

The Youth's Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.

(Continued from our last.)

Our kind old neighbour, Thomas, however, who had given us this advice, enhanced it still more. For, on the evening before we left, he bought for us a hurdy-gurdy, which our good Thomas gave us! The parting from our dear mother I shall never forget, and I was full of hope on my road to Paris: but when getting there, to part so disastrously from my poor Marie, my beloved sister!—Ah, Monsieur Dumenil, it grieves me to think of her. Tell me, do you think I shall ever find her again?

"That, my kind boy, I cannot possibly say, for it depends upon the will of God; but that will, which is much, much more than even the wisest of this world can conceive, be assured, protects your dear sister and yourself. That kind Father in Heaven will not forsake your sister, nor leave her without bread when hungry, but will lead her to kind-hearted people."

"Yes, Monsieur Dumenil," said the affected boy, in tears, "that shall always give me confidence when I think, in fear, of the fate of my poor Marie. Good night, sir, God bless you!"

Poor Seppi now crept down stairs, and went quickly to bed, much consoled by what Monsieur Dumenil had said.

In the morning, his master's first inquiry was for the money from his new customer. He counted it, and found it all right, not a farthing missing. "And to-morrow, sir, I am to go up again," said Seppi.

"Quite right," said the master: "if this gentleman pays, I care not how much he has of my pastry. Why, he appears to have got a very sudden relish for it! But herein the bitter sweet-cake maker was wrong, if he thought that his new customer felt any desire for his pastry, for his only object was, by these means, to see more of his little slave, the poor Savoyard; and, naturally, Seppi took care to meet his kind friend's wishes, by duly taking up, every morning what was required."

Just about this time, an occurrence took place which excited, in the breast of Seppi, the liveliest hopes that he might recover his sister. Whilst walking through the streets, he met a gentleman, in all appearance the same who had formerly done him the kind service of making him the means of exchanging base coin.

"Why," said Seppi, to himself, "that is the person who was standing near Marie when I left her to change his bad money! Surely he must know something about her!" He hastened, therefore, after him, and just as he had overtaken him the man entered a house. Seppi was about following him into the place, when he was thrust back by the porter, none being admitted but gamblers—such, only, being the visitors received there.

"But, pray," inquired Seppi of the man, "what is the name of the gentleman just gone in?"

"Oh, that we don't know," was the snappish answer.

"And yet I should very much wish to know," entreated Seppi.

"Why, you impudent varlet! pack yourself off this moment!" exclaimed the man, in a passion.

With heavy heart, our poor Savoyard gave up all hope of attaining his object here, and returned home. On the following morning, he informed Monsieur Dumenil of what had taken place. The latter, however, was by no means very sanguine about the matter, for, supposing Seppi had succeeded in questioning the man upon the subject, how little could he, under the most favourable point of view, communicate about Marie's fate; and he had too much reason, too, to deny all knowledge of that evening's transaction?

"Oh, my poor, poor mother!" exclaimed the boy, in lamentation: "how she will cry about Marie! Yes, and even if I do send her the twenty francs,

and she hears nothing from Marie, I am quite sure the money alone will give her no joy."

"What!" inquired Monsieur Dumenil, rather astonished; "are you going to send your mother twenty francs?"

"Yes, sir, I wish to do so; and I have already saved something towards it, but still it will take a whole year yet before I can make up that sum, but never mind. Ah dear! how happy must rich people be."

"Do you think so, Seppi? But it is not as you think, Seppi, for there are very rich people, who drive about in splendid carriages, who are anything but happy; for there are too many among them to whose wealth the sighs and curses of the unfortunate adhere, and too many pass every moment of their life in dread of death such, therefore, Seppi, we cannot fancy ever enjoy happiness. True and perfect happiness, my good boy, consists in not wishing otherwise than as in the will of God; because He, in His supreme wisdom, guides us over the best paths. If it be His will that we should remain poor, we ought to bear this poverty with resignation, and not desire anything beyond; and if, on the other hand, it be His desire that we should obtain riches, we should, in all humility and gratitude, employ them to the honour of the Heavenly Giver."

"Ah, yes, dear Monsieur Dumenil, I wish to be contented too, only I could not help thinking of my poor mother, and wishing I could only once send her a good sum. Oh, that would be so delightful, you know, Monsieur Dumenil!"

"If it be the will of God, Seppi, then be assured He will give you the means of putting your affectionate object into force; for He will bring you into a situation, where you may be enabled to make a more profitable use of your time."

"At any rate," exclaimed the lad, with pleasure "I know how to read and write, Monsieur Dumenil; I have learnt that already."

Monsieur Dumenil's foot now got better everyday, so that at length he was enabled to walk about again. Meanwhile, Madame Rivage's curiosity respecting his means of living, and so forth, had not as yet been satisfied, in spite of the continual questions she put to Seppi. One day, in order to try him once more, she sent him for some pies, and she used every effort to induce him to tell her: but all in vain. "Well, well," said she, in her vexation, and trying to detain him still longer, "you must go and get me this franc piece changed, else I cannot pay you."

"Oh, I have got some money, and can give you change now, at once," said the innocent Seppi, as he drew forth his little treasure.

The old woman opened her eyes when she saw this, and exclaimed: "Indeed! if you are so rich, then, pray what wages does your master give you?"

At this the poor boy's face turned quite red, and he answered, hesitatingly, "Nothing, madam; these are little presents which I have received."

"So, so," said Madame Rivage, when Seppi, had retired; "now I have you in my power, you little obstinate urchin; and that Monsieur Dumenil, too, of whom you are so fond, I'll set him against the pastry, for no more shall you take him"—and she kept her word.

She no sooner met her fellow lodger, who was just going out, than she very graciously accosted him, and said: "My excellent Monsieur Dumenil, I have felt very much for you; and then, too, you have eaten pastry every day."

"How?" asked Dumenil, quite astonished, "I really don't understand you: what has your pity to do with the pastry?"

"Oh, why?" said she in an undertone. "I will tell you quick! You know, perhaps, that there are people in Paris, whose sole business consists in stealing cats: well, it is such cats as pastrycook here buys, kills, and makes his pies of; and—but of course I need not tell you any more. But is it not horrible to think of? It is true, I assure you, I have it from the best au-

thority; pray, therefore, eat no more of those pies, good Monsieur Dumenil."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Monsieur Dumenil, in seeming indignation. "Well, I'll bring the man to book for this directly—he shall certainly not go unpunished."

Put Madame Rivage, in alarm, held him back. "Stop, stop!" she cried; "you surely will not betray me! Remember, for Heaven's sake, it is told you in confidence—it is a secret."

"Why, madame," replied Monsieur Dumenil, gravely, "you must either know it for certain, in which case it is your duty to bring such dishonesty to light that it may be punished, or, if it is merely supposition, you are acting extremely bad in spreading a report which must extremely injure this man."

(To be continued.)

Advertisements.

EARLY SPRING GOODS!!

THE subscribers beg to announce, that they have received their usual EARLY SPRING IMPORTS, per the British Mail Steamer to Boston.

CONSISTING OF

Silks, Ribbons, Bonnets, Orleans, Colours, Laces, Linens, Hosiery, Artificial Flowers, Parasols,

Light Printed de Laines, &c., &c.

To which they respectfully invite the attention of their Customers and the Trade generally.

SILK, TURNBULL & CO.

Wellington Street, Toronto, March 12th, 1852

11-15

DRY GOODS!!

HENDERSON & USHER

INTIMATE that they have now Commenced Business with a large and well assorted STOCK of

DRY GOODS,

Suitable for the Spring wear, they have determined to offer their Goods at Prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to every purchaser.

HENDERSON & USHER,

4, City Buildings, King Street East, Six Doors from the MARKET

Toronto, March 12, 1852.

11-16

SPRING ARRIVALS!!

NEW DRY GOODS!!

WILLIAM POLLEY,
66, King Street East,

RESPECTFULLY announces to his numerous friends and the public generally, that he is now receiving his first arrivals of

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Comprising the latest designs in Dress Goods, Musings, Bonnets, Parasols, Ribbons, Flowers, Lappets, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, &c., &c.—with a full assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, Edgings, Laces, Netts, &c., &c.

As the Stock is ENTIRELY NEW, and imported expressly for this trade, intending purchasers may rely on the newest styles, and will be found well suited for the early Spring Trade.

An Inspection is invited.

WILLIAM POLLEY,

Third Door West of Church Street.

Toronto, 12th March, 1852.

14-15