

NOTICE TO READERS.

Contributions to the columns of the SNOWFLAKE may be addressed to—

The Snowflake Club, Newcastle.

or

"The Snowflake Club," Chatham.

or

"The Snowflake Club," Douglastown.

Original articles in prose or poetry gladly received from any of our readers.



NOTICE TO READERS.

Friends of this paper will please hand in their subscriptions, as soon as convenient, to the Treasurers—

Rev. J. A. F. McBain, Chatham.

Rev. James Anderson, Newcastle.

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MIRAMICHI, JANUARY, 1879.

THE SNOWFLAKE:

MIRAMICHI, . . . . . JANUARY, 1879.

"LITTLE CHILDREN COME TO JESUS."

(Lines selected by a little girl for the SNOWFLAKE.)  
 Little children come to Jesus;  
 Hear Him saying "Come to Me."  
 Blessed Jesus, who to save us,  
 Shed His blood on Calvary  
 Little souls were made to serve Him  
 All His Holy Law fulfil.  
 Little hearts were made to love Him,  
 Little hands to do His will.  
 Little eyes to read the Bible.  
 Given from the Heavens above:  
 Little ears to hear the story  
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love,  
 Little tongues to sing His praises;  
 Little feet to walk His ways,  
 Little bodies to be temples,  
 Where the Holy Spirit stays.—  
 Amen.

(Written for the Snowflake.)  
 A GHOST STORY.

BY LOTTA.

There are few subjects at once so entertaining and of such momentous import which have received so scanty attention and so uncautious a hearing as that connected with the following tale, and already made known in my title. As the sea serpent may be said to stand (or swim) alone, outside of all recognized science, a philosophy by himself, so the ghost may be viewed as an exercise of Theology or Natural History, the savans of neither system being willing to assign him a seat, and even so apprehensive of his establishing a claim to recognition that they refuse even so much as to see him. With a natural love of justice I combine a talent for research, and have for many years pursued inquiries relative to what I keenly felt to be a neglected branch of truth. I may, as many aver, and I may not, have also a *penchant* for the marvellous and a love of the mysterious. If I have, I would merely say that such a juxtaposition of mental endowments points most conclusively to me as the man intended to pursue the researches which have absorbed my attention, and most forcibly confirms my opinion of the suitability of my procedures. It is thus with a well established confidence in the rectitude and propriety of my demand that I ask the public to sit in judgment on facts which I am about to lay before them, and which I affirm, without hesitating to be the most startling and awful manifesta-

tion of spectral existence yet come to our notice.

With all the actors in this remarkable drama, with the one exception of the spectre, I am well acquainted, and have unbounded reliance upon their veracity as well as a perfect knowledge of their healthy mental state during the autumn of '72 when these events occurred in a small town in Ontario. The earliest period at which the public can be expected to regard with interest its quiet inhabitants, is the last Sunday of the month of October in that year, when a small congregation was gathered and had been gathered for some time in a church in the outskirts of the town. The church was situated on a hill. The night was cold, with a prophetic of November in its north-west wind, which occasionally concentrating its blustering force, swept round the edifice with a shrill whistle—the only sound which shared with the officiating clergyman the task of breaking the stillness. The latter was a short, thick set man of rotund outline of form and great gravity of demeanour, whose personal appearance was the reverse of striking and whose chief mental peculiarity was what a devotee called in my hearing "a head for detail." In other words, a tendency to become absorbed in the original elements of a subject, to the complete exclusion of the subject as a whole, which tendency often obscured his vision when circumstances rendered it desirable for him to see plainly a connection between cause and effect. In this gentleman I found subsequently a congenial fellow worker, and whilst overlooking the drawbacks of his method of working, I profited by his mental nearness of vision, and almost unreasoning energy. I say *unreasoning* of vision advisedly, for logical or astute the Rev. Mr. Alexander never was.

The congregation was in the various attitudes of inattention. On the right of the pulpit sat alone a young lady about the age of eighteen who formed a contrast to those around, in that she was wide awake and in the full use of her mental faculties, which were employed in making a systematic inventory of the number and appearance of her fellow-worshippers, considering the causes which might account for the absence of many, and deciding to what extent these possible hindrances might lessen their culpability, to her grat-

benefit moral and intellectual. The pew occupied by this young lady, whom I will call Miss Janie Lyle, faced the pulpit, being the first of a series of seats which filled a small transept and also nearly faced the front pews in the middle of the church, in one of which sat a young man also alone—a young man of means, neither handsome nor decidedly plain. A young man without grave faults, and with the unflinching trait of an English gentleman—absolutely, simply truthful. My young friend Mr. Dyer was in many other respects essentially an Englishman. During a sojourn of many years in Canada he had utterly failed to assimilate himself to the manners of his adopted country, and was still liable to manifest the extreme surprise of a foreigner at the frequently recurring instances of our pursuing a course of conduct not similar to that followed for ages in the mother country. My young friend was not considered to be an intellectual giant, but after some observation I feel bound to say that those who held him to be beneath the average ability most certainly did him wrong. He gave me more the impression of a sleeping intelligence, an intellect in its infancy, than of hopeless lack of mental power. One of his most striking social characteristics was his preference for ladies' society, and George was right, for he certainly appeared to the best advantage in his favorite surroundings.

Whilst the Rev. Mr. Alexander slowly and laboriously considered the utterly unimportant and therefore too often rejected secondary thoughts suggested by his text, Mr. Dyer sat facing Miss Lyle, an attitude which proclaimed the fact that he felt impelled to see her safely home, and also forwarded her to make her exit from church in a manner fatal to his plan, for I regret to say that Mr. Dyer, in his regard for young ladies, was not usually met in a spirit of reciprocity. Miss Lyle, who was small and pale but bright looking, and possessed of an indomitable spirit, had just concluded, after a rapid survey of the scanty congregation, that no substitute for Mr. Dyer would appear, and formed the determination to seek the shelter and sympathy of an adjoining house in which she was intimate, when the vestry door opened, and disclosed the form of a man, tall, pale, and possessed of a gravity be-

side which the most solemn expression of Mr. Alexander must seem hilarious.

The stranger seemed quite uncommon in place and time of entrance, conscious of the effect produced by his Whilst his pose and figure were to the last degree striking, calm and self-assured, his face was so utterly devoid of expression as to suggest the thought that he might be blind. And deaf, too, for the change in the clergyman's voice as, following the gaze of his suddenly awakened hearers, he caught sight of the still figure in the shadow of the door, produced no change in the stranger's air as he calmly walked forward to the front seat occupied by Mr. Dyer, and seating himself fixed his expressionless gaze upon Miss Lyle.

Now, Miss Lyle was by nature more rapid than cautious in her method of grouping the facts from which she interred theories frequently more flattering than justifiable. Among German philosophers Miss Lyle would have been more admired for the wide range of her imagination than for the accuracy of her indications. In the present instance she confesses that she hastily decided that the stranger was a relative of Mr. Dyer, recently arrived from England, that he was a nobleman of high rank (it being well known that Mr. Dyer was nearly related to a baronet), and also that his object in presenting himself at church at a singularly inappropriate hour was to gain an introduction to herself, the result probably of complimentary remarks made by the slighted George.

No sooner had Miss Lyle's mind arrived at these conclusions than with the quickness of purpose which characterized her, she changed her intention of eluding Mr. Dyer's pursuit, and, as the congregation arose for the closing act of the service, she also arose with a smiling complacency that betokened pleasing anticipation. During the usual change of position the stranger sat still and unmoved. As the people slowly filed out many glances were directed at him while he, looking neither to the right nor left passed down the aisle with a directness which left Miss Lyle and Mrs. Dyer far behind.

When the crowd followed no sign of the stranger was visible. Miss Lyle's eager questioning only confronted a curiosity as great as her own. Mr. Dyer knew nothing of his