

be refitted in that day, for I shall rise again! And my spirit shall not be condemned to inaction while my body is waiting the coming of the Redeemer, but it will be busy in the work God may give it. Nor is it at all unlikely that I may be permitted to revisit scenes and persons that I now love so dearly, or even hover once more over this delightful spot." And, as the brethren rode home together, he enlarged so elaborately upon the thought, that the candidate, who lived a mile off by himself, was afraid to go home alone, and got one of the brethren to accompany him and stay all night at his house.

The words of the old Virginian, in one sense at least, were prophetic. Before another month his gray, old head was resting beneath the clods of the valley and the worm was seeking admission into his narrow chamber. He was missed as none others of Forgon Lodge could be, and mourned for on account of a thousand virtues, of which few possess even a moiety. He was missed chiefly because he had none left behind him who could take his place. During his Masonic administration he had committed the too common and often fatal error of neglecting to instruct persons to succeed him, and never was there a Lodge so put to it to find a man who would allow himself to be installed Master. They elected three in succession, who in succession declined, and the fourth only consented to serve provided they would take a strong dose of instruction from the Grand Lecturer before he should be called upon to confer degrees. This was Bro. Lehman, Deputy Sheriff, a man of ability, but of little self-confidence, and who had served as Junior Warden a term or two under General Standish.

Shortly after his inauguration there began to be rumors, whispers at first, but afterwards open-mouthed reports, that old Father Standish was showing himself again, as he had predicted, and that his ghost was really getting troublesome. The first who reported it was the candidate before alluded to, a Bro. Lemins, a good man with but little education, who averred positively that he had twice met Bro. Standish waiting for him on horseback at the junction of the main road and the path that led to his (Bro. Lemins') house; and that the last time it occurred the old man rode up to him, offering a Masonic grip, from which he (Bro. L.) recoiled and fainted "clean away, without ceremony." The result was Bro. Lemins quit attending Lodge, and several others who lived remote from Lodge demitted at once, afraid to go home at night, lest the old Virginian might offer to accompany them.

A few months afterwards, Bro. Santain, an Entered Apprentice, saw the same apparition standing in the school-room below the Lodge, to which he had been sent while the Lodge took the ballot for his passing, and he was so terrified thereby that he too fainted, after a single scream of appalling power; and when by the aid of much manipulation and cold water he was brought to, he utterly refused to proceed, rode home with his two brothers, and remains an Entered Apprentice to this day. So many others averred that they too had seen the ghost, that it became a neighborhood tradition, and fell considerable in consequence.

About ten months after the death of Gen. Standish, the awful shadow exhibited itself to the very man and under the very circumstances calculated to make the profoundest impression. The story is thus related: Bro. Lehman, the successor of Bro. Standish, as above narrated, was called upon one day to perform the duty of presiding at a burial. It was one Saturday morning on the day of Magistrate's Court. He summoned his Lodge and when they were ready to form the funeral procession, he laid under the Secretary's table for safe keeping, his saddle-bags, in which were various important papers, intending to take them at the close of the exercises. But, on his return with the procession, he was stopped to perform some official duty, and entrusting