

The Yonths' Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.
(Concluded from Page 163.)

When the little Savoyard had ended, Manon put her arms round the neck of her good mother, and, kissing her, said—'Dear mother, Providence has thrown this poor forsaken girl into our arms for protection—ought we not to do what we can for her? Besides, you know, this evening will be Christmas Eve, and that gives the circumstance a more sacred character!'

'Why, dear Manon,' replied her mother, smiling kindly, 'you know we are already six in number.'

'Oh, never mind that; I am sure you will let her stay with us; she is a child, and will not require much; and she can help us at our work, and be useful in various ways.'

Marie said not a word; she timidly and anxiously cast her eyes on the ground, not venturing to look up, when the two younger children took her by the hand, and led her to their parent.

'Then be it so? Come, my dear forlorn child, if the Almighty's will has led you to us, He will also, be assured, grant us the means of supporting you,' said the good woman generously.

It need not be said, how delighted Manon and her sisters were at this arrangement. The latter especially, paid their new inmate the most affectionate attention; so that Marie was soon quite at home. 'And,' said they, 'as this evening is Christmas eve, our dear 'godfather' will be here; and won't he be astonished; as well as Paul and Robert?'

Paul and Robert were their brothers; the former still went to school, but the latter was apprenticed to the worthy 'godfather,' who kept a grocer's shop close by.

Monsieur Dupart, or, the 'godfather,' as he was always styled in the family, was, in reality, a good-hearted man, and although, as a national guard, he wore a very thick pair of moustaches, yet this outward fierceness of expression was finely contrasted with his mild and playful manner towards children.

The evening at length arrived, and with it the expected 'godfather.' He was in uniform, for on that day he had been on duty. The children, at other times when he came, would cling about him, and jump upon his lap, as he, of course, always came provided with something; but this time he could not allow it; inasmuch as he had all his pockets, and his very cap, loaded and crammed full with presents.

'Well, my children, said he, 'here we are once more altogether; it's a beautiful thing to be thus able to pass the Christmas eve amidst bright contented faces. It is not every family in Paris can do that. Come, my good children,' he continued, 'I feel quite happy that we have met in such good health, and for that, if for nothing else we ought to feel grateful and contented towards the Almighty.' Just at this moment his eyes fell upon the little stranger. 'Bless me, children, why who have you got there, pray?—Who is that little girl?'

The good mother and the sisters now briefly related to him the particulars connected with poor Marie's distressed situation, and how they had determined to give her a home amongst them. 'Well, that is good and kindly done,' said the 'godfather,' as he stroked his moustaches, which he always did when he felt pleased; 'and you are an excellent girl, Manon. Come here, my good Marie, look here; I am the 'godfather' of all these children here, and now I will be yours too—have you any objection?'

Joyful, grateful tears, were the only reply the happy Marie could return to this benevolent man, interminged with bitter sobs of lamentation at the recollection of her mother and brother.

Monsieur Dupart, being told of the loss she had sustained, and having made every inquiry respecting his appearance, age, size, &c., assured

them that he would lose not a moment in applying to the proper authorities, to institute every possible search for him. And now the moment arrived for the distribution of the various presents; and among the happy ones who received them, the adopted stranger was not forgotten, for each one of them had generously arranged beforehand, with their mother, that she should take something from their portions, and give it to Marie; and which the matron, with gratified feelings, had not failed to do.

The good 'godfather' then took an affectionate leave of all; and thus was spent an evening full of love and gratitude to God!

With these good people Marie lived to see very happy days. They treated her as their own child and sister; and she saw punctually and carefully after whatever was given her to do, profiting, at the same time, by the instruction she received in their business.

One day Manon came home highly delighted, for she had just received a very large order, amounting to several hundred francs, from a lady of great wealth and distinction. And now the good girl made her calculation how long the job would take to execute and complete, and how long they could live upon the profit. Amidst her joy, however, she had forgotten to purchase something still necessary; and so she said to Marie: 'Go, my dear Marie, run and fetch me some ribbon like these patterns; here is the money.'

Marie bustled along, looking neither right nor left, when she felt herself suddenly clasped by two arms. As she looked up, the simultaneous exclamation was: Marie! 'Seppe!'—and, rushing into each other's arms again, they affectionately hugged one another closely, and shouted and wept for joy; and then they had so much to ask of each other—they had so much to tell—that Marie naturally quite forgot all about her dear Manon's commission. The latter, finding she did not return, became very anxious, and fearing something serious might have happened to her, she determined to seek for her, and was just leaving the house, when she was met by Marie, safe and sound, happy and joyful, with her brother and Monsieur Dumenil. She perceived at once the happy cause of the delay; for she had not the slightest doubt but that it was Seppe, the lost brother.

'Yes, mademoiselle,' said Monsieur Dumenil, 'it is indeed Seppe; and, thank God, the dear and affectionate brother and sister have at length been restored to each other!'

They all went up stairs, and there the good mother and her family expressed the most affectionate delight at the happy event. The 'godfather' was sent for, and soon came running down the street in his dressing gown and slippers, and joined cordially in the outbursts of delight which so happy a meeting called forth.

The worthy Monsieur Dumenil was much affected by the genuine friendship and sympathy shown by all the members of this good family towards Seppe and his sister; and he said within himself: 'I cannot increase by my money the happiness enjoyed by these cheerful, industrious people, but it shall be my study to reward them for their kindness, by supplying them constantly with profitable employment.' And thus did this truly philanthropic man ever think and act; for he knew the art of assisting the needy in such an ingenious way, that his aid appeared more as the reward of their own merits, than as an act of mere charity.

And now, in conclusion, we have only to add, that Marie remained in the happy circle of those who had taken her by the hand on the eve of the Christmas festival; and Seppe stayed with his benefactor, who set out himself for the Savoyard's home, and brought the delighted mother of these good children with him to Paris. He there also made the acquaintance of the worthy Thomas, who could not sufficiently congratulate himself on finding that his advice had met with such a happy result.

In the course of a few years afterwards, Manon and Marie became happy mothers of families; Seppe flourished as an opulent tradesman, having acquired and followed the motto of Monsieur Dumenil—'Want nothing but what God grants!' and that good man now rests in peace under the green turf, his memory cherished and revered by all!

ENIGMA, No. VIII.

I am composed of twelve letters.

- My 1, 7, 11, 4, 6 is the name of a celebrated ancient author, and once Governor of Spain.
- My 1, 7, 12, 3, 2 is the name of a tool used by carpenters.
- My 7, 2, 10, 9 is the name of a river of Asiatic Russia.
- My 1, 12, 3, is the name of one of the Gods according to Mythology.
- My 1, 9, 6, 4, 2 is the name of an author celebrated for his infidelity.
- My 6, 1, 2, 6 is the name of a river in Scotland.
- My 7, 12, 6, is the name of a celebrated bargainer now in Kingston Penitentiary.
- My 5, 1, 12, 8, 11, 3 is a disease to which horses are subject.
- My 5, 2, 10, 4, 12 is the name of a physical tree.
- My 1, 7, 2, 9 is the name of a term used in law.
- My 8, 2, 11, 3 is a part of the body.
- My 1, 12, 7, 2, 6 is the name of the author of a celebrated work on moral philosophy.
- My 1, 2, 10, 3, 6 is the name of a coin now in circulation.
- My 5, 2, 9 is the name of a large body of water.
- My 1, 2, 10 is the name of an instrument used in writing.
- My 5, 1, 11, 4, 2 is the name of a portion of the human body.
- My 1, 2, 12, is the name of a vegetable.
- My 5, 4, 11, 1, 2 is the name of a wild fowl.
- My whole is the name given to a tract of country in America.

Hamilton, 1852.

ALEXANDER.

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Toronto, Nov. 26th, 1851.

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