THE OLD BAPTISMAL RECORD.

gone to their rest,

They served at God's altar; they

They cared for the living and buried the And so, when death found them, right

They were doing the work which Christ

And parents and sponsors one by one ;

And, at last, they're forgot, as if neve Fond fathers and mothers! methinks I b

On the days here inscribed, bring you Bright was their future, your joyful hear

Or did death, or life's se it ?-who knows ?

breezes blown :

And bore all the loads of this thing we call

THE GHOST AT THE RATH.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND

CONTINUED When my senses returned, the river beside me. I arose to my feet. in the dead of the night. The recolshook one of the drawing-room windows till I shook off the old rusty hasp the night there. Next day I sought

ven a ragged cobweb swept away, nor them, but in the interior of the house melancholy place, nor the face of a I asked Frank about it. but he knew mirror relieved from one speck of its and cared nothing on the subject; I

Coming back into the open air, I shook his head. ing up one of the weedy paths. He but I gave bim good morrow cheer-

'You see I am poking about early,' 'In faith, sir,' said he, 'and you look

like a man that had been poking about you out of your senses?' 'How so?' said I.

used to it, and I can read it in your yourself, he said. 'Nobody misses it face like print. Some sees one thing going over the house. My grand. it with a grim complacency. and some another, and some only feels father was an old retainer of the and hears. The poor gentleman inside, he says nothing but that he has beautiful dreams. And for the Lord's fore the old lady died. That was her antique decanter filled with wine, a and some another, and some only feels father was an old retainer of the beautiful dreams. And for the Lord's fore the old lady died That was her antique decanter filled with wine, a sake, sir. take him out of this, for I've room, and she left her eternal curse on glass; and a phial with some thick her family if so be [they didn't leave black liquid, uncorked. I felt weak light a phone of the opposite wall. On this spot the himself in the heart of the night, and her coffin there. She wasn't going that I couldn't wake him?

seeping that I couldn't wake him?

so be they didn't seave lotted in the atmosphere of the under the ground to the worms. So place, and I seized the decenter, and the brightness the outlines of a appeared, faintly at first, but g

describe them, when he grew perplexed and annoyed. He remembered nothing, but that is spirit had been entertained whilst his body reposed. I now felt a curiosity to go through the old house, and was not surprised, on enchanting dreams. I asked him to describe them, when he grew perplexed and annoyed. He remembered noth—

that would be ferreting things out, and sank upon the coffin. A raging pain was in my head and a sense of the looked at me knowingly, but I suffocation in my chest. After a few tained white his body reposed. I now felt a curiotity to go through the old house, and was not surprised, on pas're open a door at the end of a remote mouldy passage, to enter the destined chundler into which I had followed the pale-faced girl when also becomed mo out of the drawing-room. There were the low brooding roof and alunting walls, the short wide-latticed windows to which the nonoday sunsat rying to piece through a forest of leaves. The hangings rotting with the opening of the door, and there in the opening of the door, and there in the opening of the opening of th

tation, I walked alone in the

trunks, and behind the rifts in the foliage the water was seen to flow urned my back upon them. Once when coming towards them I chanced hands across my eyes, looked again, ut. I saw distinctly the figure of a lady standing by one of the Her face was a little turned away, her dress a bluish white, her mantle a dun brown color. She held a spade in her hands, and her foot was upon it, as if advanced toward her. As I approached, the outlines of her figure broke up and disappeared, and I found that she was only an illusion presented to me by the curious accidental grouping of

and lie awaiting such another sumthe shelves a book, from which I lifted over my book.

I was startled by the sound of vividly present to my mind. I took that moment than I had done at any nothing that had belonged to it.

I returned to the library, and passed stiff chair moved an inch from its I could find no door to the chamber asked the old man at the lodge, and he

'Och!' he said. 'don't ask about that room. The door's built up, and flesh eyed me meaningly from head to foot, and blood have no concern with it. It was her own room.

Whose own? I asked. 'Old Lady Thunder's. And whisht. sir, that's her grave!'

He laughed queerly, drev and lowered his voice. 'Nobody has 'Why, you see, sir,' said he, 'I'm asked about the room these years but

ard | Frank or the old man at the Lodge. I her shadow thrown backward by the

my doings talked all over the country.

I may as well mention here that again, on this evening, when walking in the orchard I saw the figure of a lady digging between the trees. And again ments. The shadow, as she moved. trees, sycamores and chestnuts, straggled along by the river's edge, ferms
and tall weeds grew round amongst them and between their

awillow in the distance her treese.

I saw that this figure was an illusive grew more firm and distinct in outappearance; that the water was her line, and followed her like a servant
amongst them and between their
a willow in the distance her treeses.

She crossed half of the room, then

As soon as the night was pretty far be koned me, and sat down at the foliage the water was seen to flow Walking up and down one of the paths I alternately faced these and the paths I alternately faced these and over with the ivy, and mounted it, the ink-bottle near her and the pen having provided myself with a dark between her fingers. I felt impelled when coming towards them I chanced to lift my eyes, started, drew my some trees that stood like a black bank place at her left shoulder, so as to see hands across my eyes, looked again, against the horizon, and glimmered on what she might write. The shad wand finally stood still gazing in much the panes as I ripped away branches stood at her other hand. As I became and leaves with a knife, and shook the more accustomed to the shadow's one of the old crazy casement open. The sashes the grass. were rotten, and the fastenings easily hideous. He was quite distinct from gave way. I placed my lantern on a bench within, and was soon standing her with long, ugly limbs. She hesibeside it in the chamber. The air was tated about beginning to write, and i. insufferably close and moundy, and I made a wild gesture with his arm she was in the act of digging. I gaz- flung the window open to the widest. which brought her hand down quickly ed at her for some time, vainly trying and beat the bowering ivy still further to guess who she might be, then I back from about it, so as to let the move at once. I needed not to bend fresh air of beaven blow into the place. and scrutinize in order to read what I then took my lantern in band, and was written. Every word as it was pegan to look around me.

The room was vast and double: shaped the space between them into an inner chamber. The darkness was the semblance of the form I have des- thick and irksome, and the scanty cribed. A patch of the flowing water light of my lantern only tantalized me had been her robe, a piece of russet My eyes fell on some grand spectral moorland her cloak. The spade was looking candelabra furnished with wax an awkward young shoot slanting up candles, which, though black with age. from the root of one of the trees. I bore the marks of having been gutterstepped back and tried to piece her out ed by a draught that had blown on again bit by bit, but could not succeed. them fifty years ago. I lighted these; hand fluttered on. they burned up with ghastly flickering. That night I did not feel at all in- and the apartment, with its fittings, clined to return to my dismal chamber, was revealed to me. These latter had and when I entered this house first, on mons as I had once received. When freshness; the appointments of the Thunder, I determined to become its Frank bade me good night, I heaped rest of the house were mean in comfresh coals on the fire, took down from parison. The ceiling was painted with der, was the only obstacle in my way the dust in layers with my penknife. of the walls between the dim mirrors between me and her father. She was a and, dragging an armchair close to the and the sumptuous hangings of tassels gentle, delicate girl, and no match for hearth, tried to make myself as comfortable as might be. I am a strong, luxurious to the tread, and the dust Lady Thunder. After that I hated 1 robust man, very unimaginative, and could not altogether obliterate the leg and made her dread me. I had little troubled with affections of the elaborate fancy of its flowery design gained the object of my ambition, but nerves, but I confess that my feelings There were gorgeous cabinets laden I was jesious of the influence possessed were not enviable, sitting thus alone with curiosities, wonderfully carved by her over her father, and I revenged in that queer old house, with last chairs, rare vases, and antique glasses myself by crushing the joy out of her night's strange pantomime still vividly of every description, under some of young life. In this I defeated my own esent to my memory. In spite of which lay little heaps of dust which purpose. She eloped with a young my efforts at coolness, I was excited had once no doubt been blooming man who was devoted to her, though by the prospect of what yet might be flowers. There was a table laden with poor and beneath her in station. He in store for me before morning But books of poetry and science, drawings father was indignant at first and my these feelings passed away as the and drawing materials, which showed malice was satisfied; but, as time pa night wore on, and ! nodded asleep that the occupant of the room had sed on, I had no children, and she had

also a writing table scattered over with band died. Then her father took he risk, light step walking overhead. yellow papers, and a work-table at a back to his heart, and the boy was hi-Wide awake at once. I sat up and lis- window, on which lay reels, a thimble, idol and heir.' ened. The ceiling was low but I and a piece of what had once been Again the hand stopped writing, the could not call to mind what room it white muslin, but was now saffron ghostly head drooped, and the whole was that lay above the library in color, sewn with gold thread, a rusty figure was convulsed. But the shadow which I sat. Presently I heard the needle sticking in it. This and the gesticulated fiercely and cowering unsume step upon the stairs, and the pen lying on the inkstand, the paper der its menace, the wretched spirit went sharp rustling of a silk dress sweeping knife between the leaves of a book, the ou: against the banisters. The step pause of a portfolio, and the ashes of a fire on I thought I had done it cunningly, but and found that, though much bruised, was silence. I got up, and with all I was otherwise unburt. I busied my the courage I could summon seized a suggested that the owner of this remind in recalling the strange circum- light, and opened the door; but there treat had been snatched from it with- tion of my terror at discovery I gav stances which brought me to that place was nothing in the hall but the usual out warning, and that whoever had ber poison to drink. She rushed from

in lace, and a dressing table fancifully decorated and draped Here I espied more candelrbra, and going forinside, flung up the creaking sash, and for the room above it in which I had ward to set the lights burning.

'What do you mean?' I said. 'Are and that way, essence bottles with the tree which is standing on the brink of

and there it was left, and they built up the door. God love you, sir, and don't go hear it. I wouldn't have told you, and you've seen plenty about draught. Immediately after it was left, and there it was left, and they built up the door. God love you, sir, and don't go hear it. I wouldn't have told you, was good, and drank a moderate only I know you've seen plenty about draught. Immediately after it was left, and they built up the wiped the dust from it with my hand door. God love you, sir, and don't go hear it. I wouldn't have told you, was good, and drank a moderate draught. Immediately after it was left, and they built up the wiped the dust from it with my hand door. God love you, sir, and don't go hear it. I wouldn't have told you, was good, and drank a moderate was left, and they built up the wiped the dust from it with my hand door. God love you, sir, and don't go hear it. I wouldn't have told you, was good, and drank a moderate was left, and hear it. I wouldn't have told you, was good, and drank a moderate was left.

'I am the spirit of Madeleina, Lady the lines of two trees which had velvet curtain hung between me and Thunder, who lived and died in this der room among the vanities in which I delighted. I am constrained to make my confession to you, Miles Thunder, who are the present owner of the estates of your family. Here the pale hand trembled and stopped writing. But the shadow made a threatening gesture, and the

'I was beautiful, poor and ambitious been splendid in the days of their the night of a ball given by Sir Luke exquisite allegorical figures, also spaces She divined my intention, and stood been a person of mind. There was a son, soon after whose birth her hus

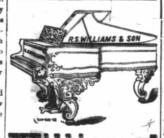
I caused the child to be stolen away. heavy darkness and damp mouldy air. thought proper to build up the doors, me and the house in frenzy, and in her lection of all I had witnessed was lection of all I witnessed was vividly present to my mind. I took that moment than I had done at any nothing that had belonged to it. and must be found, he willed all his to his heirs forever. I busied the candles burning, and took a better sur- but he lived and married, and his vey of this old burial place. A ward- daughter now toils for her bread-his robe stood open, and I saw dresses danghter, who is the rightful owner of hanging within. A gown lay upon a all that is said to belong to you. Miles Charlottetown, Fgb. 20, 1889, chair, as if just thrown off, and a pair Thunder. I tell you this that you may of dainty slippers were beside it. The devote yourself to the task of discovertoilet table looked as if only used yes- ing this wronged girl, and giving up there, and in front of all that coffin, the Luke Thunder. When you have found tarnished cupids that bore the mirror and read it. do justice, as you value between their hands smirking down at your soul. In order that you may know the grandchild of Mary Thunder when you find her, you shall beh ld

the brightness the outlines of a figure appeared, faintly at first, but growing firm and distinct, became filled in and rounded at last to the perfect semblance of life. The figure was that of a young girl in a plain black dress, with a brigh happy face, and pale gold hair softly banded on her fair forehead. She



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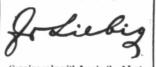
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my way slowly to the house, almost expecting to see the marks of wheels and other indications of last night's revel, but the rank grass that covered the gravel was uncrushed, not a blade disturbed, not a stone displaced. Interest the produced making as supernatural presence which my eyes were not per mitted to behold.

Having surveyed all these things, I that moment than I had done at any time during the preceding night. All the visitors who had then appeared to to me had produced nothing like the horror of thus feeling a supernatural presence which my eyes were not per mitted to behold.

Having surveyed all these things, I only knew the norrible truth Sorrow bedroom. The furniture of this was in keeping with that of the other chamber. I saw dimly a bed enveloped in lace, and a dressing table fancifully like the had search made for the child. Believing that he was still alive child.

property to it, his rightful heir, and DRAWING ROOM PARLOR SUITES, best value. BEDROOM SUITES at low prices, the vases teeming with flowers, the soft gilding, the vases teeming with flowers, the outside, though they were so over thousand sweet odors of the night beed to me during my lifetime. I enjoy. PICTURE FRAMING, 125 varieties, very cheap and nobby

I own that I felt very strangely for the next few minutes. When I had his family. Nothing more was heard to the fate of the child who was stolen. Post Office.

JOHN NEWSON

ered it; hair brushes lying this way possessed of. Under the thirtcenth and that way, essence bottles with the stoppers out, paint pots uncovered, a ring here, a wreath of artificial flowers there, and in front of all that coffin, the

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