

struggle was over—that his spirit had passed into light on the shore of another world.

In consequence of owning a sawmill my father always had from three to five men employed. Sawmills, in those days, were chiefly used for sawing ships' planks, and our mill turned out the plank for many a vessel built by the Hon. B. Davies and the late Charles Welsh, father of William, Pope, and James Welsh, all of Charlottetown. Mr. Davies' ship-yard was located at Orwell Point, and Mr. Welsh's at Vernon River Bridge. Toward the spring of the year two of these men used to work in the mill, and the others in the woods, cutting and hauling the logs that were to be put into the planks.

When night came, and supper was over, these men invariably drew their chairs around a blazing fire in an open chimney-place. Then they would dry their boots and light their pipes, and tell of the wonderful amount of work they did through the day. This over, the remainder of the evening would be spent in relating ghost stories, that either they or their fathers had seen or heard of. And we little boys would get between the men and the fire and drink in all the weird and mysterious tales, until wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that all the "wealth of the Indies" would not induce us to step outside the door after dark. These tales were enough to harrow the souls of the most skeptical. They used to tell how the devil put his hand through the floor one night to show his power; how he used to cut the threads in a loom of a weaver he wanted to get; how his cloven hoof appeared under a table where men were playing cards; how he used to appear in the form of a huge dog. These and a thousand other pranks, he used to play in other times and in other places. To say that these monstrous tales produced a marvelous effect upon our minds, and upon our lives, is to put it very mildly indeed. After we grew to manhood and had learned to discredit all these absurdities and silly superstitions, yet it required "an effort of philosophy," as Robert Burns would say, to shake off these idle terrors when passing a graveyard at night, or travelling alone in a dismal place. The fact is they made cowards of us all.

When I grew up and fully satisfied myself that there were no