

ents loyally accompanied him there. They built a sea-going ship themselves, and went in a body, as a sort of Pilgrim Fathers colony, with him at their head as guide, philosopher and friend in more than one sense.

*A True Ghost Story.*

At home one night in winter we were startled by a sudden knock at the door, as of some one wishing to hurry in. My little brothers and I were playing about the room at the time, and I ran to open the door. But as soon as I lifted the latch a big, rough-bearded old man fell in on the floor, and fainted away! Of course we were greatly alarmed at first, and thought he was dead. But on recognizing him our fears quickly vanished, as it was secretly well known that he used to see ghosts, and had no doubt seen one on his way up the road that night. He was given some hot punch and supper, which put him all right again in a short time. But we could not persuade him to stay till morning, and though he had a horse and sleigh, my sister Mary and I were sent with him for company to his daughter's place about a mile up the river. I have travelled since then over the greater part of North America, but that was by far the hardest trip I have ever made. It was after midnight, and we had to return home alone. The road lay along a dismal swamp part of the way, and, worst of all, we had to pass close by the new school house (built when the old hut got too small), and in which supernatural lights were often seen after dark! But we ran as fast as we could leg it, and never stopped to look behind