

do you mean?" "The widow," I replied, and fled, leaving my friend lost in amazement. As I hurried away from the place, a burst of melody came through the open windows,—a sound so sweet, so thrilling, that I stayed one moment in my flight to listen, fascinated in spite of myself by the syren's voice: then I cried wildly "Witch's spells! witch's spells!" and putting my fingers in my ears, fled on again over the fields through the clover, and over the turnip field, often falling and stumbling, picking myself up again, and going on and on like a crazy thing, till I arrived breathless and spent, at home. Not a stir, not a sound in the house: Aunt and Father and the cat all asleep, and a paraffine lamp, with bleary eye, screwed down and smelling horribly of the oil within. I crept up to bed, like a kicked dog, but that night I did not sleep much: I made plans, however, and the very next day I put some of them into execution.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"OCEAN TO OCEAN."

"OCEAN to Ocean," a Diary written during the Sandford Fleming Expedition, from Halifax, on the Atlantic, to Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific, by the Rev. G. M. Grant, Secretary to the Expedition, is a most fascinating and instructive volume. As a book of travel alone, though we had no special interest in the country, it is enchanting. The eye of the Antient Mariner is upon those who commence to read, and they must hear the tale to the end. We have heard of one of the greatest of metaphysicians commencing a biography, lengthy and elaborate, and being so fascinated that he went through the whole at a sitting; and, lest any one might suppose that none but a metaphysician could be guilty of such a folly, it is important to know that his man-servant had been previously entrapped by the book, and carried to the land of dreams, so that his master failed to arouse him to a sense of life and duty by repeated ringing of the bell. Such is the book before us. That the interest is kept up through the hundred days during which the Expedition was on its way, is a proof of the capacity and versatility of the writer. But it is more than a mere book of travel.