

A Ghost Story.

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

DENY it who may, the people of Prince Edward Island, especially the Irish and Scotch, were considerably superstitious thirty or forty years ago. Doubtless, lingering traces of this superstition can still be found. The Irish believed in hobgoblins and banshees, and the Scotch in ghosts, fairies and apparitions. I have even known persons of both nationalities who believed in warlocks and witches.

When I was a boy my father owned mills at the head of the Orwell River on the same site and stream as those now owned by Mr. John F. McLeod. They were then known, and I think still are known, as the "Orwell Mills." Every brook, and rivulet and stream; every hill and hollow; every house and haunt; every rill and rock is still stamped on my memory. I fancy I can see the old stump on which I sat when I used to draw the finny occupant of the pond to the land; the old log from which I slipped and came nearly meeting with a watery grave; the old quarry in which I used to look for gold; the old hole in which we used to bathe a half-dozen times a day when the weather was warm and our parents were away from home; the grounds upon which we used to fight and play; the old paths on which we used to tread; the grove in which we used to snare rabbits. All these are hallowed spots, and are connected with hallowed associations that will never leave me while I live. I think I can still see the ground in which I buried my favorite dog, who died in battle, and whose untimely death caused many a tear to trickle down my youthful cheek. I can still look in the room in which my father died. I see the bed in which I slept when my angel mother leaned over me as the day began to dawn in the sky, and planting a kiss on my cheek said between her sobs, "My dear boy, I am left alone. Your father has gone to Heaven." Half bewildered, I listened. All was silence. The dreadful moaning had ceased. I knew, young as I was, that the