

Our first quotation has been selected, not so much for the poetic beauties it may justly claim, as for its Colonial allusions. The tender and touching scene of domestic happiness, of maternal affection,—the purest and the brightest, if not the last sad relic of that glorious image in which we were originally created—the gems of priceless value—the sparkling jewels of infant loveliness—and the darling little dog to boot—are all so beautifully delineated in the first illustration—and so graphically and so pathetically described (with the exception of the darling little dog, and we cannot here forgive the author for forgetting it,) as to excite the warmest sympathies of our nature, and lead us to heed not whether the principal figure in the scene be the representative of a royal race, in the gorgeous palace of a hundred kings, ruling o'er an empire on which the "sun doth never set," or a simple youthful matron in a whitewashed cottage, in the midst of some lonely clearing in the wild back-woods of Canada. While pride and vanity—a wedded pair,—the parents of that modern abortion—"liberty and equality"—have set the world on fire, and drenched it with human blood, without accomplishing a single iota of its object—the picture before us has a far more levelling tendency, for both alike apply to a sweet domestic scene of surpassing loveliness, whether within the old grey ivied walls of Windsor, or by the clean swept evening hearth of the toiling labouring peasant, who literally eats his bread, under the curse of God, to the sweat of his brow:

## THE QUEEN.

From Himalaya's snowy piles,  
 From green Australia's farthest Isles,  
 Where sweeps the wave round Aden's peak,  
 Where deep woods shield the vanquished Sikh,  
 Where the wild Cape's gigantic form,  
 Looms through the haze of southern storm,  
 Where the old Spanish rock looks down  
 O'er the blue strait with martial frown,  
 Where o'er the western world looks forth,  
 Quebec, grey fortress of the north;  
 Where old St. Lawrence sings and smiles,  
 Round blue Ontario's thousand Isles;  
 Where the young Queen of inland seas,  
 Toronto, mous the forest breeze;  
 Where the everlasting spray-cloud floats  
 High o'er Niagara's thunder notes;  
 Where Erie spreads his waters fair,  
 Where white sails gleam on soft St. Clair;  
 Where the Great Spirit islands\* rest,  
 Far off on Huron's sunlit breast;  
 Where tempests wake Superior's sleep  
 Where Oregon looks o'er the deep—

\*The Manitoulin.

Floats the Red-cross on high!  
 And the glad shout of Freeborn hosts  
 Echoes from earth's remotest coasts,  
 "Britain and Victory!"

The other quotation, which must be our last, is from a poem on one of the most extraordinary scenes in the voluminous works of the great Wizard of the North:

## REBECCA.

"The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape for his daughter, even from this den of infamy!"—  
*Isaiah.*

"Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise!  
 Even from this den of murder he hath given  
 A ransom for his daughter!"

One wild spring,  
 And poised upon the airy battlement,  
 She waves farewell to earth; th' indignant blood  
 Fades from the whitening cheek, the hands are spread  
 The dark eye raised imploringly to heaven,  
 To bless the bold self-sacrifice, and take,  
 The rescued soul all spotless to its home.

Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise,  
 Courage and faith have triumphed gloriously!  
 And on that dizzy pinnacle she stands,  
 Strong as a host in arms! A soft slight form,  
 Radiant in awful strength, in mail of proof,  
 From God's bright armory. Circled with a flush,  
 Of holy light, prophetic ray that gilds  
 A Queenly spirit—Euthanasia!  
 An emanation from the deep-stirr'd hearts  
 Of loftiest natures—Hope—Faith—Chastity—  
 And all weak woman's store of hidden strength.

Fair incarnation of the poet's dream  
 Of Judah's faded splendour—radiant child  
 Of her long line of warriors—minstrels—priests—  
 And glorious women: Miriam, Deborah,  
 And she who died in Gilead. Thou hast sprung  
 From the bright touch of genius, and thy name  
 Is now historic truth; a synonyme  
 For all high, pure, and beautiful in woman.  
 Oh! Fiction's noblest triumph! to have raised  
 A form like thine for earth's admiring gaze  
 On that high battlement—thy pedestal!

We insert it without note or comment; it speaks for itself, and so does the plate.

We hesitate not, therefore, to recommend, to the favourable notice of our readers in general, and to the colonial portion of them in particular, the "Maple Leaf," as a specimen of what we Colonists can do. It is to be found, as well as a host of other gems of a similar character, in the Bookstore of Messrs. Chalmers, in Great St. James' Street.

## THE PICTORIAL ALMANAC.

"Our Table" is so crowded with new Works, that we can hardly do more than enumerate their titles.

The Pictorial Almanac (we really thought we had exhausted the subject of Almanacs) comes out in its regular style of elegance and beauty. We have one fault, however, to find with it.