

until the white man came and took all to himself. So, for John's sake, I passed quickly and reverently over the spot; but subsequently I cross-examined him on the subject of Miemac ghosts, but, beyond some shrugs of the shoulder, he would give me no satisfaction.—Whatever were his ideas and opinions, he recognized the wisdom of the adage—"Speech is silver, but silence gold;" and, consequently, the reader must do without the ghost-story, which, of course, has been expected.

TO THE GULF SHORE.

A week after his departure from Sydney, the writer was on his way to the little village of Port Hood, on the Gulf shore, a distance of about thirty miles through an exceedingly picturesque country. The first ten miles ran through "Sky Glen," and by the side of mountains which stretched far to the northward, and were lost in the purple of the heavens. Now and then we would be perched at the very verge of a precipice, and overlooking a dark ravine, where a little stream rushed furiously amid the rocks that had tumbled there from above, and tried to impede its course to the valley far beyond. Again the road would take so sudden a decline down the mountain side, that it required no small amount of management on the part of the driver to keep the horses steady on their feet. Fortunately, the driver was so well accustomed to the road that his passenger soon ceased to speculate as to casualties, and was able to give his undivided attention to the landscape, where nature was still perfectly wild and untamed by cultivation. Just when he was admiring a charming little bit of scenery—a lake glimmering at the foot of some deeply-wooded hills—the driver observed:

"An ugly place for a fall," pointing to a deep gorge below us; "only a few days ago, a cart, with a woman and child, rolled off the road, and the child was killed and the mother fearfully bruised."

By and by we left the wild country and came to the open, where there were many large farms lying in deep valleys, through which the river Mabou wound like a silver ribbon. Graceful meadow-elms, singly or in clumps, drooped at intervals, whilst the luxuriant grass, ready for the scythe, waved to the western breeze that came down the hills. Flocks of sheep were browsing on the mountain side, and the tinkle of bells came continually from the meadows below, where herds of fine, clean-looking cows were cropping the rich pasture. The sides of the road were perfectly crimson with ripe strawberries, which mingled their fragrance with the tiny blue-bells and the pyrola, that umbrella-shaped flower.

Suddenly, as we were slowly descending a lofty hill, the notes of a sweet soprano voice came gently toward us from the level below. At first, the words were indistinct, but, by and by, we could recognize the old poem, "The Bridge," which, to the writer, will be always as fresh as when he heard it first, many years ago, beneath the shades of the elms of Harvard. The fair singer belonged to a party on a pleasure-trip from Halifax to the lake, and long after they had passed lingered in my ears the words: