

**The Nouths' Department.**

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.

(Continued from Page 147)

The lady turned round, and said, ill-naturally. "Go about your business, do, you low creature; don't disturb my sweet Bijou's sleep with your noise."

"Ah, good lady, do not, pray, do not leave me to sleep in the streets all night, do take me with you, I will not, depend upon it, disturb any one."

"Take pity upon her, madam," said her companion with the pug. "she would just suit you, for you want just such a little girl as her, to take care of and wait upon Bijou, and amuse him."

Madame Bertin cast a contemptuous look at Marie, saying, "I am only afraid such a creature would be too coarse and rough for my tender Bijou—However, you may come in; I will make a trial of you."

The door was now opened; the lady entered, followed by her servant, carrying the snoring dog, and by the poor little Savoyard girl.

When they entered the drawing-room, the first most important business was to get ready the soft bed of the treasured lap-dog, and to carefully cover him over with the embroidered quilt. This being done, its mistress turned her eyes towards Marie, and exclaimed, in great contempt: "What a dusty, dirty object that is! Mind, Therese, she must not approach my Bijou too closely in that pickle. Do pray take her away, and give her some straw to sleep upon, and don't let me see her again before she is washed and made more decent. Have you, then, no other clothes, girl, but those you have on? Why, they are nothing but rags."

Poor Marie! what were her feelings when so addressed! But she made no reply, and followed Therese, who shewed her into a room, in the corner of which she made her a bed of straw, and gave her a piece of bread; this the poor girl quickly demolished, and creeping to her straw bed, she very soon fell asleep.

In the morning, after cleaning herself, and arranging her dress the best way possible, she appeared before her new mistress. The latter was reclining upon the sofa at breakfast, whilst Bijou, not yet quite awake, was at her side.

"Well," said she, "you look a trifle more decent now. Pray what do they call you."

The contrast between the soft and gentle tone with which she addressed her dog, and the harsh and brutal style with which she spoke to our little Savoyard was painfully cutting, and affected Marie to tears.

"My name is Marie," she gently replied.

"Why, I declare you are actually crying," said Madame Bertin; "come, come, I won't have that, do you hear? Mind, I have taken you out of the streets for the sake of my sweet little Bijou, and you will understand that your duty is to attend to everything he wants, and when he is asleep you must fan away the flies from tormenting him; and you must set his pillow aright, play with him when he wishes it, and, in fact, you must be entirely at his command. And for all this I will give you your food, and such other trifling things as a poor, common peasant girl like you may want."

At this moment a young girl, about eighteen years of age, was shown in by Therese, and making a neat courtesy, said very humbly—"Good morning, madame; you will excuse my intruding so early, but I have brought the work you gave me to do."

Madame nodded her head haughtily, and said—

"Well, and how have you done it? Have you brought Bijou's collar and cushion?"

"Yes, madame, everything; and I hope you will be satisfied." She then opened the parcel—and, oh! what beautiful things did she produce! Marie was lost in admiration, for she had never seen anything like it.

Madame Bertin appeared pleased, although, from principle, she here and there found some-

thing to find fault with. "Well, and have you brought the bill?" she asked: "you know I like to pay directly, for I am not like some of my rank whom you may work for."

The young girl handed her the bill; but the moment she saw it she flew into a violent passion.

(To be continued)

**OUR PRIZE QUESTIONS.**

Now that a solution has been given it may not be amiss to say a few words to our many young friends, who have exerted themselves so very creditably upon this occasion. The promise was made in good faith, and we delayed giving the answers in order that some one might have the pleasure of receiving it. We may, by and by, give another similar opportunity to test the persevering research of our young friends. The only points upon which nearly all the answers broke down was the passage in Gen. iii. 15 and that in reference to the number of cities. The slightest reflection will show that the passage in Genesis is not a prophecy but a promise. Some again mistook the nature of the answers required, and thought, that, on that disputed passage about the mules, they were called upon to decide whether Anah discovered mules, giants, or warm springs, in the wilderness. This, to say the least of it, would not have been very philosophic to ask any of our young friends to decide a point of Biblical criticism, upon which, so many eminent commentators have differed. All that was desired was the simple calling of the passage. The successful competitor signs himself Francis Nesbit, aged 16 years, resident in Adelaide Street. We shall have much pleasure in enrolling his name on our list. The answers are

- 1st Mules, Gen. xxvi. 24.
- 2nd That of Ornan the Jebusite.
- 3rd To the tribe of Judah.
- 4th Enach's, Jude 14; Gen. iii. 15, is a promise made by God, and not spoken by a prophet.
- 5th The Rainbow.
- 6th One hundred and twelve, Josh. xv. 20, 22.

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