

ful, agreeable. We give way to imagination, seize our pencil, and portray her thus:—



In due time we call; the surroundings are not inviting, nor is the house itself. The old adage respecting appearances rises to our mind. We gather courage and ring the bell; the door is opened by a small and dirty girl, who ushers us into the parlor. We wait just time enough for the lady to change her dress; the door opens; the picture fancy wove fades away, and gives place to—the dread reality:—



We control ourself, mention our errand, are shown up stairs, which are covered with well-worn oil-cloth, but the hall leading to the apartment we now entered was utterly bare. We take a seat, and are requested to note the ample dimensions of the room, the cheerful prospect—namely, a large factory, surrounded by waste land, where refuse of every kind holds high carnival. We glance around the room; the bed is worn and dispirited, and, like a dirty penitent, clad in a white quilt of domestic manufacture, tells us, as plainly as words could, "I have been slept in for years, and never have been thoroughly made up," a dilapidated old wasbstand, and four elderly chairs. "Is there a bureau of any kind?" we modestly enquired. "No," said our would-be landlady, "no bureau, just a wardrobe." We glance at that anomalous incongruity desperately striving to support itself upon three legs, with the aid of a brick where the fourth should have been; a rickety table in the centre of the room, upon a shred of carpet (a dreary St. Helena, surrounded by an Atlantic Ocean of flooring.) We are assured we shall find all the comforts of a home in this blissful abode, for the insignificant

stipend of \$12.00 per week, paid regularly every Saturday—the lady was particular about the last clause, and, we thought, justly so, being, as she had previously informed us, the mother of twelve children.

Our next effort brought us before an undertaker's. Shocked, but not discouraged, we rang the bell of the private door. The lady (a widow with nine children, some grown and aiding in the business) was pleasing in personal appearance and manners, and her terms were moderate; but we thought of the horrors of all sorts we should swallow with our daily bread. We even looked into a possible future, and saw our little ones—like those of Mould, the undertaker, in "Martin Chuzzlewit,"—familiarized with the dreary objects around them, at play in this wise:



We now, as a relief, sought the abode of the writer of a letter we had pronounced to be *charming*. The locality she described, the love of nature she evinced, with its charming little reference to the trees surrounding her dwelling, her faultless English, well-turned phrases, couched in modest terms withal, raised our hopes. The house was large, a perfect barrack; our entrance effected, we again waited the full time necessary for the lady of the house to render herself presentable. We saw a number of unfurnished rooms, and were a little disappointed at finding that of the trees she mentioned we could only overlook the tops. "Had they any other boarders?" we enquired. "But a few young gentlemen now, in the fall that number would be increased to twenty," was the reply. Reflecting upon our possible existence in this household, we recoiled from the roar heralding the approach of those forty feet, their continuously echoing reverberations on their way to their respective chambers; we felt the shock of their forty eyes upon us at table, saw the sharp stab of their forty knives and forks into their twenty plates, saw the mountainous joint dwindle to an underdone and shapeless mole-hill, we thought of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and trembled. We recalled an incident which occurred in the States, where a lady similarly situated, and "prodigal enough to unmask her beauties to the moon," had ventured, *sac de nuit* thrown aside, one summer's night to the open window to inhale the cool air and scent the odors exhaling from the grateful earth, when, glancing at a large tree within a few feet, how was she

shocked at seeing many eyes glowering at her from out its foliage. But this was in the States,



and it were unjust, perhaps, to suppose Canadian students capable of acts like these.

But Eureka! grateful, thankful in the extreme, should we be that, at last, we have obtained two comfortably furnished rooms, and, seemingly, desirable attendance, in a really respectable portion of the city, with, to all appearances, respectable people.

Our search is over! And we sit down and muse, and we wonder, dreamily and lazily, as we gaze on these ladylike missives we have received; and Latakian dreams, born of our beloved meerscham, float around, and take us back many a long, long year to the old boarding school at Edmonton, where, shut out from home, and longing for something, we know not what, we feel again the young tendrils of our heart creeping over the adjoining pew to another in that village church, and nesting under the mantilla of yon blue-eyed girl, sitting among her companions in that ladies' school. Can it be possible that any of these sorrow laden correspondents of ours were once as these? Might it not be within the range of probability they are from out that sweet *parterre*? Think of this awhile, fair girl, gossamer of to-day, and be careful how you, too, risk the possibility of such trial, for there is much warning to be deducted from our experience. We call your attention to this, as preparatory to our reflections in a forthcoming number: "the Woman of all Work." Meanwhile we rejoice that Toronto has been spared the following humiliating spectacle, which it had surely witnessed had we been unsuccessful in our advertisement for

