

## OUR TABLE.

WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.—BY MISS MARIA MORRIS.

THE study which this work is so eminently calculated to assist is one of the most delightful among the pursuits of the cultivated and intelligent mind. It is one which more than any other speaks an innate taste for the beautiful in nature, and fosters the kindly sympathies which give something of enjoyment to the every day intercourse of the world.

The work has been long promised. About a year ago we announced the intention of its author; and many inquiries have been made as to the time when it would appear. Two numbers have now been published, from an examination of which we have derived much pleasure. The numbers each contain three specimens of the floral treasures of the sister Province, several of which may occasionally be found in Canada, the portraiture of which are perfect in shape and colouring, and are accompanied by letter press explanations, descriptive of the nature and qualities of the flowers.

The execution of the work would as a whole reflect no discredit upon any country, but here, where the arts are in their infancy, it will of course be even more highly esteemed. The specimen numbers may, we believe, be seen at the bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, where those who feel inclined to patronize the honourable effort of the author may also leave their names.

SUMMER MORNING.—BY THOMAS MILLER.

WE have again to notice, with such humble commendation as our pen can yield, a poem from the pen of the Basket Maker—the author of “Royston Gower,” and many other excellent works, as well in poetry as prose. Of the various poetical attempts which he has made, this one is on all hands deemed the best—the faults from which his style was not altogether free being now greatly corrected or subdued.

The poem is strictly rural—it is a description of such objects as may be seen around any English village on any “Summer Morning,” and contains nothing whatever particularly striking. Every thing, however, which presents itself to the eye of the admirer of nature, in the garb of summer, and that, too, at early dawn, is described as only one with a keen perception of the beautiful could have done it, the reflections of the author being expressed with a calm and quiet simplicity which will be the more valued from the contrast they present with the florid language in which too many of our authors now imagine the secret spring of poetic success lies.

The poem is extremely short—a fault of which complaints are very seldom made, but every line contains something to admire—something which might be safely quoted, were it not that our pages in this number are fully occupied. We may, however, at some future day, afford ourselves the pleasure of extracting from it, confident that any portion will bear us out in the praise which we have given.

THE LADY'S COMPANION.

WE have frequently expressed our admiration of this elegant magazine, the May number of which has been for some time received, and is, as usual, rich in original contributions. The extensive popularity enjoyed by this monthly, is the surest test of its excellence, evidencing, as it does, the universal favour in which it is held by the reading public of America.

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WE are in this number, by the very great kindness of the author, enabled to give the continuation of the story of Beatrice, intended for our last, but lost, with some other valuable matters, by an unhappy accident, on its way to this city from Kingston, where its author now resides. The task of re-writing the tale was however, unhesitatingly undertaken, and, by an extraordinary effort, completed, so that with very little delay, we have been enabled to lay it before the public. The disappointment which on the publication of our last, was so very generally felt, will, we doubt not, be amply compensated, on receipt of our present number.