

Youth Department.

THE WILFUL BOY; OR, "DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

"Deliver us from evil," was the prayer of Maggie and Charlie every night before they retired to their beds; and truly, when the morning came, and they arose from their healthful slumbers, bright, glad, and eager for the enjoyments each day brought them, I thought I saw in their dear faces the answered prayer of the previous night.

Maggie was a slender, mild-eyed little girl, and Charlie was as gentle a lad as ever the breezes of six springs had fanned. They soon dispatched their simple breakfasts of bread and milk, and put on their hats; and Maggie taking Charlie by one hand, while in the other she carried their mid-day meal, they started for school.

Their mother's last word touched me. She kissed each rosy cheek, and said, "Good bye, my children; remember your prayer to be delivered from evil."

"Bless the darlings!" said she, as we watched them till they reached the stile at the foot of the lane. "I sometimes think there is a special watch-care taken of children, to keep them from evil. I can fancy when I see their innocent faces, or watch their serene slumbers, that the 'holy angels' of their infancy are still hovering over them."

"It would seem hardly possible for guile or sin to lurk in such scenes as these, Margaret," I answered; "yet you particularly emphasize the prayer, 'deliver us from evil!'"

"Because, my friend, we never know what danger to body or soul may threaten us. I pray for my children that they be not 'led into temptation,' but that, delivered from all evil, they may receive the grace of God early into their hearts, and become meet for heaven. There is no petition in Holy Writ which expresses so much, and into which I so completely throw my very soul, as this. I shall not fear for my children when they enter into active life and mingle with the world, if they have learned to pray, with the faith which wins the blessing, this comprehensive prayer."

"Margaret," I said, "you were a gay, proud, and very ambitious girl at school. What has wrought this change in you? Was it your husband's revenges? They were not very distressing, and he soon recovered himself? How is it that I find you now so sedate, gentle, lovely?"

"It would be a long and painful story, dear; and I am sure you do not need from my friendship any other assurance than this; I forgot to pray, and went blindfold into temptation. Then, better to me than my own heart, God remembered me, and 'plucked me as a brand from the burning.' The temptations of this world, the weakness of our hearts when opposing them without Divine assistance, and the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father, are lessons which I have learned in suffering. I will teach them faithfully, by the help of God, to my little ones, and pray for them every hour to be delivered from evil."

Evening came, and just before the return of papa from the city, where his business called him every day, Maggie and Charlie made their appearance in the lane. Maggie's basket now held her books, and Charlie had a bunch of sweet wild flowers, gathered on the way home for their mamma's friend. A pretty flash was on their cheeks, their eyes were sparkling with joyous life, and their lips were dimpling with smiles and merry laughter.

I thought how becoming gaiety is to children, and I asked Margaret if she remembered a favourite passage we had read at school in "L'Allemano," by Madame de Staël, in which she says that such light-heartedness or "levity" is becoming only to children, "because it seems as if the Creator held them by the hand and aided them to walk smoothly and safely over the rough, dark places through which their paths led them."

"He does, He does," she answered, and I hope they will be always children in their trust of Him."

The young people had their usual narrative of the day's adventures to give to "mamma;" how they had sped in lessons; what kind words Miss Morton had addressed to them; how she had commended their punctuality, and how poor Tom Carow had been punished as usual for being late—indeed, had even played truant that morning; and how she had praised Maggie for her very good history lesson.

"And I was so glad, mamma, that I went on studying as you advised me to do yesterday after Auntie Page came. If I hadn't, I shouldn't have been able to tell you all this, should I, mamma?"

"No, Maggie, and so you see that the answer to our favourite prayer is often not only a deliverance from evil, but also the bestowal of some blessing which

makes us very happy, though we had not thought to pray for it."

The sunset hour was come, when the father was expected, but he did not make his appearance as usual, and Margaret, the loving wife, became restless, and walked often to the door. At last the rumble of light wheels was heard on the gravel; and Mr. Euston's cheerful tones sounded in the piazza. He greeted me cordially, pressed a kiss on the fair brow of Margaret, and establishing himself in his easy chair, gathered his children in his arms, and laid their dear cheeks on his own.

I observed a certain gravity of manner, which seemed to me to evince some profound feeling not yet expressed in words. In another moment he had closed his eyes, and uttered the words—"O God, I thank Thee that Thou didst deliver my darlings from evil."

Then turning to his wife, he said, "Margaret, dear wife, I tremble even now while I remember the scenes I have just witnessed. Had Maggie and Charlie passed Nutting Hollow ten minutes later than they did, they might have shared the fate of poor Tom Carow. You know how the bridge over the turbulent stream that flows through the hollow trembles oftentimes with the rush of the waters, yet I never thought it so insecure. But half an hour since, the torrent, swollen by last week's heavy rains, succeeded in loosening the piles upon which it rested. Tom Carow sat on its edge swinging his feet over the water. Ernest and Harry Hunter had been expostulating with him on the course he had pursued recently, of dilatoriness and disobedience. The boys jumped off the bridge railing where they were hanging, and went on home, while Tom sat there, saying,

"I don't care, I'll do what I want to for all you. I'll sit here till I die, if I want to."

Just then I drove by, and seeing how the waters were roaring and dashing, and how the little bridge shook, I begged Tom to jump off, and I would take him part of the way home in my go.

"Pshaw! I don't care for the sinking of the old bridge, I'll stay just where I am," he answered.

At that moment I heard a loud noise like breaking timber. "Quick, Tom," I shouted to him, "the bridge is going." I threw down the reins and ran to save him, but in an instant—quicker than I can tell you—the bridge had parted in the middle; Tom fell into the water, a falling timber struck him upon the head, and the poor wilful boy is now a corpse!"

"Oh! my husband," said the breathless mother, "God heard and answered our prayers. Oh, my children, be thankful to your Heavenly Father for deliverance from such great danger, and never, never cease to pray to Him day and night, 'Deliver us from evil.'"—*Pleasure and Profit, by Mrs. Mannors.*

Selections.

DR. FRANKLIN'S SUGGESTION OF PRAYER.

Mr. President:—The small progress we have made after four or five weeks' close attendance and continual reasonings with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many *Noes as Ayes*, is methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to feel our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of the republics, which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern states all round Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances.

In the situation of this assembly, groping, as it were in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection! Our prayers, sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us, who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favour. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful friend?—or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proof I see of the truth, That God governs in the affairs of men!

And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest.

I therefore beg leave to move—

That henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

[Note by Dr. Franklin.] "The Convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary."—*Memoirs of Benjamin Franklin.*

THE HISTORY OF PEWS.—In Anglo-Saxon and some Norman churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall running round the whole interior, except the east end. In 1319 they are represented as sitting on the ground, or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1287 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common, that none should call any seat in the church his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first entered. As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated, the entrance being guarded by the cross bars and the initial letters engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII. in 1548, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "quyre," or some "pue." In 1603 galleries were introduced. As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort by being raised or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide those within—(a device of the puritans to avoid being seen by the officers who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.) These services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion:

"A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

With the reign of Charles I. the reason for the heightening of the sides disappeared; and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height.

THE KING OF SARDINIA NOT A STUART.

To the Editor of the Guardian.

SIR—May I request you to insert the following correction to a statement in your last, that the King of Sardinia is a descendant of the Stuarts?

Thomas Francis, Prince of Carignan, younger brother of Victor Amadeus I, Duke of Savoy, was the direct ancestor of his present Majesty; and it was the grandson of the above Victor Amadeus I, styled Victor Amadeus II, first king of Sardinia, who married Ann Mary de Valois, daughter of Philip, Duke of Orleans, and Henriette, daughter of Charles I. Their descendants' line ended in four daughters, in whom and in their descendants we must seek the right heirs by blood to the thrones of England.

The eldest of the four daughters of Victor Emmanuel I. was Maria Beatrix, who being dead, her son, the present Duke of Modena, is King of England, barring the Act of Succession. The heiress presumptive is his deceased brother's daughter, Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria.

After her the Duke's eldest sister, Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, wife of the Count de Chambord; then the Duke's second sister, Marie, Archduchess of Austria, married to the Infant John Charles Marie de Bourbon, second son of Don Carlos, the Queen of Spain's uncle, and her three sons. After these persons the crown would fall to the grandmother of the present Duke of Parma (if alive), or if dead, to her grandson the present Duke, and his brother and sisters. It is unnecessary to proceed further; but it is evident that his Sardinian Majesty has no Stuart blood in his veins, or, if this be considered too rash an assertion, is no descendant of Charles I. J. R. S.