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LIST OF THE BOOKS.

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DROLLERIES IN RHYME.
THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.
ADAM THE GARDENER.
PRINCESS NARINA, AND HER SILVER SHOES.
PERSEVERANCE; OR GOD HELPS THEM
WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.
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THE SAVOYARD BOY

AND HIS SISTER:

Adapted from the German of H. Kletke,

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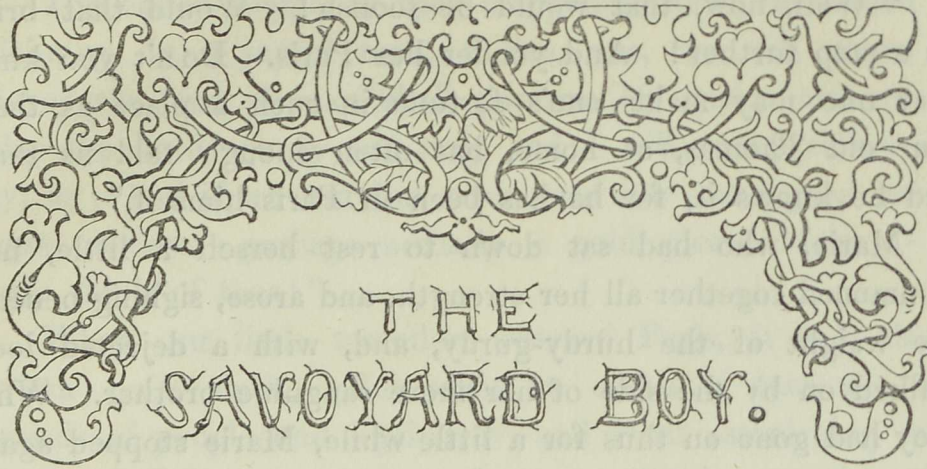
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LONDON:

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MDCCCXLIV.

A decorative border of intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, symmetrical in design, framing the title. The border features various leaves, flowers, and swirling lines, creating a rich, textured frame.

THE SAVOYARD BOY.

“So, then, that is Paris!” exclaimed Seppi, in astonishment.

“Yes, that must be indeed Paris,” said his companion Marie, “it looks so very large. ‘Would we were but once there, Seppi, for I am so very hungry, and we have not a morsel more bread left in the wallet.’”

“Why yes, Marie, our bread is indeed all gone; but only think of the pretty marmot and the hurdy-gurdy, by which God will help us on still further. Come, come; let us be merry and cheerful. Kind-hearted people will surely not deny us a bit of bread, and a little nook where we may sleep. And you, Marie, can dance so prettily the Savoyarde, and I will sing our song to it; and—hurrah! hurrah!—how my little animal here will spring about when it hears the hurdy-gurdy! And besides, you know, I can sweep chimneys too, and earn plenty of money that way.”

“Ah, Seppi, you are always so light-hearted and merry; whilst poor I—I feel as if I could rather grieve my heart out, and cry most bitterly!”

“Well, now, that would be foolish! Would that bring us a step further! And yonder lies Paris. Don't you know that one may make one's fortune in such a place as that? Our old Thomas, at home, has often enough told us that; and he knows it, for he has been in Paris himself.”

Marie, who had sat down to rest herself a little, now summoned together all her strength, and arose, sighing beneath the weight of the hurdy-gurdy, and, with a dejected look, walked on by the side of her more sanguine brother. When they had gone on thus for a little while, Marie stopped again, and said, mournfully, and almost in tears: “Alas, Seppi, what will our dear mother do now, so all alone at home! This is just about the time when the bells must be chiming there for evening service. Ah, how very sad it is not to be able to hear the sounds of those pretty bells here.”

“Why, Marie, it is true,” rejoined the consoling Seppi, “we do not hear them ourselves, but our dear mother does; and when she thinks of us, and the bells chime for prayer, she knows that we are in God's hands, and that He will not forsake a couple of poor children.”

Just at that moment they were interrupted by the sudden tones, echoed forth through the evening air, from a loud peal of bells. The children simultaneously gave a loud scream of lively joy at these unexpected sounds; and Seppi exclaimed, exultingly: “There now, Marie, you see there are bells in Paris too, and they sound quite differently from those in our own village. Come, come; we shall not fail to thrive there.”

And now even Marie herself had gained courage, and so, forgetting hunger and weariness, they pushed on again stoutly together.

The elated Seppi, as they stepped forward, continued exclaiming, in a joyful tone, "Yes, yes, we will dance the Savoyarde, and marmot shall perform his tricks, and we will play the hurdy-gurdy and sing, and I will sweep chimneys—ay, ay; and if we can but once send our dear good mother some money—perhaps actually a gold piece, Marie—eh! only think of that!"

When our little travellers entered Paris, it had already grown quite dark. But what an ocean of houses—what crowds of people and equipages—and what astonishing quantities of lights were everywhere scattered around! The Savoyards strayed about for an hour or so, and during that time they were completely bewildered by the sight and bustle. But after the first charm of novelty was satisfied, hunger and weariness returned only the stronger. "But who then will give us something to eat, Seppi," asked Marie; "and where shall we sleep this night?"

"Why, there are so many, many houses," returned her brother, in a rather dejected tone; "surely there will at least be a corner for us in one of them! Look Marie, yonder is a fine large mansion, where there will be no lack of room: come, let us go and beg for shelter. Kind gentleman," said he, to a man who was standing at the gate with a long cane in his hand, "we are in sad distress for a night's lodging and a crust of bread; pray bestow your charity upon us, and we will dance the Savoyarde, and, if you like, our pretty marmot shall perform his leaps before you."

"Why, you couple of detestable beggars," exclaimed the porter, "do you think the palace of his Excellency is to be converted into a hovel to receive such trash as you! No,

no, bè off; we want none of your monkees nor Savoyard dances."

Seppi waited not a moment, but seized Marie's hand, and led her hastily away; whilst the poor girl burst into tears and sobbed aloud. "Come, dear Marie, cheer up," said her brother, when they had gone on a little way again; "you take and play now the hurdy-gurdy, and marmot shall dance to it." Marie wiped away her tears, and they now halted and commenced their performance; but the people passed by without, as Seppi had expected, handing them a present, or offering them a night's lodging. It got later and later, and the little girl shivered with cold and grief, whilst Seppi, almost losing courage, uttered not a word.

They had now reached a small square, crossed by several streets. Marie sunk down on a stone, and held her hands before her eyes in bitter lamentation. At this moment an elegantly-dressed person seemed to observe the children, and, stepping up to Seppi, said: "My little Savoyard, you could do me a favour."

"Very willingly, sir; what are your commands?" replied Seppi, delighted.

"Do you see that large shop yonder, which is lighted up so brilliantly?"

"What, opposite? O yes, I see it."

"Well, here you have a gold coin, go in there and get it changed. In case you are questioned about it, say boldly, you have found it. When you come back I will make you a present."

Seppi gladly handed his monkey to his sister, took the twenty-franc piece, and ran across with it to the shop as hard

as he could run. When he had given it to the person in the shop to change, the latter looked at it very closely, sounded it on the counter, took it up again and examined it; and, at length, rushing towards the little Savoyard, seized him by the collar, and held him tight. "You good-for-nothing fellow," exclaimed the tradesman, "confess at once where you got this bad money!"

The astonished lad had quite forgotten what he ought to reply, and, trembling, stammered out the truth. But the man was distrustful, and was not at all satisfied with his statement. He wished at all events to trace out the party who had resorted to such an expedient for circulating base coin among the public. Accordingly, he still retained his hold of Seppi's collar, summoned a couple of his people to join him, and ordered the lad to lead the way directly to where he had left the stranger. Meantime the latter, having found the Savoyard to remain rather longer on his mission than he expected, began to think all was not right, and was confirmed in his fears when he perceived the approach of the party, headed by the boy: he accordingly started off, full tare, as fast as his legs could carry him. He was quickly pursued by the others, who still dragged poor Seppi with them against his will, but their efforts to overtake the culprit were in vain, and they were forced to give up the race, he having too great a start of them. They then dismissed the dead-weary Savoyard, saying, "Be off, young squire; you may now run wherever you like."

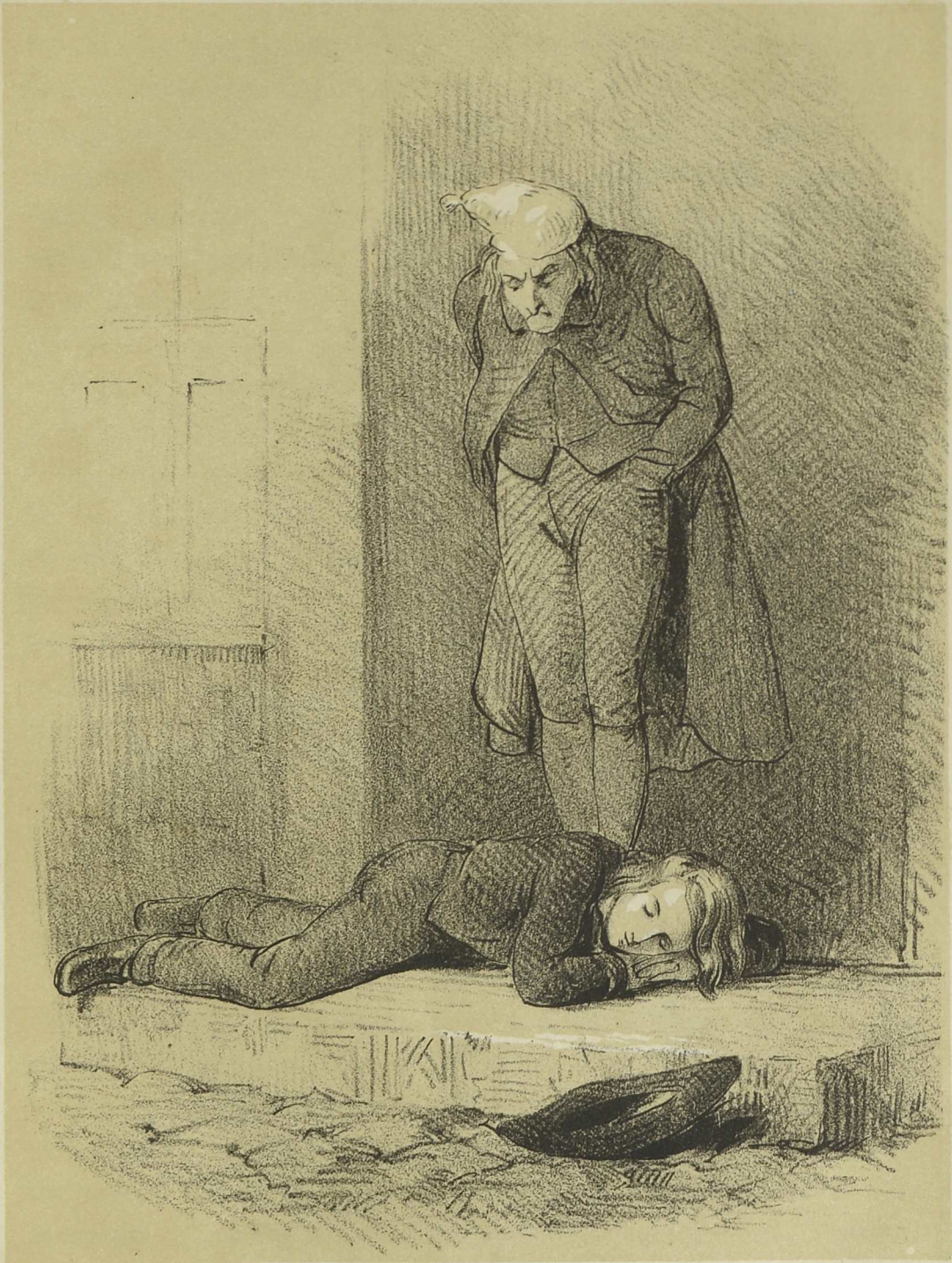
Run, indeed!—alas! poor Seppi was only too glad to be able to barely drag his wearied feet after him. He crept slowly after the others, and thought of his distressed sister,

who, doubtless, would be waiting for him to return, in the deadliest anxiety and alarm. When he at length arrived at the spot where he had left her, he looked everywhere about—but his dear Marie was gone! “Marie, Marie, dear Marie!” cried Seppi, softly, but she did not reply. “Marie, Marie!” he repeated, but no answer. And now, indeed, poor Seppi’s heart was broken, and he was quite in despair. He ran backwards and forwards, everywhere about, calling out loudly, “Marie!” but all in vain; and, leaving it to chance, he hurried down the first leading street to look for her.

The midnight hour had now struck, when Seppi, quite exhausted and faint, sank down upon the step of a house, and soon fell into a deep sleep. The morning dawned, and our little Savoyard still slept on. Doubtless he was dreaming of the mountains of his fatherland—of his dear parent—the playfellows he had left behind—but, perhaps above all, of his beloved sister, now wandering about, Heaven only knew where!

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 in 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 scrutinisingly 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 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 that 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 itself. 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 very 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 were 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 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. This, however, our hero always steadfastly refused to do, treating her offers of money with the contempt they merited, and avoiding her, as a dangerous mischief-monger.

There was, however, another lodger, towards whom Seppi, on the other hand, felt great respect and regard: this was Monsieur Dumenil, who lived a story higher than Madame Rivage; and, although his appearance was needy and care-worn, still, in his countenance there reposed that calm resolution and resignation, seeming to control every adversity, that the heart of Seppi felt greatly influenced thereby. Monsieur Dumenil was always very retired in his manners, and merely pronounced the "good day" to any one he met with belonging to the house. The confectioner thought rather meanly of him, because he never came into his shop and patronised his pastry. If perchance the conversation turned upon him, he would say, "Ay, ay, that lean, half-starved looking being never comes in here; and I am quite sure, as he cannot pay his rent, the landlord of the house will soon eject him. Why,

you can see poverty and misery staring him in the face when you look at him! Shame upon such a creature!"

Remarks of this kind always cut Seppi to the heart, for he but too well remembered that his father had been a poor man too; and he never forgot the many beautiful things the clergyman had said about him at his grave. Therefore, our little hero, when his master was once launching out very severely against Monsieur Dumenil, plucked up a spirit, and said: "But, sir, I have once heard our minister at home tell me, that rich and poor are quite equal before God; and I remember, too, that there was a man in our village who had a great deal of money, and yet people did not like him, because he had got it in a bad way, as they had good reason to think."

When he heard this, the confectioner became quite pale with rage, for he felt how he himself had earned, and was still earning, his own money, when he made his pies of rabbits' flesh instead of hares' flesh, and did other things of the same kind. "Hold your tongue, you poor silly fool," he returned; "what is your minister and your village to me? What do you know about rich and poor! We are here in Paris, not in your wretched hamlet: don't open your mouth until you are asked."

A rather singular, but, happily, not fatal accident occurred about this time to make Seppi still more intimately acquainted with Monsieur Dumenil. The latter was very much in the habit of passing his evenings from home, a circumstance that caused Madame Rivage, whose eye nothing very easily escaped, to form various conjectures of an ominous, implicating nature. The staircase of the house was very steep and intricate; and

being very dark, it chanced that Monsieur Dumenil, one evening, made a false step in descending, and fell down a whole flight of stairs. Just at that moment Seppi returned home, and, rushing forward, tried, as well as his little strength would allow, to assist the good man up again. But he found that the severe fall had sprained, and, as he feared, even broken his leg. Poor Monsieur Dumenil felt great pain, and was quite unable to move. "If," said he faintly, leaning upon the stairs, "there were but a doctor in the neighbourhood!" "Oh, I know one, Monsieur Dumenil," exclaimed the compassionate Savoyard, "I'll fetch him directly!" and he at once darted off. The doctor dwelt two or three streets off, and our humane messenger ran as hard as he could. But, as ill-luck would have it, the doctor was out,—gone to the coffee-house; where, in fact, as the servant told Seppi, he did not like to be disturbed. This, however, did not prevent Seppi from going to him; for, not losing a moment, he ran as swiftly as possible to the place mentioned, and sure enough found the healing man absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper. The French are enthusiastic readers of the news of the day, and of course Monsieur Perrot was not an exception. Twice and three times was our anxious messenger forced to make his application before it was attended to, when the doctor at length, throwing down the paper, vouchsafed to give him a hearing.

"Oh, pray sir, do make haste," exclaimed Seppi; "a gentleman has just had a sad accident, and I much fear he has broken his leg. Now do, good Monsieur Perrot, have the kindness to come with me directly."

"Well, well, I will come," said the doctor, as he cast a longing look at the paper; and taking up his hat and cane, he

at last withdrew with the boy. The slowness of the doctor's pace was finely contrasted with that of his more humane guide, who, every now and then, was forced to come back in order to urge him on to give relief to the suffering man. They arrived at length, and found him still in the same state in which Seppi had left him; he leant on the surgeon's arm, and with his and Seppi's aid he was assisted up stairs.

The reception which poor Seppi met with this time, when he returned, on the part of the confectioner, was certainly not of the most pleasant kind. "Why, you good-for-nothing lout," he exclaimed, "where have you been stopping so long? Now mind, you rascal, for this you shall go to bed hungry, not a morsel shall you have this night!"

"Why, sir, poor Monsieur Dumenil has fallen down stairs, and I have only been to fetch a doctor for him," appealed the poor boy in excuse.

This only served to enrage his savage master the more. "Now, only hear that," he exclaimed; "so Monsieur Dumenil has tumbled down stairs, and you pretend you have been to fetch a doctor for him! Pray, in whose service are you then? who clothes you? who gives you food? and what does that poor, half-starved wretch concern you? He may fall up and down stairs too for what I care; nay, break his neck in the bargain!"

The fact is, that this *humane* confectioner thought he had very good reason to express his particular indignation at Seppi's absence just at this moment, inasmuch as this was the evening when the club to which he belonged met together; and as he was one of its most zealous members, he was sadly annoyed at being half an hour beyond his time—for the supper. In return

for this, however, he had his revenge upon poor Seppi, for the poor boy was forced to go to bed without a morsel. But, hungry as he was, his feeling heart turned towards the suffering Monsieur Dumenil, and his anxiety lest that poor man had actually broken his leg, made him quite forget his own deserted state. But on the following morning his fears were at an end, for Monsieur Dumenil's servant came down stairs to order some pies for her master. "What!" exclaimed the confectioner; "do you really mean to say you want some pies for Monsieur Dumenil? Why you surely make a mistake, my good woman!"

"Is there anything so wonderful, pray, in the order?" she asked: "why, I am not deaf; and those were the instructions he gave me—and mind, you are to send them up by Seppi."

"Well, now, only think of that!" grumbled the pastrycook, who was not at all satisfied with his new customer. "Well, here, Seppi, take them up; but, mind, if the question be about the money to-morrow, the cakes to-day—understand me—that goes for nothing. For, once for all, I give no credit; here you have the goods, but here must also be the cash. Now, be off!"

It need not be said with what haste our good Seppi bustled up stairs, and how little attention he paid to the questions of the anxious Madame Rivage, who met him on the way, as to what he was carrying up to Monsieur Dumenil. He paused not a moment until he reached the room, where he found the patient reclining upon the sofa. When, in reply to his anxious inquiries, he found that Monsieur Dumenil had not broken his leg, in the joy of his heart he wept tears of sincere gratitude. This affectionate feeling of the kind lad was not lost upon the worthy man, who now, contrary to his usual habits,

entered upon a little conversation with the boy. He asked him about his birthplace, and how long he had been in Paris, &c. Seppi told him his simple tale, and how he had lost his dear sister Marie. "Ah, dear sir!" said he, "would we had never come to this place: and yet we were forced to come, for we could not, all of us together, have managed well at home; and Marie and I would have been too much for our poor mother. What could we do? We were wretched, and so we followed the advice of old Thomas, who said—'Children, if you love your mother, which I know you do, you must go to Paris. There you will earn money, I know, for I have been there myself, when I was your age; and if you are active, and early and late at work, you will succeed in procuring for your dear mother an easy old age!' So we made up our minds, Marie and I; but our poor mother wept bitterly when she heard of it, and would on no account part with us: however, at length she gave way to our persuasions, and consented. 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 and a marmot, which he very kindly presented to us on parting. Alas! poor, dear Marie, did I but know what had become of you, with that poor little marmot and the hurdy-gurdy which our good Thomas gave us! The parting from our dear mother I shall never forget, and yet I was full of hope when 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 wiser 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 good 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 dear 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 had he not 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 is 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 every day, 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 then 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 run 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 beldam 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, madame; 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 quickly. You know, perhaps, that there are people in Paris, whose sole business consists in stealing cats: well, it is such cats as our 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 authority: 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.”

But 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 seriously injure this man.”

“Well, well,” rejoined Madame Rivage, mortified; “I see very clearly my sympathy and candour will be ill repaid. Do as you like, sir; tell it, or tell it not; I care little about it; only that, if you are foolish enough to repeat what I have told you to the man, I shall take good care to deny it! I am sure I don’t want to get myself into any scrape; for, thank Heaven! I live in peace and good will. I know what I live upon; whilst other folks, who eat pastry—Adieu, Monsieur Dumenil, adieu!”

Feeling rather uneasy in her mind, lest Monsieur Dumenil should really inform the baker of what she had stated, the

malicious woman thought she had better be beforehand with him; and, therefore, at once hastened to the man, and insinuated that Monsier Dumenil had expressed himself very disparagingly about his pies: "In fact," added she, "he said, 'one could not at all tell what was in them, the taste was so very peculiar.'"

"Indeed! Well," exclaimed the enraged, but rather confused pieman, "he had better not say that in my hearing! *My* pies, indeed! which are as good as any possibly can be!"

"Well, well, my good man," said Madame Rivage, "never mind what such a person says about you—a person, about whom nothing is known as to how he exists from one day to the other. But never mind, it's not over yet; much may still come to light about that man. By-the-bye, I want to tell you something else; what was it?—Oh, ay, your little Savoyard boy! I suppose you hold him to be a very honest lad?"

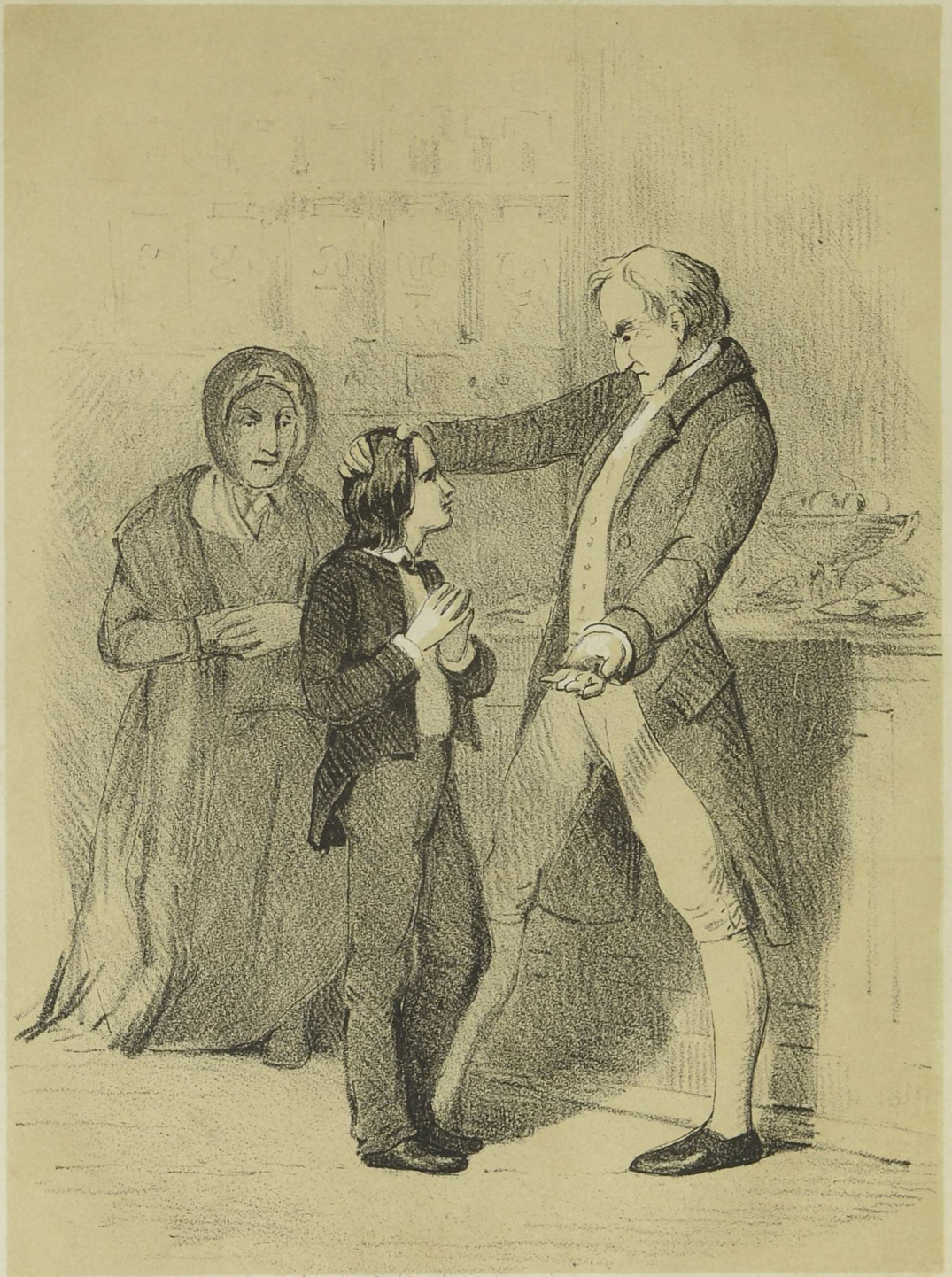
"Why, yes, madame, the fellow is honest, although nowadays we ought to trust nobody, and, least of all, a wandering Savoyard, whom God has thrown upon the world to steal."

"Well, I am glad you are satisfied with him. But only think, this very day I saw him with a purse full of money in his possession?"

"What! A purse full of money? You are joking, madame."

"Not I, indeed, for I never joke. You only ask him upon his oath, and he can't deny it. I say, a purse full of money."

"Then I am sure he has been robbing me," exclaimed the pastrycook, whose faith in Seppi's honesty all at once vanished. "So, so; I'll make him feel it! To rob *me*! I, who gave him clothing and food! ah, if you only knew, madame, what I have



done for that rascal! But now I'll kick the scoundrel out—I'll give him to a policeman—I'll——”

Just at that moment poor Seppi returned, and his master, who had now worked himself up to the conviction that the boy had robbed him, rushed towards him, and seizing him by the hair, shook him, and called out—“Give up the money, you rascal, that you have stolen from me!”

The poor boy was so alarmed that he trembled every limb. “Heaven is my witness, that I have never robbed you!” he exclaimed.

“Come, out with that purse full of money, you lying scoundrel, you have one—that I know!”

“There it is,” said Seppi, drawing out of his pocket the little purse containing the few pieces of money; “that is the purse, if you mean that, and it is the same which madame there saw this morning.”

The baker shook out its contents, and said—“Now, confess at once how you robbed me of this money!”

“Heaven shall be my judge,” exclaimed the poor boy, weeping, “if there is a single farthing of it yours! Every one of them was given to me; but take it all if that is what you want. Monsieur Dumenil knows well that I saved it up for my mother; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Madame Rivage, to state such falsehoods of me.”

“What, me!” said the malicious woman, who now began to regret being a witness of this scene; “I——” but she now became still more confused, for just at that moment Monsieur Dumenil entered the shop. He had just returned home, and his ear caught the sound of the boy's voice; and to whom was his appearance more welcome than to poor Seppi?

“What is the matter, Seppi? What have you done?” kindly asked his friend, who, when he saw the purse and money, soon guessed the truth.

“Pray mind your own business, and don’t interfere here at all,” exclaimed the confectioner; “this boy is in my service, and I shall do with him what I like. Do you understand me?”

“Quite right; I understand you, sir,” returned Monsieur Dumenil, calmly; “but it is possible you have made a mistake.”

“Mistake!” cried out the baker, still more harshly; “I tell you this rascal has robbed me——”

“Ah, Monsieur Dumenil,” said the boy, “the money that I have saved up to send to my dear mother——”

“Silence, you good-for-nothing fellow. I say you have robbed me; but you shall not keep the money: you shall be turned out of my service this day—nay, this very minute!”

“Be it so, Seppi,” said Monsieur Dumenil; “your master has discharged you from his service: now take off that jacket and follow me—I will take you into mine.”

“What! Would you dare to take away my errand boy?” exclaimed the baker in a threatening voice; for he had by no means been in earnest when he talked of turning Seppi away, whilst the overjoyed boy lost not a moment, but hurried off his jacket at once, and was speedily ready to follow his new master.

“You may keep the money you have taken from the boy,” said Monsieur Dumenil, without changing his calm, but firm tone of voice. “You, yourself, have discharged the boy, and therefore you can no longer lay claim to him.”

“Impudent fellow!” exclaimed the pastrycook, enraged. “Base slanderer, as you are, to accuse me of making bad pies!

Tell me, what is it you dared to say about my pies? what is it I make them of, eh? Here, Madame Rivage, you are my witness; repeat what he said, for it was to you he spoke."

Madame was not a little astonished to find herself so suddenly called upon as a witness. "Why—yes—yes—" she stuttered, "but it is hardly worth repeating—besides, I just recollect that I must go shopping——"

"Stop a moment, madame," said Monsieur Dumenil; "you appear to have been doubly busy here; for it was yourself, if you recollect, who warned me against those pies, because they contained cats' meat."

"Good Heavens! Is that true, madame? Did you do that?" exclaimed the pieman.

"I tell you I know nothing about it; nothing! Therefore, don't ask me anything about it. I have nothing to say—I never said anything!" cried madame, hurriedly.

"I will not detain you any longer, madame," observed Monsieur Dumenil. "I have only to request, as I have this morning purchased the house here in which you live, that within a month from this time you will remove to another dwelling."

At this announcement, the old lady, between shame and surprise, could scarcely tell how she felt. What! Monsieur Dumenil have a house like this! Involuntarily even the baker took off his cap, for he venerated nothing so much as riches. But to his no little surprise and mortification, in return, Monsieur Dumenil said, calmly, to him likewise—"I give you, sir, also warning to quit this house within a month!" and taking our happy Savoyard by the hand he quitted the shop, leaving behind him two individuals, a prey to the most bitter

feelings of rage and wonder at this unexpected change of things.

“And now, Seppi,” said his benevolent guide, “let us go and select a suit of clothes for you, for henceforward I will provide you with everything, and teach you what you stand in need of. Thus you see, my good boy, God has now placed you in a position to enable you to assist your mother in her old age; and I hope, Seppi, you will be grateful to God, and never forget the love He has shewn you.”

The poor Savoyard's feelings were so overcome, that he could not find words to thank his protector; but his filled eyes proclaimed more than language could have expressed.

The fact is, that Monsieur Dumenil had unexpectedly come into the possession of considerable property but a few days before this event, and he was now anxious to devote it to useful purposes. Accordingly, he had at once purchased the house he lodged in—it being for sale—and had resolved to convert it into a manufactory, which he intended to establish, for the purpose of giving employment to poor people.

Seppi and his philanthropic friend had not proceeded far on their way to the tailor's shop, when they unexpectedly met several policemen, having charge of a person dressed in the height of fashion. Seppi, at sight of him, uttered a loud cry of astonishment; for in him he, once again, immediately recognised the individual from whom he had received the base money to exchange, and whom he had left standing near his Marie. Monsieur Dumenil rushed forward, and, overtaking the constables, begged them to stop a moment, whilst he questioned the man upon the subject. This they did instantly, saying, they had him in custody for coining false money.

Monsieur Dumenil then asked him if he knew anything about the sister of that lad, whom, of course, he must recollect as the one he had sent, on a certain evening, to get a gold piece changed.

“Not I, indeed!—I took no notice of the little girl,” replied the man; and persisting in his ignorance, Monsieur Dumenil was of course obliged to give it up, and the party resumed their progress with their prisoner. Thus poor Seppi was again left in painful doubt and anxiety.

It is now, however, full time that we should seek around for little Marie, and ascertain what has been her fate since her separation from her brother.

In vain did she continue to await the return of Seppi; and after sitting on the step in the most anxious and painful expectation, she at length rose, and proceeded across to the shop, to inquire about him: they, however, only told her, that they had left him in one of the streets some distance off, and, as it was so dark, they supposed he must have missed his way. Alas, poor Marie!—what was she to do? Tired, and almost fainting with hunger, she could hardly drag her legs along, loaded as she was with the hurdy-gurdy and the marmot, sobbing her poor little heart out. She walked on, as well as she could, down one street and then another, but all in vain, nowhere could she find Seppi. Some boys happening to pass, she asked them if they had perhaps seen a little Savoyard boy about; and one of the young rascals replied, “Yes, he was sure he had seen him in a street a little way off.” She then said: “Oh, will you just take care of my hurdy-gurdy and the marmot, while I run after him, for you see I can scarcely walk with such a load?”

“Oh, yes,” says one, kindly, “I will take care of them till you return. But you must make haste after him, for he was walking very fast.”

The unsuspecting girl lost not a moment, but, giving both to the boy's care, hastened, as fast as possible, in the direction given; and, when there, looked everywhere around, calling out, “Seppi! Seppi!” but she received no answer. Poor Marie, finding it in vain to wait any longer, slowly returned to where she had left the boy with the hurdy-gurdy and the marmot; but, on coming there, looked in vain for him. Her eyes searched everywhere around, but it was useless, for boy, hurdy-gurdy, and marmot, had vanished. And now, this last blow was too much for Marie. She had lost her brother, and now she had lost what was to procure her food—in that great, strange city! Ah, what tears of sorrow and lamentation the poor afflicted girl shed, when she thought of her wretched, forlorn state!

It grew later and later; and casting her tearful eyes once more around her, in despair, she caught sight of a lady, who had just stopped before the door of a large house, and rang the bell. She was attended by a female servant, or companion, who held in her arms, carefully wrapped up like an infant, a little lap-dog. Marie rushed towards the lady, and exclaimed, beseechingly: “Ah, for Heaven's sake! dear, dear lady, pray, pray take pity on me; do take me in with you, and give me a crust of bread, and a night's shelter in any corner of your house. I am trembling all over from fatigue and hunger. I have lost my brother Seppi, and only arrived in Paris this evening!”

The lady turned round, and said, ill-naturedly: “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 dog: "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 shewn 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 something 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.

"These charges are much too high!" she exclaimed; "I never heard of such prices! I shall certainly not employ you again, young woman, nor recommend you to any more of my friends, if you charge like this. No; these four francs certainly must be deducted."

"I hope, madame, you will not do that; for indeed I have not overcharged you one farthing; and I assure you I have worked night and day at it."

"Ay, ay," returned Madame Bertin, "you always say so; but it is not the work we pay for: it is for the plays, for the dancing, and for the fine dresses, to which you devote your money."

The young woman cast an expressive look at her own neat but simple dress, and said—"Alas, madame, there are six of us in family, and we only live by our needlework, and that but very sparingly."

"Ay, ay, I understand all that sort of excuse; however,

here is the money; I will pay the three francs, but the fourth I shall deduct, if you wish to do any more for me."

The maiden took the money with a sigh, and withdrew. This scene touched Marie very much; for the young woman, at first so cheerful, had now walked away with a troubled, mournful countenance. No doubt, the harsh words of Madame Bertin had grieved her more than the loss of the franc, and Marie could not understand how a lady so rich could act so mean and cruel.

But our poor little Savoyard girl herself was equally forced to experience this harsh treatment. She, poor thing, received scarcely enough of dry bread to appease her hunger, whilst the petted dog was fed upon every dainty. Every now and then she was reprimanded for not shewing enough attention to the little brute; and wearied with the bad usage she received, she was glad when night came, so that she might lament her sad destiny upon her bed of straw.

Thus passed over some weeks, when, by some accident, the dog became ill and died; and her mistress, in her lamentations for her pet, revenged herself upon poor Marie, and turned her out of doors.

It was a bitter cold night; and, shivering from its inclemency, the poor girl walked about, lamenting her unhappy lot, and seeking in vain for shelter. She crouched down on the step of a door, and finding there, by accident, an old straw mat, she wrapped herself up in it, and thus awaited the approach of morning. Alas! how dreadfully did she suffer the whole of that severe and freezing night! Morning at length appeared, and at that early hour, a young girl, with a basket in her hand, passed her hastily—"Ah, Mademoiselle

Manon! Mademoiselle Manon!" exclaimed poor Marie. The young person she thus challenged, was no other than the embroidress whom she had seen at Madame Bertin's. Attracted by her voice, the young woman turned round, and on seeing the poor creature in such affliction, almost dead with cold, she ran towards her, and said—"Good Heavens, Marie, what has brought you here in this sad state?"

"Oh! Mademoiselle Manon!" faltered Marie; "all night —." Manon stayed not a moment, but seizing her hand, helped her up, and supported her along towards her own home, where they soon arrived; and, ascending to the fifth floor, Manon opened a door, and led the suffering girl into a small but cheerful room. An elderly matron, who was busy with some needlework, raised her head as the door was opened, and exclaimed, in surprise, "Whom are you bringing there, Manon?"

"Only look, dear mother, look," replied her daughter, with emotion, "at this poor little girl, almost frozen to death! I found her shivering at a street door, and have brought her home for shelter. She was with that Madame Bertin, for whom I work, you know, and who always deducts from my poor earnings."

The good matron immediately put aside her work, and soon got ready some hot tea and bread and butter, which she gave to the child, who now soon felt the beneficial effects of her kindness. She had now revived, and feeling much stronger, she related to her charitable friends all that had transpired since Manon had seen her at Madame Bertin's. During this time, the group was joined by two of Manon's little sisters, about the age of Marie; and as she went on

with her narrative, their sympathising little hearts gave vent to their emotions, and they exclaimed, every now and then: "Poor Marie!—to be turned out by that wicked woman in such a bitter, cold night!" Nor was there, in fact, of all the listening circle, one eye that remained unmoistened.

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!"

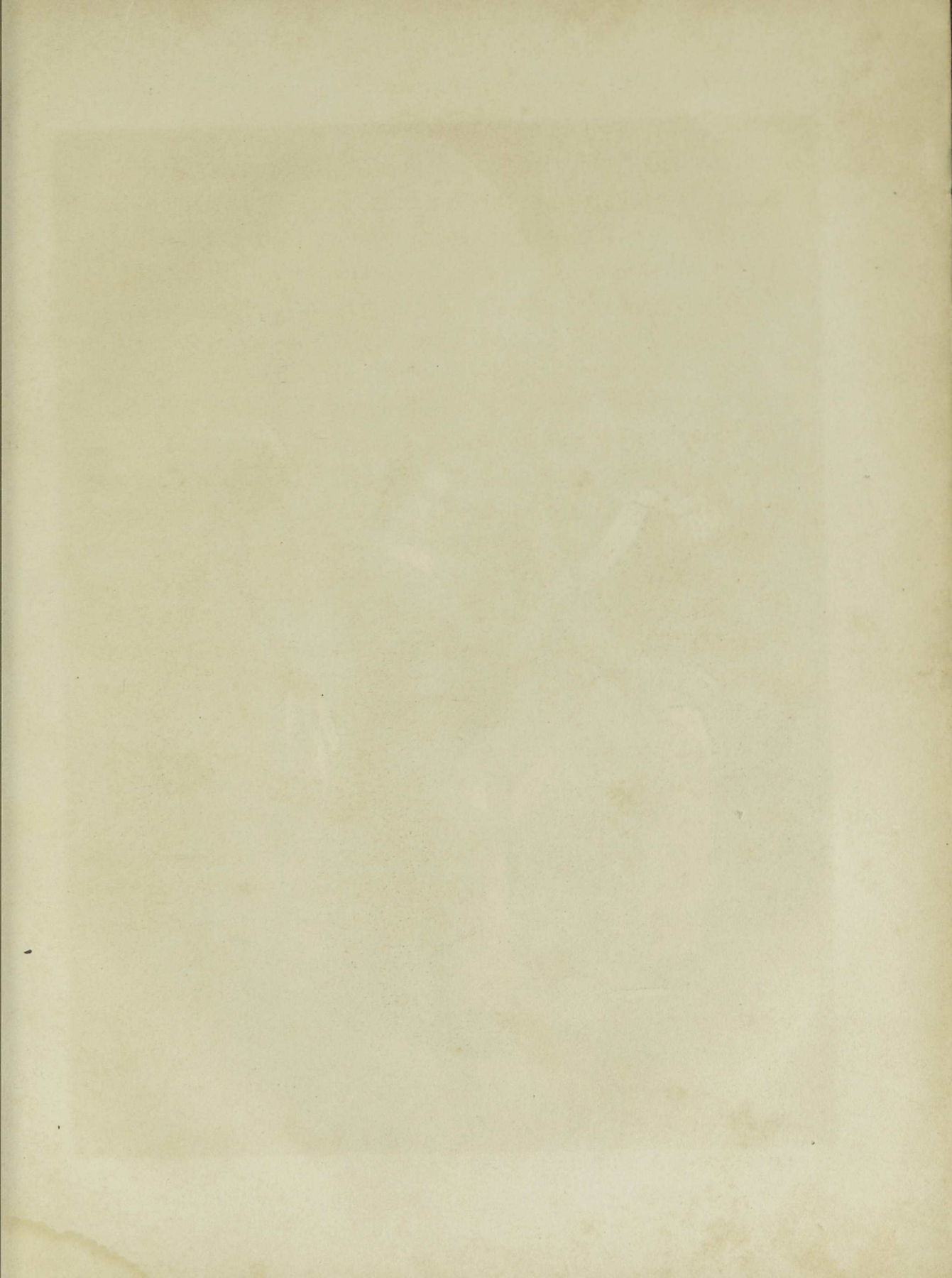
"Why, dear Manon," replied her mother, smiling kindly, "you know we are already six in number."

"Oh, never mind that; I am sure you will let her stay with us: she is but 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 worthy, 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 of 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 eye 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, intermixed with some 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 amongst the happy ones who received them, the adopted stranger was not forgotten, for each of them had generously arranged beforehand, with their mother, that she should take something from their own 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 her to execute and complete, and how long they could all 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's 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!" "Seppi!"—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 Seppi, the lost brother.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said Monsieur Dumenil, "it *is* indeed Seppi; 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 this 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 happy feelings of all present.

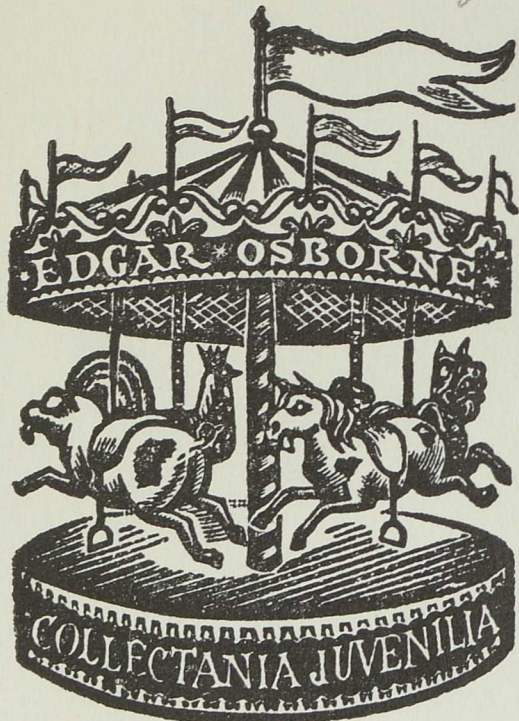
The worthy Monsieur Dumenil was much affected by the genuine friendship and sympathy shewn by all the members of this good family towards Seppi and his sister; and he said within himself: "I cannot increase by my money the happiness enjoyed by these cheerful, industrious people, but it shall be my study 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 Seppi 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; Seppi flourished as an opulent tradesman, having adopted 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!

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