

hears anything good about anybody and who is notwithstanding all this, a member of the church, a sewer of shoddy cloth for the suffering poor of the religious synagogue she attends, a collector of funds to aid the Heathen and Cannibal in the distant East, to dine off of cold missionary on Sunday's and cultivate a knowledge of circassian manners and customs during the remainder of the week; and who is a solicitor of subscriptions for all sorts of Homes, Asylums, and Houses of Refuge for the very persons who have no desire or intention of luxuriating in any of those said institutions unless driven there by sheer force of circumstances. The Old Girl, unmarried of course, is always a Secretary, a President, a Treasurer and a committee of management. From door to door this much abused female seeks to gain the ear of the cold-hearted one within the stern walls that frown so gloomily over the portals of the entrance; and the gates open and she enters full of benign assurance and christian calmness, and "if you have no money to-day ma'am I can call to-morrow," and so on. The morrow comes and the faded, worn out Old Girl, asthmatically, though Oh so cheerfully, plods her way back to the rude, cheerless mansion, and again, sometimes feebly enough too, she asks for alms, not for herself, but for others. Some day King Death will stalk into her lone room and *he* will not be put off so easily. The Old Girl's spirit will depart on a different errand and the cats and poodles will tarry long in the entry awaiting her cheery homeward step and little "Bijoux" and sleek-throated "Robin" will pipe their tiny lays and chirp and twist their little heads about in vain. The Home Missionary comes not yet, and the charred coals slumber on the hearth, the tea-caddy winks itself to sleep on the shelves of the curtained cupboard, the flies dance about the half uncovered sugar bowl and the brown paper parcel of bad Mocha remains untied; for the old mistress is not at home to-day! And day succeeds day and new events come and a change sweeps on the scene. The long stairway creaks beneath the weight of a burden. Muffled voices, slow and sad, fall upon the air of the thin, narrow hall and four men noiselessly thread their way down, down the file of ever so many steps and the cold blast from the street strikes on their faces and plays havoc with their long flowing neckties, and their uncut and unkept hair whirls about like an eddy in a miniature whirl-pool. And outside on the road, before the shabby, unpainted house, stands a shabbier hearse, behind an ill-caparisoned jaded horse of a seedy hue of varnished black, dirty, begrimed, toothless and old. Poor old horse, thine own end will come soon. The undertaker with bland voice and manner befitting his calling, advances towards his men. The confined one leaps into the rickety carriage of the dead, the old horse, heavily, tiredly moves, and pall-bearers, mourners and processionists fall into position and the Old Girl takes her last sad drive to Eternity.

But all Old Girls are not venders of charity or charitable enthusiasts. One sometimes is forced to contemplate over the unhappiness of their lot. The query often strikes the beholder, is it possible that old faded,