

others held it a scandal that any patrician maiden's spirit should thus continue to revisit the scenes of her life and taking off. Greater matters occupied Robert Bluett's mind, but, sailor-like, he loved a ghost, and his life had not changed the superstitious nature of him. He listened with the rest, therefore, while Johnny related what had passed between himself and the clergyman.

"'Twas hard to shake sense into the old gen'leman. He doan't want to believe it, though theer's his open Bible staring him in the face every day of his life. But a man's reason be nought against the pull of conscience; so he'm gwaine up-along to see for hisself. Then, if the things do appear to his sight, he'll go forth in the name of the Lord to quench 'em."

"He'll never do it — such a timorous man as him," said Mrs. Pearn; but Cramphorn assured her that the deed was done.

"He've gone to-night. I started along with un. 'Shall I come with 'e, your reverence?' I axed him. An' he said 'No,' though he'd have likcd to say 'Ess.' 'Who wants man's aid if his hand be in his Master's?' he sez to me. 'Not your reverence, that's sartain,' I sez to him. Then he went up-along and I comed in here."

Conversation continued and then, some half an hour later, a little man in clerical costume, with tiny