

OUR TABLE.

THE ART-UNION MONTHLY JOURNAL.

WE have been delighted by a glance over the September number of this beautiful Magazine. Its contents, literary and pictorial, are really deserving of the very highest commendation. Besides a mezzotint engraving, of "Prayer in the Desert," and which is a *chef-d'œuvre* of art, there are a great number of wood-cuts, of great beauty and variety, illustrative of a multitude of subjects. The chief literary production is a "Fairy Tale of Love," by Mrs. S. C. Hall—the remainder of the number being chiefly occupied with remarks and essays bearing upon the subject of the Arts. It is altogether a magnificent work, and one which will afford gratification to all who have a fancy for what poets call "the beautiful."

Among the contents of the number, we find the following very pretty "Fairy Madrigal," which we transcribe for the pleasure of the readers of the Garland:—

Featly, Fairies, foot the dance
O'er moss and flower;
Through the gloom the glow-worms glance,
Like a golden shower:
And in their starry light,
While the moon is hid by the shadowy trees,
Trip we our reel to-night,
To the piping of the breeze,
Or the song the skylark weaves,
Mongst the leaves,
As he hymns the dawning gleams
In his dreams.

What, ho! The Whip-fire! through the dark
Follow him fleet,
O'er the marsh that takes no mark
Of our twinkling feet.
Huzza! now hang him out
On the foxglove tael for a lamp to be,
While round and round about
We quaff so merrily,
From buttercup and hairbell blue,
Our nectar dew!
Or sip from lips divine
Sweeter wine.

Twist we, twist we, twirl and twine,
Along the green!
But see! Aurora's tresses shine,
The holes between!
Mount we the westering wind,
Come follow the steps of the twilight grey,
We will leave the morning far behind!
To Fairy-land away!
There may our charmed sleep
Be as deep
As thine, blue waning moon:
Through the noon!

The work can be seen at the Book-store of Messrs. R. & C. Chalmers, who, we believe, are the agents for this city.

SCRAPS FROM MY JOURNAL—OR SCENES IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE.—BY J. H. WILTON.

A SERIES of admirable letters have recently appeared in the columns of one of our City journals—the Morning Courier—under the above title. We are gratified to observe that it is the intention of the author to re-publish them, with the remainder of the "Scenes," in a neat volume, which is promised early in the beginning of the year. The author was actively engaged with our army in the East, in the fierce struggles which took place during the years from 1839 to 1843, and was an eye-witness to many of the stirring scenes which were enacted during that terrible epoch. Of all that took place, he has prepared a connected narrative, which, being well and vigorously written, will be read with much interest. Mr. Wilton is a soldier—one of the gallant Royal Welsh Fusiliers; he will, we hope, be adequately supported in his enterprise. Lists for subscribers are lying for signature at the principal Book-stores. We trust they will be speedily filled up.

SERMONS PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, MONTREAL, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. MARK WILLOUGHBY, BY THE REV. W. BOND, AND THE REV. C. BANCROFT, A. M.

WE have read these sermons with great, though melancholy satisfaction—read them through from beginning to end. We couldn't help it, when once we began, we were so charmed and fascinated with the plain, practical and earnest piety, so conspicuously displayed in every page of this humble and unpretending production.

The subject of these discourses, as appears from the following note, has not been the only one whose "life has been given over to the pestilence."

"The death of the Rev. Mr. Willoughby has been followed by that of four other Clergymen of our Diocese,—the Rev. Wm. Chaderton, Minister of St. Peter's Chapel, Quebec, the Rev. Wm. Dawes, Rector of St. Johns, C. E., the Rev. C. J. Morris, M. A., Port Neuf, the Rev. R. Anderson, B. A., Upper Ireland. All died of typhus fever, contracted in attendance at the Emigrant Sheds."