

yellow sun-flower sitting so stiffly in the passage way was ever a fresh blooming, young girl, with mild eyes, swan-like neck and peachy cheeks! Is it within the pale of probable things that those lustrous long flowing capillary locks, which so gracefully rest on the well-turned head of that brilliant fair one, tall and commanding, will ever become wear, and old and dried up and recline in frizzly twisted little knots of mean looking hair on a mean looking ill-shapen head? The thought is a painful one. Are old girls only young girls with a few years on their shoulders? What a thought for young girls to ponder over. Lean, lank and scraggy maidens of forty years, only forty years and some live to the age of seventy! What a dreadful end—what a climax to reach, what a goal to have in view that of an old maid!

We once knew an old girl. She was an assistant teacher in an Academy. Old girls are mostly always governesses or teachers, or blue stockings of some kind or other. She was small and stout, and her face resembled a three pound can of leaf-lard during the dog-days. It was always redolent of leaf lard; it looked like leaf lard under the most unfavourable circumstances. Her eyes were always engaged in a swimming contest with one another, and they were perpetually dodging about a huge ridge of nose; and the eyes peeped over this bridge which was evidently set up as a barrier to keep them from running into each other altogether, like two small boys playing Hide and Seek behind a barn door. Her arms were short, thick and as red as an every day infant of a few month's duration. Her hair was a rich brown, bereft of the customary frizziness by a copious use of some invaluable Restorer resembling before the phial containing it was shaken, a mixture composed of equal parts of black varnish and sticky castor oil, perfumed with spirits of turpentine. The hair was well saturated with this fluid, rubbed well, brushed well and soaked well; it then assumed any position desired by its owner. Her favourite method of "doing it up" was to allow it to rest flat upon the head, and a few villanous curls dangled like barber's small poles from her temples. Her garments were, summer and winter, composed of woollen stuff; Brown and Black in winter, and Black and Brown in summer, with trimmings to match. Her walk was heavy, her reading was of a heavy character, and she played Oratorios and Masses on the piano rather than the lighter variety of music. Her conversation was monotonous in its very monotony. It never varied. She eloquently discussed about the Rights of Women, and the politics of the Country were of deep interest to her. She had not been educated up to dancing in those old days, long ago, when she was young, but it made no difference all the same. She did dance, on occasion, and her dexter foot gracefully hopped off when it should have been her left. Still she danced and said she enjoyed it. She loved "Leap-year Quadrilles," and always engaged her partner a month before the proper time. This was invigorating for the partner and she liked it. She always carried an umbrella when it rained, and enveloped herself within the folds of an enormous waterproof cloak, and she liked to stand at corners with the