

The King's Reply.

BY MARY B. CLARKE.

The English monarch, George the Fourth,
Was riding out one day
In Windsor park, with prancing steeds
And carriage bright and gay.
He met a coarse and blustering man,
Who thought it very wise
To flaunt his scorn of royalty,
Before the monarch's eyes.

"Uncover, 'tis the king we meet,"
Said one who rode a near,
"Your disrespect will be construed
As anarchy, I fear."
The fellow answered with an oath
We would not dare repeat,
"I'll not take off my hat to him,
Or any king I meet."

The king, who heard the rude remark,
Replied, with gracious smile,
And bowed with stately courtesy
And lifted hat the while:
"I to my meanest subject would
This much of honour give,
And pray that long and happily
The gentleman might live."

The king passed on, the subject paused,
Surprised to thoughtfulness—
Was he indeed the gentleman
Who practised gentleness?
Would courtesy and kindness
As truly honour bring,
And dignify the humblest man
As though he were a king?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1895.

A QUEEN'S PRAYER.

WHEN Queen Victoria was a girl of but eighteen years, she was told that she was to rule over the mighty kingdom to whose throne she was heir. There are few persons, either old or young, who would not at least have felt a momentary elation of pride at such an announcement. But there was no expression of exultation in Victoria's face, or words, or heart.

Though she had from infancy been destined to the honour, to her nature, distrustful of itself, the announcement brought a feeling of responsibility that was overpowering, and she sank on her knees, clasped her hands, and faltered out:

"God help me to be good."
Her prayer has been heeded. Help has been given her, and to her purity and loyalty have been added glories and honours and powers enough to satisfy the highest earthly ambition. Later in her reign, when she was asked for an explanation of England's greatness, she said:

"It is the Bible and Christianity."
When she began to rule, England had a lower standard of court life than it knows to-day. But the personal influence of its

good Queen has done much to give the English court and nation the enviable place they hold to-day in European civilization.

It is worth while to remember the simple, earnest words with which the true-hearted monarch of the proudest kingdom in the world assumed her diadem, "God help me to be good!"

BALMORAL.

STORIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

PRINCESS ALICE'S husband, the late Grand Duke of Hesse, was much liked at Balmoral. His frank and genial manner won all hearts. "He was always so nice!" A scarf-pin he gave to one of the servants was shown to me: a pretty jewelled bit, with over thirty tiny pearls. He was generous to the gillies, who by no means have an easy time during the fishing and deer-stalking seasons; and he did not tell tales out of school. One day, when his party was returning from deer-stalking, they found that the coachman who had been in waiting at the appointed place had improved his leisure by imbibing whiskey, and was totally unfit to ride—in fact, tumbled off his horse as often as he was lifted on. Thereupon he was stowed into the cart with the dead deer, and the Duke of Hesse sprang upon the horse and served as postillion. He conveyed the party in safety to the stables, and as he rode into the yard shouted out "Take off!" which is the signal for the hostlers given by the coachman. "Take off yourself!" was the reply, and great was the consternation when it was found to whom they had spoken so cavalierly. But, bless you! the Duke didn't mind it; and, what was still better, he did not betray the drunken coachman, who was sure in his own mind—when he came to that mind—that the next day would be that of his dismissal.

It has often been interesting to me to observe the tone in which different members of the Royal family are mentioned—a tone indicative of their special characteristics. A lad of eighteen or thereabouts, a lad with an open sonnie Scotch face, talked enthusiastically to me of the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). "She is so bright and jolly to talk with!" says he, and, on the whole, thinks he likes her best. Others dwell on the goodness of the Princess Beatrice, who is to them a true child of Deedee, so much of her life has been spent there. The tenantry gave her a handsome four-in-hand when she married, of which gift "she was very proud," they will tell you. At a suggestion that some people called her proud an old cottager remonstrated. "Na, na! her manner was different from the rest; but she was brought up different—was with older folk mostly. The other children were taken by their governess or nurse to the cottages to give their own little gifts, and they played with the cottage children an hour every day. It was different with the Princess Beatrice. But she wasna proud. Na, na!"

Of the sons, the Duke of Edinburgh has passed the least time here since his boyhood. The Duke of Connaught is often here, and the Prince of Wales is looked upon as a son of the soil. I heard two cottagers talking over a story concerning the three one day. It sounded somewhat familiar to me. It may be an old story; and it may be a manufactured one. "But," said the old dame, who had known them from childhood, and evidently still viewed them as a trio of extremely lively lads, "it was just what they would have liked." The three had been fishing some distance from Balmoral, and were waiting at the appointed place for the waggonette to take them home. A boy with an empty machine came along, and, seeing them standing there, asked them where they were going.

"To Balmoral."

"Would they ride with him?"

"Oh, yes," and they all got in.

"And what may you do at Balmoral?" asked the boy of the Prince of Wales, who sat beside him, the whole three, it seems, being strangers to the lad.

"I am the Prince of Wales."

"Ay! and who may that chap be?" indicating with his thumb over his shoulder the second son of her Majesty.

"He is the Duke of Edinburgh."
"And 't'other one?" with another jerk of his thumb.

"The Duke of Connaught."
The boy wore an air of thought for some moments, then he spoke again.

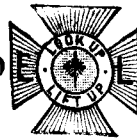
"Perhaps you'd like to know who I am?" he said.
The Prince intimated that he would.

"I am the Shah of Persia," said the lad, not to be outdone in this assumption of titles.

From internal evidence I should judge that this story originated about the time of the visit of the Shah of Persia and his suite to Balmoral. They were not entertained at the Castle, with the exception of a lunch, but at the neighbouring house of Glenmuick. A ball was given there in their honour, largely attended by the neighbourhood. The Shah was not impressed with the beauty of the ladies, nor with the dancing. Wines and whiskey had been provided in an unlimited measure, and some of the soldiers present, having partaken too freely, fell to fighting under or near the Shah's window, in the mingled dawn and twilight of the midsummer night. Thereupon his Majesty of Persia immediately arose and watched the fight from his window, pronouncing it the best thing he had seen since his arrival in Great Britain.

His suite, still preserved in photographs, wore habitually their huge Astrachan hats, and may have done so in bed for aught anyone knew to the contrary. The impression they made on the countryside was not a particularly savoury one, notwithstanding we are taught by Oriental poetry, including the "Arabian Nights," that bathing is an important function in the East.

Epworth League.



Happy Juniors.

TUNE.—"We are marching on with shield and banner bright."

We are happy Juniors and we love the fight,
For our sins are pardoned, and our life is bright,
Jesus watches o'er us, and he keeps us right,
We will praise our Saviour's name.

CHORUS.

Then awake, then awake.

Jesus never changes, he is just the same,
He'll forgive your sins, and relieve you of your pain;
Then when the fighting's over, with Jesus we shall reign;
In that home so bright and fair.

When our fighting's over, we shall meet above,
With our blessed Jesus, and with those we love;
For our Saviour loves us, while we work for him,
So we'll work till Jesus comes!

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

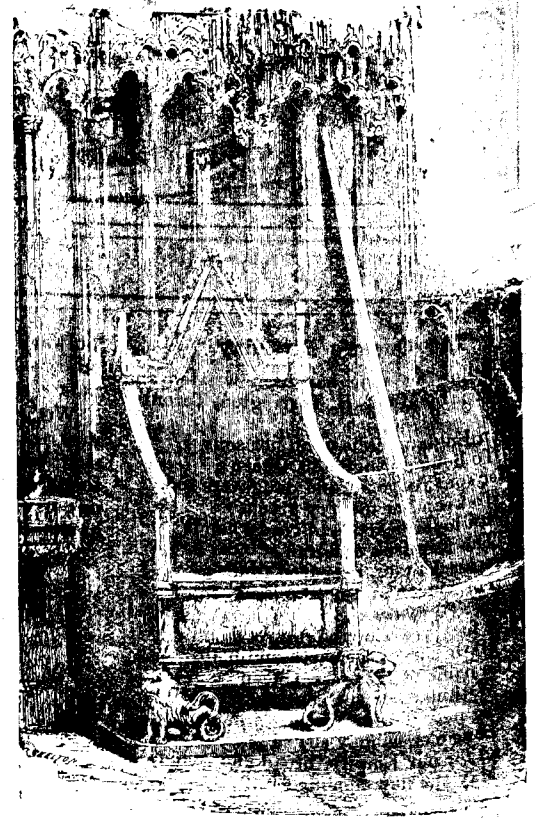
PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

May 26, 1895.

THE EXALTED PRINCE.—Acts 5. 31.

The exaltation of Christ refers to his resurrection. An angel was sent down from heaven to raise him from the dead. He could have raised himself, but this would have been like a prisoner breaking away from prison by stealth. But when an angel is commissioned from heaven to do this work, it is proof positive that the atonement he has made for the world's redemption is well pleasing and acceptable to God.

Christ now becomes a Prince, that is one who reigns. He has made the atonement as a priest, and now as a Prince he must reign.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

He sits on the throne and rules as a King in Zion. He must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. Even kings and potentates are to submit to him. To him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord to the glory of God the Father. Kings are to become nursing fathers and queens nursing mothers in Israel.

He especially reigns in the hearts of all who submit themselves unto him, saying, "Other lords have had dominion over us, but henceforth these only will we serve." Christians are faithful servants and obedient children. They submit themselves unto him serving him acceptably with a reverence and with godly fear. Every thought is brought into captivity. He is the King of kings and Lord of lords.

"Reign in us, Lord,
Thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway,
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day."

VICTORIA'S THRONE.

THE English throne, used in the coronation ceremonies of the Kings and Queens of Great Britain, and which is so splendid in its covering of rich silks, velvets and gold, is, in fact, simply an old oak chair of antique fashion. It has been used on all State occasions for the past six hundred years, and perhaps even longer, many reputable writers claiming that they have discovered traces of its existence prior to the eleventh century. Ages of use have made the old framework as hard and as tough as iron. The back and sides of this chair-throne were formerly painted in various colours, all of which are now hidden by heavy hangings of satin, silk and velvet. The magic powers attributed to the old relic lie in the seat, which is made of a heavy, rough-looking sandstone, 26 inches in length, 17 inches in width, and 19 inches in thickness. Long before it was wrapped in velvet and trimmed in gold, to be used by the Tudors and the Stuarts, this old stone of stones served as a seat during the coronations of the early Scottish kings.

Tradition relates that the sacred stone was brought from the hill of Tara, in Ireland, and placed in the Minster of Scone by Kenneth II. The Irish claimed to have received it by miracle. Popularly it was supposed to be the stone upon which Jacob slept at Bethel, carried thence by his sons when they went into Egypt, and conveyed by the daughter of Pharaoh and her Greek husband to Spain. Upon it laws were given, and from it justice was administered. It seems now to be regarded as the