all the time would make me very unhappy. Now, were you to have more variety in your life, sir, you would be less discontent. I have heard it said that our king never laughs. That his subjects are far happier than he. That is because they find much beneficial employment. The king but rules. And ruling is a heavy work, and a thankless one, though paid for in gold. Gold doesn't love one. Gold doesn't offer the hand of friendship. It never lends a helping hand to the one in need, nor kisses and caresses the brow of the aged. Gold is very hard, and is a fitting companion only for a haughty and unhappy king. And I am too content to want more of it than is needed to buy the necessaries of life."

The king sat still and looked across the river for a moment. Then he bowed his head in his hand and sighed. "You are right, youth; gold and kingdom go hand in hand. Neither have feeling nor love."

"But a king can love, and be loved, if he wishes," declared the boy. "If he enters into the life of his peasants—his subjects—and knows them, and lets them know him, he will find much to live for. Also, he will find much to make him smile with pleasure, to laugh with

merriment, to weep with sympathy, and to give for sweet charity's sake."

"I shall try your prescription, youth," said the king, rising. "Tomorrow all my fawning and flattering courtiers shall be dismissed and in their place shall be put men from the country, uncouth, plainspoken fellows who will tell me things for my own good."

"And for the good of your subjects, sir," interposed the boy. "Do not forget others—if you would be happy. Happiness cannot be found in oneself, but in love and sympathy of others. That is the reason you have never known happiness, sir. You have thought only of self, and had about you a lot of cowards who pretended to think only of you, also, but who in truth hated you and lived a life of hypocrisy. Have fearless men about you and you will get strength from them, and in time will become a monarch all men will love. Think less of your position, and more of the people's position, sir, if you would be a real king."

The king took from his purse two golden coins and offered them to the boy who took the smaller one, saying that the fish he might have caught would not have been worth more than that amount. "And I cannot take more than I can earn," he observed in a straightforward way.

"You are a true philosopher," avowed the king emphatically, "and I must see you often."

"I am only a peasant boy and you are only a king," smiled the boy. "But perhaps you are poorer than I. If so, I shall gladly share my riches with you. But now I must hurry homewards, for my parents will be looking for me. I wish you more happiness in the future than you have had in the past. Good bye, sir, and may luck attend you."

And the king, his hands clasped across his breast, stood watching the boy as he ran nimbly across the hill, disappearing on the other side. Then, turning to one of his courtiers, he said: "A king may learn from a peasant boy."

Letter Enigma

We are airy little creatures,
Each have different forms and features:
One of us in glass is set;
Another you will find in jet;
A third, less bright, is set in tin;
The fourth a shining box within;
And the fifth, if you pursue,
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