

The Nouths' Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.

(Continued from our last.)

At this moment a window in the front kitchen of the house, and close to where poor Seppi was sleeping, was slowly opened, and a head in a white nightcap popped out: it was that of the pastrycook, to whom part of the house belonged.

"Hallo! why now, there's a lazy rascal for you," said the pastrycook, perceiving the slumberer; "snoring there this bright morning, and not knowing perhaps how he may get a crust of bread to eat at mid-day: sleeping, idling, begging, and stealing. What objects there are in this world to be sure. An efficient police ought not to tolerate such vagabonds. And only see how undisturbedly the boy sleeps here in the open street, but he is pretty sure, of course, that thieves would make no thriving business by him."

Whilst the tongue of the confectioner expressed, in such fashion, the morning reflections of its owner, the man's eye rested scrutinously upon the boy. Seppi, it should be observed, had a very agreeable and prepossessing exterior, and so the idea suggested itself to the mind of the selfish, avaricious pastrycook, whose own assistant had run away from him only the day before, whether he would not perhaps do well to take the Savoyard lad into his service instead. "Such a creature," thought he, "must needs be glad to earn a living, and feel grateful for all and everything one may give him. Besides, he has a good-looking, likely face, and that he is quick on his legs there can be no doubt."

Therefore, no sooner said than done. The confectioner proceeded to open the door, and forthwith greeted the slumbering Seppi with a gentle kick. "Well, my idle fellow," said he, "do you intend to sleep it out here the whole of this fine day?"

Seppi, half awake and half asleep, jumped up and answered, "Yes, sir, I'll sweep your chimney directly."

"Do what?—Sweep the chimney!" returned the confectioner: no, no, it's not the time for that yet. Come, get up and rouse yourself."

Seppi rubbed his eyes, but oh, how grey and misty did the city look by morning! "Yes, sir, what am I to do then?" he asked.

"Come with me, you shall hear that directly," answered the man, as kindly as possible. Seppi followed him into the shop, and the savoury smell of the warm pastry attracted the famished lad irresistibly. "Listen to me, my lad," quoth the the pastrycook, when they had reached the little parlour. "I am inclined to do you a great service." Seppi at this pricked up his ears, for he expected nothing less than the baker was going to make him a present of a few of his nice tarts for breakfast. "You shall stay with me, carry out pastry, help me to serve the customers, and make yourself generally useful to me; in short, I will take you entirely into my service, and provide for you. Now, only think of that, you poor, deserted fellow! and look what I am doing for you; for I am going to give you food and clothing, whilst now you are in hourly risk of being starved to death!"

What more desirable thing could have befallen our poor, hungry Savoyard? Yet, when the pastrycook spoke of "starving," the thought of poor Marie instantly made his affectionate heart shrink within himself. He wept bitterly, and faltered out, amidst his sobs: "Alas! sir, I have a sister, poor dear Marie, who came with me to Paris: I lost her yesterday evening, and—Oh heavens!—she was very, very hungry, and had not a morsel of bread. I must, indeed, first of all, go and try to find her."

The brow of the confectioner gradually darkened with frowns. "Foolish boy," said he, in a tone of vexation; "what! do you pretend to look for your sister in Paris?—in a city which contains a whole million of inhabitants, and whose width and length embraces so many miles?

Why, you may search your whole life long, and yet not find her again. Besides, she may have fallen, in the dark, into the river, or have been run over by some carriage, nay, we don't know what may have happened to her. If it be the will of God that you should find her again, that will come to pass without your having occasion to stir a step in it. It is nothing new in Paris for children to run away and lose themselves: some do turn up again, and some do not. However, you will have the best opportunity, when carrying out the pastry, of meeting her. But mind, you understand me when I tell you, that you must not presume, on this account, to loiter on your errands about the city, but you must keep straight on the road I order you to follow."

The common-place and unfeeling arguments used by the confectioner, by no means served to console the affectionate Seppi, still he saw clearly, that a search made in so large, populous, and, to him, completely unknown city, would most likely meet with little or no success, whilst he thought it not quite impossible but that, in his walks through the capital, he might fall in with his dear Marie. But it was the recollection of the dying words of his father, and which that good man had bequeathed to him in his last moments, which gave Seppi the best comfort. Remember, dear boy," said he, "you have still a Father in Heaven above, and He watches and takes care of His children." And so will that same Father, thought Seppi, protect and watch over poor Marie, and thus consoled and strengthened, he accepted the confectioner's offer of engagement. The latter felt quite satisfied, for which he had his good reasons, inasmuch as he treated his people so badly—giving them little to eat, and plenty of work—that he had great difficulty in getting any for his service, or in retaining them in it. But a chap like this, thought he, who is used to nothing better, will still think the very worst treatment good, in his unhappy state.

Seppi was now duly initiated in his new office, and received the article of clothing which his truant predecessor had left behind, called by the pastrycook "a livery!" a title of honour still nobly bestowed upon the old patched jacket (and which formerly it might have merited) as that cost its master nothing. This worthy warned Seppi to take good care of it, and impressed upon him most urgently, never to acquire a taste for pastry. This the lad promised, and only begged now for a piece of bread to satisfy his hunger. "Why, I thought you had already breakfasted," said the heartless man, who seemed to forget that he had lighted upon the boy fast asleep.

Seppi's service was no easy one; he was, however, a nimble, attentive lad, and executed everything faithfully. His master had reason to be quite satisfied, and really was so, as far as generally speaking, a selfish person can be satisfied. In his numerous walks, our little Savoyard did not neglect turning his eyes in every direction, in hopes, perchance, they might light upon his poor dear little sister. And when he saw, at a distance, a little girl, who in height and shape was like Marie, how did he run after her until he overtook her, but when, his heart throbbing, he found it was not his sister, he would burst into tears, and then think what his poor mother would say, if ever he should come home without Marie.

Such bitter delusions Seppi experienced daily; yet he did not give up hope. Marie and his mother was his constant thought day and night, although he slept so soundly, that the confectioner felt vexed that a youngster, who had not a farthing in his possession, should rest so tranquilly. On this point, however, his master was not mistaken; for Seppi, not enriched, it is true, with a halfpenny, by the liberality, of his employer, obtained, at times, from the customers who visited the shop, a small piece of money, by way of a present, and which he saved up carefully in his little purse, in order, when a favourable occasion might offer, to send the whole to his mother. And thus his store increased every day.

On the third floor dwelt an old widow lady, who, from idle curiosity was ever anxious to busy herself about all that took place in the house and in the neighbourhood. Madame Rivage was extremely desirous to engage Seppi in her interest, and had tried to bribe him, in order that she might get him to tell her all that was going on at home, as well as abroad, in reference to his master and his customers.

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 1.

ALEXANDRIA.

- Aar, a river in Switzerland
- Land, was sought by Noah's dove.
- Axe, a part of a locomotive
- Dane, a native of Denmark in Europe.
- Ire, or anger, a passion.
- Daniel, an eminent Hebrew.
- Ida, a mountain near Troy.
- Dine (to), what is cheerfully complied with.
- Leah, what seven of Pharaoh's kine were.
- Adrian, is (I suppose) a living magician.
- Alder, a shrubby tree.
- Axe, an instrument in daily use.
- Rind, (orange, or citron peel, I suppose used in confectionery.

J. Y.

ENIGMA No. 2.

- I am composed of eleven letters
- My 10, 11, 6, 4, 7, 2 is a kind of wood first mentioned in ship-building.
- My 3, 9, 2, 10, 11 is what makes the merchant ships sail so nimbly.
- My 3, 5, 6, 4, 7, 2 is what boys learn at school.
- My 6, 4, 5, 1, 8 is much used in the laboratory.
- My 3, 4, 9, 5, 2 is comfortable beside the par. our fire.
- My 11, 5, 8 is an important article of merchandise much used in medicine.
- My 9, 2, 3, 4 is conspicuous in all railway bridges.
- My 3, 7, 1, 8 is expressive of certainty, and the name of a german coin.
- My 6, 8, 1, 3, 7 is what the labourer considers he is entitled to.
- My whole is a term common in geography.

A Reader.

- Can you tell me where I stand?—
- On the sea or on the land—
- Near the equator or the pole,
- "Twixt you and me vast oceans roll.
- Every one would fain caress me—
- No one yet did e'er possess me.
- Though in their reach they all confess me.
- Man seeks me with his latest breath,
- E'en till his search is lost in death.
- Now, would you have this blessed prize?
- 'Tis written here before your eyes!

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