

covering over her head, no matter for the descending showers, and talk to her shivering gentlemen-acquaintances, and often she would wonder whether it was going to rain all day or clear off and be soft! She was a magnificent creature, this Old Girl was. She took in all the Puritainical Weekly Journals, and she loaned them to her friends in exchange for *Atlantic Monthlies* and expensive editions of the poets. She revelled in literature, this Old Girl did. And she sang hymns with a cracked falsetto voice, and accompanied herself on an untuned Melodeon, and at "Meeting" when the preacher requested the congregation to join in, in singing 'this beautiful song of praise,' she cleared her voice and "joined in," accordingly. And at parties her Card was never *full*, though she varied the verb a little at supper-time.

And this Old Girl never married. She is an old girl now, and yet she had a good kind heart at times. The sick, lying in poor hovels on beds of coarse straw, watched for her coming; and when the little door opened a ray of sunshine darted in and the cold room was warmer and more cheerful, and the bed-ridden patient mourned less and the Old Girl ministered to the wants of the lone sufferer. Thank God for the Old Girl sometimes. Her ways are truly ways of pleasantness to many, very many poor aching hearts, scattered over this broad earth.

And who ever yet saw an Old Girl with her cracked voice, and cranky, set ways, but who had in her young days, refused two or three excellent offers of marriage? The first young man of the land kneeled supplicantly at her feet and sued for her hand, but her heart was steeled, and a lover groaned for the love which was denied him. The Old girl narrates this story with unwearied zest every time she tells it, and she tells it often.

We knew an Old Girl once; a very old girl she was too. Her age, like drugs, was subject to the fluctuations of the market, and it varied like the climate. At the time she appeared before us some forty-eight years had passed over her head, and a magnificent old girl she was in her stiff Black Silk Dress, summer hat and late parasol. She had no personal attractions, was very methodical, painfully so, and in her speech, and in her actions, was matter of fact and precise. There was nothing about her calculated to inspire either love or admiration in any bosom, and yet this paragon of departed loveliness, according to her own story, held in the hollow of her hand two loving hearts *once*. But this Old Girl "jilted" them both, and turned a deaf ear and refused to listen to their tales of undying love. So this Old Girl said, and she expected her listeners to believe her words—of course it was true, for do we not know that every Old Girl one has ever met has always been placed at some period of her life in this position precisely! In every case the addresses of gentlemen have been returned, in every case the affair has turned out in the same manner, and in every case the Old Girl has remained an Old Girl during the remainder of her natural life. She never married. Her mission was not of the matrimonial kind. Old Girls are always waiting maids, and in this state of celibacy they remain. We take our leave of the Old Girl now—we wish her