

TO
Lady Anne Hamilton.

BY HON. W. R. SPENSER.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only trends on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

The Work-table.

BY M'DLLE. DUFOUR.

CROCHET.

Bread Cloth.

Marsland's Cotton, No. 20.

Work a chain of 274 stitches, one plain row of open crotchet, each square being 11 s. 2 c. s., miss 2; repeat. Begin each row on the same side. When finished, work the ends in d c, to confine the pieces of thread left at the beginning and end of each row. 3 d c into every open square. Then work an edge all around thus:—5 c s, miss 2, 11 s, 5 c s, miss 2, 1 s e into next stitch; repeat.

2nd row.—9 c s, s c into 1 s; repeat. 11 c s at corner, s c into same stitch.

3rd row.—11 s, 3 c s, 11 s round 9 c s, 5 c s; repeat. 10 c s into corner stitch of 11.

4th row.—31 s round 5 c s, 4 c s, s c round 3 c s, 4 c s; repeat. At corner, 5 c s, 11 s, 5 c s, 11 s into 10 c s of last corner.

Enigmas.

1.

There is a certain production of the earth which is neither animal, vegetable, or mineral. It has neither length, breadth, depth, or height. It exists from two to six feet above the surface of the earth. It is neither male nor female, but is often between both. It is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament and strongly recommended in the New. It is subservient both to affection and treachery.

2.

By the late Hon. Mr. Canning.

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace, and tranquil slumber;
Now, any word you choose to take,
By adding s will plural make;

But if you add an s to this,
Strange will be the metamorphosis;
Plural will then plural be no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

We shall be happy to receive answers to the above from our young friends.

Editorial.

NOTICES OF "THE MAYFLOWER."

We express our thanks to that portion of our city press, the conductors of which have kindly and favourably noticed our unassuming and well-intentioned effort to furnish a monthly Periodical, to amuse the leisure hours of the ladies of the Lower Provinces, without designing to interfere with the pre-established claims of other journalists. They have appreciated our motives, and smiled on our humble attempt,—and we hope they will enjoy the rich reward which is ever attendant on an unenvious and truly benevolent spirit. We are, however, at a loss to account for the fault-finding strictures of *The Church Times*, whose severity of remarks presents a striking contrast to the opinions of others, as well qualified to judge as he. It is painful to us to notice the unnecessary, and, in some instances, contradictory, comments in which he has so freely indulged; yet, as his criticisms involve principles which are generally held to be untenable, we take the liberty of making a short reply in *self-defence*.

His animadversions fall heavily and principally on the citizens of Halifax. They will, doubtless, value his opinion to the full amount of what it is really worth, when he speaks of "*the impoverished state of our society*," and of "*the absence of that appreciation of literary effort which has always been the characteristic of Halifax*." Our citizens are under great obligations for this very flattering representation of their *pecuniary means* and *literary taste*! It must greatly elevate them in the eyes of the world.

He excepts to the quantity of "original writing;" it is deficient, he says. Whilst we never promised to make *The Mayflower* strictly an original work, we hope it will improve in this particular. It is but a beginning, and we may presume that the *literati* of this Province will contribute, more or less, to its pages. But if the pretensions of some other journals that we know of were