

LOVE IS ALL.

BY JOHN FRAZER.

Poor?—nay, not poor—the joy of worlds is mine;
The beauty and the wealth of land and sea,
The splendour of the darkness, and the shine,
Are all for me.

The ever-shifting glory of the sky,
The pale wan moon with all her starry train,
Deep rivers making glad great fields of rye
And golden grain.

Spring, bringing singing-birds and glad green leaves;
Soft summer, strowing rosebuds at my feet;
Hear autumn, garnering his last ripe sheaves
With odours sweet.

The music of the woodland, and the joy
In all things fair and goodly and divine,
Dim forms and fancies cherish'd when a boy—
All these are mine.

The wealth of all the ages that have fled,
The hope of all the ages yet to come,
Immortal memories of the mighty dead,
For ever dumb.

Songs, that have charm'd the ages in their flight;
Fair faces, that have made all men their slaves;
Legends of nameless heroes, that make bright
Forgotten graves.

Wealth of great minds, treasures of antique lore,
Soft summer, strowing rosebuds at my feet;
The birthright of the centuries—yea more—
Are all mine own.

Yea more—sweet girl!—in those dear eyes of thine
I read a love that makes all these seem small;
O heart that beats in unison with mine!
More thou than all!

For love made smooth the roughest steep I trod,
And love made sweet what else were sour indeed,
And love went ever with me like a god
In hour of need.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GHOST OF THE ETCHEMIN.

BY ANNA BOYDE.

A few miles above Quebec on the Levis side, the sparkling little river Etchemin (after having faithfully performed its allotted labour of bringing logs to the saw mill) falls quietly into the great St. Lawrence, and is born towards the ocean. It is not very much of a river, this little Etchemin, with regard to size, but it is very useful and very beautiful. Where it rises I really do not know, but from where I first caught a glimpse of it at St. Henri village till lost in the St. Lawrence there is scarcely a hundred yards but what has some special beauty of its own. Here flowing on smoothly, calmly, so wide as to almost merit the name of a lake, there dashing along between high rocks, foaming, splashing, so that not even an Indian's canoe could live through it; further on again calm, silent, black, from its immense depth, for the simple Canadians round declare no line could ever be spun of sufficient length to reach the bottom.

But it is not for its picturesque beauty that the Etchemin finds its way into print, but because of the veritable ghost which for a while haunted a house on its banks. About ten miles from its mouth is the very prettiest of the many pretty spots along the river, and there, just at the head of a miniature fall, lived old Alphonse Leduc, his son Pierre, and his adopted daughter Thérèse. A few houses were clustered around the fall, for the grist mill was erected there, likewise a saw mill, which gave employment to a great many. Thérèse therefore, who was the handsomest girl for miles around, had no lack of admirers, but to all she turned a deaf ear, and "would have none of them."

No one but the old man Alphonse Leduc guessed why Thérèse so persistently refused her lovers, and he encouraged her decision, for nothing would have pleased the old man better than to see her the wife of his son; indeed he one day got her to promise that she would marry Pierre if he ever asked her. Thérèse was now about nineteen, Pierre twenty-two, and as he had shown latterly a decided preference for his cousin's society, the old man thought his cherished plans were about being accomplished.

One day coming home tired from his work in the field, he sat down to rest in the cheerful kitchen which overlooked the swiftly gliding stream. Thérèse was singing gaily at her work—a work but little known in cities, but which at one time had to be learned by every farmer's daughter. I mean *fulling cloth*. This was done by soaking in a stream (if living sufficiently near one), and then drying in the sun. The work was heavy, for the thick homespun soaked up a large amount of water; however, as the young Canadian girls generally contrived to have a *corvée* for it, the work progressed rapidly amid shouts of laughter at the different witticisms which emanated from one or other of the group.

Thérèse, at the moment when her uncle and foster-father was seated at the window, was standing ankle-deep in the water, which danced gaily over the bare white feet. It was her turn to hold a piece of cloth so as to prevent the current from carrying it away, and as she held it she sang a gay little *chanson*, to which all united in chorus.

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "if Pierre only knew what was good for him, he would not leave my little Thérèse unmarried."

"What is that, father?" said Pierre, who had entered unperceived, "would you really wish me to marry Thérèse?"

"Ah, my son, I could then die happy."

"Remember we are cousins, and Monsieur le Curé might object."

"No, no, Pierre, you are not within the forbidden degree; then it would make me so happy to have my little Thérèse provided for without dividing the farm."

Further conversation passed between father and son, resulting in a promise on the part of the latter that he would propose to his cousin that evening. A cold indifferent lover Master Pierre most decidedly was, but the old man never noticed it, and as for poor Thérèse, the blind god had her too entirely in his power for her ever to notice aught amiss in the behaviour of Master Pierre.

* The American word "bee" explains a *corvée* better than any English word.

"Father," she whispered that night to the old man, "you will be doubly so to me now; ah! what care I shall take of you."

"You could not do more than you have, my child, yet still I feel a happy man to-night." Then, after a silence of a few moments, he said in a half-playful tone, "Promise me, Thérèse, you will be sure to marry Pierre."

"*Mais assurément oui*," she replied, rather surprised at the request.

"If you do not, my ghost will haunt you when I die." The words came slowly, distinctly, though even then death stood near, for within an hour good old Alphonse Leduc was seized with paralysis, which ended in death within forty-eight hours.

The wedding, of course, was now put off, it being against the rules of the church to marry within a year from the time of a relative's decease. Thérèse, therefore, lived on at the farm, and Pierre departed for the "cove," where work could always be had in abundance.

A year went by, Pierre was expected home, and Thérèse was in high spirits, her wedding dress ready, her *fille d'honneur* invited, all prepared, and only awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom elect.

This took place before the days of steamers and railroads, so that no melodious whistle from the iron horse heralded the wished-for arrival, but foot-sore and weary the traveller gained his home.

Thérèse rose a happy girl that day; she went to her bed a heart-broken woman, for Pierre, her Pierre whom she loved so long and so well, had asked her to release him from his promise, and she had done so, though she knew it would break her heart.

"You will live with us, Thérèse," Pierre said, before starting to claim the Marie who had stolen away his heart, "you will still be my sister, I have always loved you as one, and it would have pleased the father."

"The father!" pale turned the poor girl's cheek, as she remembered that father's last words: "If you do not marry Pierre my ghost shall haunt you," but she tried hard to bring plain common sense to bear upon the subject and to feel that one could not haunt another merely because they willed it.

Another six months passed over, Pierre came home, bringing with him his wife, who was a kind, sprightly little woman, and who felt she owed an eternal debt of gratitude to Thérèse for resigning Pierre in her favour; but from that night when first the married pair slept under the old roof tree began the martyrdom of poor Thérèse. No blue lights, no clanking chains, no horrible cries, disturbed the slumbers of the household, but every thing belonging to the poor girl was nightly displaced, inasmuch that it would take hours to repair the mischief, whilst she would lie shivering in her bed, and feeling that old Alphonse Leduc had been permitted to make his promise good.

Vain were all efforts to stay this most implacable of ghosts; nightly visits were paid, spite of bell, book and candle, and each visit seemed to take more and more away from the life of the innocent girl, till at length she was unable to leave her bed. Town relatives were apprised of the illness, and, naturally enough, they disbelieved the cause.

"She walks in her sleep," said one of the uncles, a smart, energetic man, whom a ghost would have hard work to undertake.

"I will spend a night at the farm," he said, "and soon show you how absurd your fears are."

True to his promise, the city merchant arrived at the farm, and as Thérèse was rather better than usual that day, and exerted herself so far as to remain up for supper, he supposed the clue to the mystery would soon be solved.

Night drew on, Thérèse, tired out, withdrew to her little closet off the kitchen, and the rest of the family sat talking together.

"Well, Pierre, *mon ami*," said the uncle, "I think your ghost will not visit you to-night; I have barred the way," pointing to the door of Thérèse's closet.

"It is too early yet," answered the wife of Pierre; "he never comes till twelve."

An incredulous laugh followed the remark of the young woman, and conversation took a general turn, till in the midst of a long tale which was being told by a neighbour who had dropped in, a strange noise was heard overhead.

"What is that?" cried the uncle, starting from his seat.

"The ghost," was the solemn reply.

"Nonsense, it is Thérèse herself who is walking in her sleep," and crossing the kitchen, he opened the door of his niece's room, fully expecting to find it empty, but to his unbounded amazement the poor girl lay there wide awake and trembling.

"Are you convinced now that it is a real ghost," asked Pierre.

"I am convinced it is not Thérèse, as I supposed, yet still I am equally convinced it is something human; will you come with me till I search."

"Yes, though you will find nothing."

Taking the light, the two men mounted the stairs leading to the garret, which, as all Canadians know, is in the country a store-room for all which is not wanted in the living rooms. Half an hour passed, during which thorough search was made but nothing discovered, and they prepared to descend the stairs.

"Look round well, uncle," said Pierre, "note where those things are which belong to Thérèse, you will find a change among them by morning."

George Leduc did not say "nonsense" this time, but he quietly did as his nephew desired. For an hour or more after the party were once more seated in the kitchen the noise continued, after which all was quiet and they separated. (The old neighbour had gone long ago), though but little sleep visited the eyes of two.

Early next morning a rap at the uncle's door awakened him and Pierre's voice said—

"I have to go to the garret this morning, and I thought you might perhaps like to see if there was any change from last night."

A few moments sufficed for toilet, and the uncle and nephew opened the door leading to the garret.

"What is this?" exclaimed the elder man, as he stumbled over some dark object on the floor.

"Merely a piece of cloth woven by Thérèse," was the reply.

After ascending the stairs, a spinning wheel turned up side down barred further progress till such time as it was removed; then, scattered over the floor, hung to the beams, in fact wherever was the most unlikely place, would be found the belongings of Thérèse, and invariably a something done to

them which, if it did not actually destroy, would at least cost labour to right again.

The beautifully spun wool which had been carefully laid away would be tangled, the carded rolled into balls, the straps undone from the spinning-wheel, or the shuttles unwound or removed from the loom, indeed nothing belonging to the ill-fated girl was safe; and no matter how carefully all might be stowed away in the morning, twelve o'clock at night brought again the restless spirit.

"What do you think now, uncle?" said Pierre.

"I cannot say, but let us arrange all carefully, and perhaps I may find out to-night."

But neither that night nor any other did George Leduc solve the mystery, though he tried hard to do so. The ghostly visits continued all through the time he spent with Pierre, and seldom was the same act repeated twice alike, and daily Thérèse faded before the eyes of those who loved her, for she was indeed dear to the hearts of both Pierre and his warm-hearted little wife.

"Why is it that our Thérèse is the only one troubled, and whose spirit can it be?" were questions daily asked, but none could answer, for the dying girl kept her secret to the last.

"Marie," she said one day to her cousin's wife, "do you love me well enough to keep a secret, even from Pierre, till after my death?"

"Yes, *chère Thérèse*, even from him, though God knows I love him dearly."

"Would you have grieved much had you been separated?" "Grieved! ah, I should have broken my heart."

A silence of a few minutes, and then, with many a pause, came the story of Thérèse's love for her cousin, her promise to her adopted father, his last words, his death, and her release of Pierre from his engagement.

Marie was deeply moved, and throwing her arms around the dying girl, as she sat propped up by pillows, she wept bitterly.

"Ah! *ma chère, ma chère*," she moaned, "to think of all you have suffered for us!"

"Nay, Marie, don't regret it, for Pierre loved you dearly, and I, ah! well, I loved him too well to keep him from you."

"You are an angel," cried the impulsive little woman a few moments after, as she lifted a tear-stained face from her cousin's shoulder, and she was right, for Thérèse Leduc was no longer mortal.

A few days after Thérèse was laid in the little churchyard, where a simple white cross marks the spot, and never since has the quietness of the inmates of Pierre's home been disturbed by the appearance of a ghost.

Such is the tale as I heard it years ago. The narrator firmly believed it, and said there were many then living in the little village who could vouch for the truth of it.

"But why," I asked, "did the ghost trouble Thérèse; it seems to me that Pierre ought to have been the one."

"Ah, madame, we never attempted to think why it was done; we only know it was so," and the old man took several fierce whiffs from his pipe.

"Do you think," I asked, after a pause, "that Pierre had any hand in it himself; might he not wish to drive his cousin away, or even by her death become possessor of the whole farm?"

I had barely asked the question when I perceived I had done wrong, for the old man almost glared at me as he answered fiercely,

"*Mais non; sarré!* Why Pierre loved her well, only not well enough for a wife; and he would not let her leave when she wished to; besides the farm was all his own, for his father died without a will."

"I beg pardon," I said humbly, "I only wish if possible to account for the appearance of Alphonse Leduc."

"But there it is, madame; he never appeared, no one ever saw him during those years that he haunted his niece, we only had her word for it, that the spirit was her uncle's, and yet she never saw him, though she would declare that so soon as midnight came, he would come some nights to sit beside her bed, crying and wringing his hands till dawn; those nights her effects were left undisturbed, others he would pay his noisy visit to the garret, leaving the traces of his visit behind him, but never was he seen."

"How, then," I asked, "did she know it was her uncle?"

"She felt it was he, you see she had loved him tenderly."

The old man's answer was so full of feeling, and yet so simple and child-like in its perfect belief, that I had not the heart to say what I wished to: "she was sensitive and nervous," so I contented myself with a French shrug, learned during my three weeks' stay, and a rather diffident "I cannot understand it."

"Nor can I," answered the old man; and was it imagination which brought to my ear, from far away, a wailing "Nor can I."

Miscellaneous.

Making Mosaics.

The most celebrated mosaic manufactory in the world is within the Vatican Palace. Roman mosaic is formed of tiny bits of opaque colored glass of various shades, amounting, it is said, to the almost incredible number of 30,000 different and distinct shades. These are so arranged as to form pictures perfect in every detail—in light, shadow, shade, and colour. The various pieces of coloured glass are placed in a pre-arranged order on a table covered with a sort of cement, there being often many thousand pieces in one picture, and the surface of this picture is then smoothed and polished. The portraits of many of the popes have been thus made at this manufactory.

Bitters.

Some important experiments as to the effects of the beverages popularly known as "bitters," have recently been described by Dr. Decaisne of Paris. He finds that while the composition of these beverages is not uniform, they generally contain either vermouth or absinthe, in combination with the inferior qualities of alcohol. Concerning the effect of the essential oil of absinthe on organism, he finds that, quantity for quantity, a few drops of it dropped into a vessel of water containing fishes destroy life sooner than prussic acid. He adduces the evidence of various and careful experiments, to show that vermouth and absinthe produces epilepsy in animals, and believes that epileptic fits in many cases supervene from excessive drinking of bitters.

Thomas Nast at Work.

Mr. Thomas Nast has met with marked success as a lecturer. In Lewiston, Maine, where he appeared a few evenings since, the people were delighted with his speaking as well as his sketching. During the lecture he frequently sketched in colour crayons upon a large screen by his side. This he did in a rapid and, to the average observer, an incomprehensible manner. A