

To have the mind so imbued with poetic feeling that it shall operate as a charm upon herself and others, woman must be lifted out of self, she must see in every thing material a relation, an essence; an end, beyond its practical utility. She must regard the little envyings, bickerings, and disputes about common things, only as weeds in the pleasant garden of life, bearing no comparison in importance with the loveliness of its flowers. She must forget even her own personal attractions, in her deep sense of the beauty of the whole created universe,—and she must lose the very voice of flattery to herself, in her own intense admiration of what is excellent in others. This it is to be poetical.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

For the Mayflower.

A poor girl was taken from her home to be the companion and daughter of a rich lady. Surrounded by every luxury, she yet pined in their midst; for while the hearts she loved were in poverty, the blessings of wealth, of which they might not partake, were valueless to her. The following lines were suggested by the above incident, as expressive of her sentiments.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

I pine within those stately halls,
Those halls of lofty pride,
To me they are but prison walls,
Thitt from my home divide.

Those costly robes yield no delight;
Those jewels I despise;
The banquet palls upon my taste,
It fills with tears my eyes.

For ever rising, pale and sad,
My mother's face I see;
My brothers' eyes, no longer bright,
Look mournfully on me.

I know that haggard poverty,
And cankering care abide,
In that dear home where, cheerfully,
My wants were once supplied.

I know that scanty is their fare,
Scanty and hardly won,—
A cup of water, crust of bread,
And then the meal is done.

They shrink from winter's icy touch,—
And, shivering, draw more near,
The embers whose pale flickering light
Yield little heat or cheer.

Yet deem me not ungrateful though;
Where Plenty smiles, I pine;
It is because the heart's I prize,
Possess no gifts like mine.

Far happier, could I share their griefs,
Not penury I'd fear;
From morn till eve for them I'd toil,—
And sooth the brow of care.

My lips no murmuring words should breathe,—
But bless their smiles to see;
Enough, enough, the coarsest fare,
And rustic garb would be.
Then let me go, I cannot dwell,
Within those lofty halls,—
For while I pine for home and friends,
They seem but prison walls.

M. E. H.

THE CRIMINAL'S LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

—When the warrant for the prisoner's execution arrives at Newgate, he is immediately removed to the cells, and confined in one of them until he leaves it for the scaffold. He is at liberty to walk in the yard, but both in his walks and in his cells he is constantly attended by a turnkey who never leaves him on any pretence whatever. We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the further end, under which were a common horse-rug, a bible, and a prayer-book. An iron candle-stick was fixed into the wall at the side, and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

Conceive the situation of a man spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no living man would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual counsellor; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled; now that eternity before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount to almost madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupified, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon the Almighty Being, from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom repentance can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is