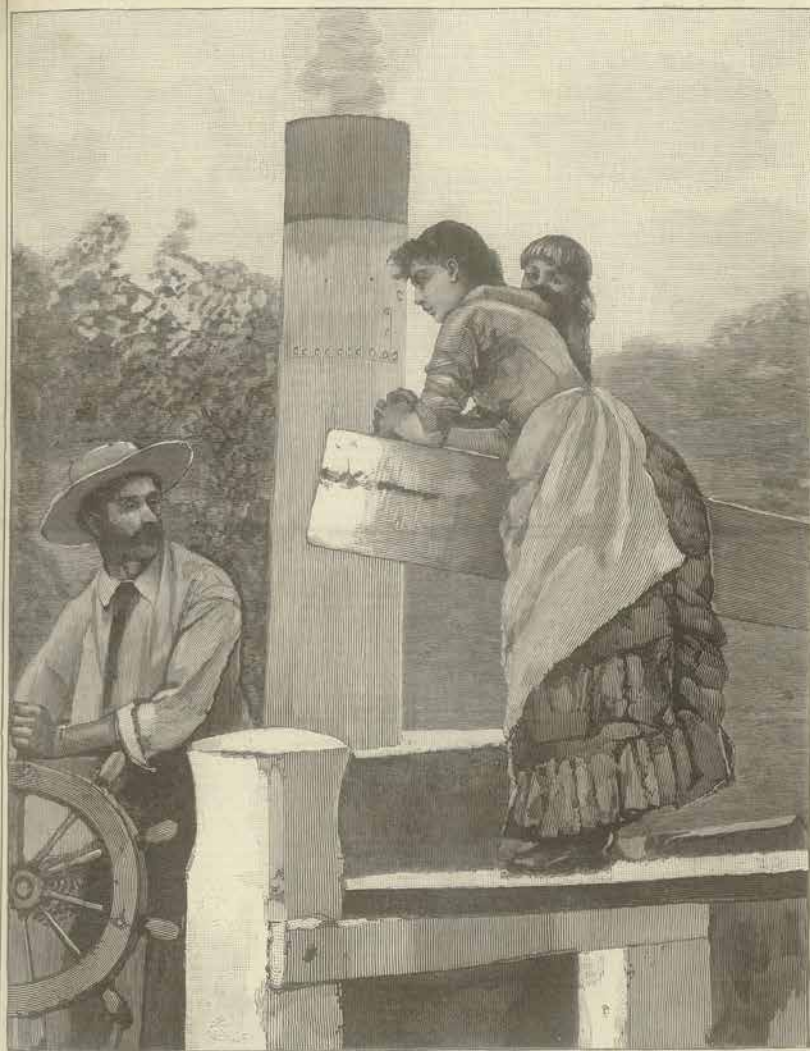


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.





"SMILE ON THE BELATED LAMBS."—See page 67.

One of the Montefiore Family.

TOO, Marie Doreval, may claim a hearing from workwomen, for most certainly I claim to take rank amongst their number. Perhaps no woman's work is more tedious than that of a daily governess.

But there are bright spots in this life, as in all, if we will only look for them, and one of these bright

spots came to me in connection with a relative of the late famous philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore.

Some years ago I was seeking an engagement as governess, times were bad with me, but nothing to be compared with those of today.

On receiving an answer from a lady to my advertisement, I immediately dressed, and put on my best attire, and started at once to see Mrs. Montefiore at that time residing in the most fashionable part of Baywater.

On my arrival there, and hearing the bell ring, several juvenile and rosy faces jumped up at the

window and looked over the perforated blinds. A quiet man entered, opened the door, and on my making my errand known to him, ushered me into a kind of boudoir, where I sat waiting with breathless and nervous anxiety as it always the case with most people, when going on approval. In a few minutes a delicate but very pleasant looking lady, entered and smiled herself near me.

I was put of course through an ordeal as to my capabilities. Being an old aide French and the other English, of course these two languages were alike to me. "Can you teach German?" said Mrs.

