What Ails the World?

BY FATHER RYAN.

"What ails the world?" the poet cried,
"And why does Death walk everywhere?
And why do tears fall anywhere?
And skies have clouds, and souls have And thus the poet sang, and sighed.

For he would fain have all things glad, All lives happy, all hearts bright Not a day would end in night, Not a wrong would yex a right, And so he sang, and he was sad.

Thro' his very grandest rhymes Moved a mournful monotone, Like a shadow eastward thrown From a sunset, like a moan Tae gled in a joy-bell's chimes. "What ails the world?" he sang, and asked,

And asked and sang, but all in vain, No answer came to any strain, And no reply to his refrain— The mystery moved 'round him, masked. What alls the world?" an echo came

"Alls the world." The minstrel bands,
With famous or forgotten hands,
Lift up their lyres in all the lands,
And chant alike, and ask the same—

From Him whose soul first soared in song—A thousand-thousand years away,
To him who sang but yesterday,
In dying or in deathless lay,
"What ails the world?" comes from the

They fain would sing the world to rest, And so they chant to countless keys As many as the waves of the seas, And as the breathings of the breeze, Yet even when they sing their best—

When o'er the listn'i ag world there floats Such melody as 'raptures men, When all look up entranced, and when The song of fame floats forth, e'en then A discord creepeth thro' the notes.

Their sweetest harps have broken strings
Their grandest accords have their jars,
Like shadows on the light of stars;
And somehow something ever mars
The song the greatest minstrel sings.

And so each song is incomplete, And not a rhyme can ever round Into the chords of perfect sound, The tones of thought e'er surround The ways walked by the poet's feet.

"What ails the world?" he sings and sighs No answer cometh to his cry— He asks the earth and asks the sky, The echoes of his song pass by Unanswered, and the poet dies.

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

"You must not mind me, Mr. Hutchin son," she said. "You know I am familiar with every inch of the road; and besides, grandpapa has specially entrusted me to Uncle Richard. In return for his care I am to explain to him and Cousin Duncan all the beauties that lie on our way. Pray take care," she added, a little alarmed, 'You are crowding Lucy too near the edge

Their path, at that point, lay along the brow of a precipice overhanging the French Broad or beautiful Tselica, which rushed and roared over its rocky bed between mountain walls that rose on either side and seemed to shut out from the travellers the sky overhead. The road, much labor as it had cost to cut it out of the hard rock, almost in the face of the cliff, barely offered space enough for two country wagons to cross each other, while in many places nothing stood between the unwary teamster and the precipice, with

the foaming river beneath.

Hutchinson had pushed his horse between Rose and her uncle to urge upon them his own service as guide along this into the animal he rode, causing it to rear woon Large when Large who have a guide along this speak my mind."

The two young men were now up with to meet them, while the ladies, under the guidance of Hiawassee, were hastening to upon Lucy, who was immediately behind him, and whose frightened horse was thus incident. suddenly forced in most dangerous proximity to the unprotected bank. In an instant buth Duncan and Gaston were at the girl's side, the latter seizing a bridlerein, and with a sudden jerk, pulling the pony into the middle of the road. At the moment the Cherokee had caught the bridle of Robert's horse and quieted him by pulling him up alongside his own.

infuriated Frank, who had been drinking deeply that morning, forgetting all prudence and the courage of true man hood, broke out into a tremendous oath, and struck at the kind-hearted old chief with his riding-whip. Hiawassee avoided the blow by a quick movement, and, be-fore Frank could recover his balance, clutched the latter by the collar, tore and flung him from his horse, as if he infant. Gaston was instantly on his feet helping the discomfited culprit to rise, while Rose pushed her horse up to the Cherokee, who had also dismounted, and was evidently preparing to inflict further punishment on his assailant.

"Hiawassee," she said impleringly, are my father's friend, and loved brother by my grandfather. For their sakes and mine let there be no quarel."

She held out her hand to him. He had often carried her in his arms when a merchild and had delighted to be her guide. as she grew up, to all the picturesque sites in the mountains, and to explain to he every Indian tradition connected with each spot. Reared mostly with Francis D'Arey, who was only a year younger than himself, Hiawassee had retained not a little of the stately courtesy of their Spanish nurture. Seizing the hand of the girl whom he loved as his own child, he

pressed it to his lips.

"It is enough that you wish it, Miss Rose," he said; Hawassee is your devoted

He sprang into the saddle with the rode off by Rose's side, receiving her warm thanks for his generous forbearance.

"Oh, Frank!" Lucy exclaimed, with a choking voice, "you have disgraced us, and I am ashamed of you. You must have a choking the manage of the control of the control

and I am assamed of you. For must come home with me immediately."
"Hold your tongue!" her brother said, as he almost lifted his hand to strike her.
"I will not go home till I have settled accounts with that cursed old savage

"Frank," interposed young D'Arcy,
"You forget that Hiawassee is a very old
man, and he only did what he did to save you from serious danger to yourself

"A savage, indeed!" Lucy was indig-nantly saying. "I should like to know which was the savage and which the courte-

ous gentleman."
"Lucy! by --!" her enraged brother broke out with another oath, "I'll—"
Nothing could have now saved the spirited but rash girl from indignity, had not Gas-

ton placed himself between the utterly enton placed himself between the utterly en-raged brother and his sickly sister.

"Hutchinson" he said, grasping the other's uplifted arm, and speaking to him in a gentle, firm voice, "you must think of yourself. I must save you from doing what you would bitterly regret, and what others would never forgive you for."

"Miss Lucy," Gaston continued, "do what force of regiving my sister. Ah.

"Miss Lucy," Gaston continued, "do me the favor of rejoining my sister. Ah, Uncle Richard, thank you for coming in time. Will you kindly take care of Miss Hutchinson? I shall be with you in a mo-

"Your girths are broken or loosened "Your girths are broken or loosened. Frank," he said to his now silent and shamefaced companion. "Come, let us set them right and rejoin our company."
"Gaston D'Arcy," rejoined the other, "I tell you once for all that I will have none of your grand airs of superiosity and protection. Your every word wounds me

ike a blow.
"Come Frank," said his companion. "you are not yourself, and you would not have me quarrel with a spirit which you must try to put away from you. Nay, do not speak now; let us only try to set these girths to rights and then overtake looking back at us."

The sight of the two girls, who had turn-

The sight of the two girls, who had turned back a few paces to look after the voung men, seemed to act as a spell on Frank. He had never been trained to self-control, had been the slave of his own evil passions from childhood, and had been acustomed to see every person within his own home yield to the ungovernable temper which made his parents and relatives

per which made its parents and relatives wretched, and himself miserable.

The thought that Lucy might relate to her friend the brutal threats he had just made use of, gave a new direction to the stormy feelings within him. Such a disclosure would ruin every hope still cher-ished of winning Rose's esteem, and secur

ing her love.

"You saved me long ago from drowning, Gaston," he said meekly. "I ought never to forget what I owe you. And, to do you justice, you have not uttered a word that could recall my obligation. You word that could recall my obligation. You are now trying to save me from worse than drowning—from that evil self that overmasters all that is good in me. Will you still stand my friend and my brother?" he continued, with a broken voice, as he stretched out his hand to young D'Arey.

"Frank," replied the later, warmly grasping the outstretched hand, "have you ever known me to say or to do aught

that was not both friendly and brotherly

that was not both friendly and brotherly?"
"Never!" Hutchinson said with fervor.
"Then, let us mount and be going, else all these people will fancy you and Ihav been quarreling."
They were in the saddle in a moment, and on their way to join their friends. Lucy and Rose, seeing them riding forward, turned their own horses' heads, and was proposed by a turn in the parameters. were soon concealed by a turn in the nar-

"There is one supreme service that you could render me now, Gaston," said the other, presently. "It would enable me to redeem the past, and set me on the road to noble endeavor. It would, of all things beneath the sun, help most to make a man of me.

"Be sure," was the calm and steady re

"Be sure," was the calm and steady reply, "that you shall ever find me willing and anxious to serve you and yours in everything that lies within my power."

"Thank you again, Gaston. More I cannot say at present. But before the day is over I must find an opportunity to speak my mind."

"The two young men, were now, up with

Rose, anxious to appease the Cherokee's just anger, and to prevent a renewal of hostilities, made Hiawassee ride between herself and Lucy. "Hiawassee," she said suddenly, as they pushed their horses to a sharp trot, "I have a great favor to ask of

you."
"Miss Rose can ask nothing that Hiawassee could considered to be a favor,' was the courtly answer of the chief. "Grandpapa says," rejoined Rose, "that you are one of the truest gentlemen and blest souls that he has ever known

ter than any other living man," said the chief. "But am I not a Christian? Were we both not baptised the same day and hour? And have we not been educated together? How could Hiawassee have been your grandfather's friend and companion for eighty years, and not resemble him somewhat?"

"You do resemble him, Hiawassee," said "and I love you because you are so like him. "That makes Hiawessee both proud and

happy, Queen Flower," he said. "And now what can I do to prove my grati-"Forgive Mr. Hutchinson for my sake,"

"Forgive Mr. Hutchinson for my sake," was the answer.

"For your sake and for His whose divinest Gift both your grandfather and myself received this morning."

"There you make me ashamed of my own ignorance and forgetfulness," Rose said blushing.

"For my sake, too," Lucy put in, "I beg you to forget what has just passed. My brother is hasty, but he is kind-hearted."

"Miss D'Arcy has spoken, and that is

Ins D Arcy has spoken, and that is sufficient for Hiawassee," rejoined the Indian with dignity. "But, Miss Rose," he continued, "I forgive on one condition,—that Mr. Hutchinson shall not be rude to you or your brother."

The hesitating manner in which the Cherokee stated this "condition," surprised Rose, who would have tried in vain for an explanation. The truth was that Hia-wassee's keen eye had long ago observed Hutchinson's preference for Rose. He was also thoroughly acquainted with the character of her suitor, and was determined, when the proper time came, to do all he could to prevent the realization of Frank's wishes. He had, moreover, overheard Rose's rejection of her suitor's service as a guide, and divined that the latter was bent on making to the young girl a declaration of love that very day. Hiawassee now re-solved that he should not have another

opportunity to annoy Miss D'Arcy till her return to Fairy Dell. Rose was prevented from asking the Cherokee to explain his last words by her brother's suddenly coming up. "It is

"Just as Hiawassee and you shall decide," Rose answered. "He is our guide, you know, and he knows best what we might see without risking to be out late.

might see without risking to be out late. What do you say Hiawassee?"
"Mr. Gaston's proposal is a prudent one," the old man replied. "We can easily lead the horses round to the platform on the top of the rock. While you are refreshing yourselves, we can decide what else to see before dark."

else to see before dark."

Four colored servants, who had been sent on in advance with luncheon, were resting with their horses in the shade, quite near the shore of the rapid and beatuiful river, with the huge rocky mass called the "Lovers' Leap" rising vertically from the road to a height of several hundred feet above them. The party disponented road to a height of several number leaf above them. The party dismounted, Frank and Duncan, who had delighted the younger girls with jest and anecdote, now taking charge of their horses, while Hiawassee aided Rose to dismount, and Gaston lifted the light and wearied form of

"You will not be jealous, Frank," he said, pleasantly, "if I play knight to Miss Hutchinson."
"I shall be grateful, on the contrary,

replied the other; "and I am sure Lucy must feel both honored and grateful." "Indeed I do," the girl said in a low tone, heard only by the two young men; "for I would not for the world accept the service of a man who has just threatened

"Lucy, by Heaven!" her brother said fiercely, "if you begin your bantering again—" again—"" No more of this, for mercy's sake!"
Gaston interposed. "Come, Miss Lucy," he continued, "I must put you in my sister's hands."

"How deadly pale you are, my pet," called out the sister herself, who had missed Lucy for the last few moments.

"Oh, I do sometimes wish I were dead!" the impulsive and sorely-tried invalid broke out, as she cast herself sobbing into

her friend's arms.
"What is it, darling? what has hap-

pened!" Rose said, looking with alarm at her brother, and remarking Robert Hutchinson's flushed face and angry look. "No, do not tell me yet. Come with me to the water just here, and let me bathe your face and head. A little rest in the shade, and the cool breeze blowing on you will soon revive you. Supporting and almost carrying the wearied and unnerved little thing to

where a mass of mountain laurel over-shadowed a little creek as it joined the Tselica, Rose placed her favorite on the fragrant grass amid a wealth of wild flow-ers, and proceeded to untie her hat. "Gaston!" she called to her brother, who

was leading Lucy's horse and his own to the river bank near which Rose was standing; "Gaston, won't you run and get me a little wine from old Jim's pannier!"

"Of course I will," said the ever-ready Gaston. "Here, Frank, just hold your

sister's pony till I have found the servants yonder. "And now mind," he continued, placing the bridle in the other's hand, "you must promise me not to say one un-gentle word to that poor sick child. She is warmblooded like yourself."
"I promise," was the prompt reply.
"Only take your time. She does not need

the doctor. Gaston rode off. This second incident had attracted but little notice from the other members of the party, who were fascinated by the stupendous crag with its green crown of fir, oak, and hickory, as it towered above them in the noonday sun, and was reflected in the deep waters that flowed by its base. Even Hiawassee, whom Mr. Montgomery was plying with various questions about the rock itself and the egends connected with it, forgot for the moment Rose, and the resolution formed not to let young Hutchinson to address Surrounded as the venerable her alone. Surrounded as the venerable chief was by an eager and admiring circle faces, his whole attention was absorbed in answering these interroga-

It was just the opportunity that Hut

chinson had been waiting for, and for which he had scarcely dared to hope. "Miss Rose," he said, as he approached the two girls, "I feel deeply pained at having caused you and your friends such annoyance to-day. I regret, too, that my sister should have been so thoughtless as to force herself on your company in her present state of health."

'Your sister knows perfectly how sweet her presence is to me and to every member of our family; she can never force herself upon us. My sisters and myself scarcely feel her to be anything else than the dearest of sisters—do we, darling?" she said, fondly kissing the head she was bathing with the cool water as it was laid against her bosom. Lucy only answered by a mute caress.

"Besides," Rose went on, speaking she knew not from what impulse, "the only pain was given to one who wished to do ourself an act of manly kindness, and the numiliation inflicted on this little sensi-

The sensitive plant will soon recover

its vitality," Frank said jauntily; and as to that old savage——"
"Stop! Mr. Hutchinson," Rose said, interupting him. "Hiawassee is not a swage. An old man he is, certainly," say went on with a slight tinge of contempt in her voice, "a venerable old man, and therefore deserving of our respect because of his age, as he would be deserving of forbearance were he feeble as well as aged, and had he been the offender. But he is also my grandfather's cherished and lifeong friend, and no one can slight him in

presence."
'I am unfortunate," the other replied bitterly, "to deserve Miss D'Arcy's indignation and reproof, even when I mos anxiously endeavor to serve and please I could not think, on the eve of your departure for Europe," he proceeded, dropping his voice and looking into the eyes raised suddenly to his, "that one who has been your playmate from childhood, and your companion over every one of these roads and mountain paths, could be rudely thrust aside in presence of young men of his own age, and a beggarly old Cherokee vagabond selected to be your

guide and close companion."
"I must insist, Mr. Hutchinson," the spirited girl said, as she now rose to her feet, "that you shall not, in my presence,

Leap.' What do you say to our lunching on the top, seeing what we can in the neighborhood, and then returning home?" whom I have so many reasons to respect and to love."

"Ah," said he, suddenly changing his "Yes I know," the poor heart-sick little

tone to one of genuine humility, "I wish I could merit some small portion of your respect and regard!"
"Shall I speak to you frankly?" Rose

answered. You surely have the right," he said, "You surely have the light taking off his hat.
"Oh Frank," she said, as her cheeks colored, and the tears stood in her eyes, "Why do you not strive, before all else, to "Why do you wan self-esteem? Why do you loose so often your own self-esteem? Why advout loose so often your own self-respect? Why are you not like the Frank Hutchinson I first remember, the beautiful, manly, generoes boy I used to love and trust when was a child, and he loved to be my com-

As she spoke, Lucy began to sob violenty, and this gave a new degree of interest to Rose's earnest entreaty. "Frank," she continued, "do you not

ee how dear your only sister is to me, to

see now dear your only sister is to me, to my brothers and sisters, to my parents, to every one who knows her? And why is it she is now so miscrable and so sickly?" "Because I am a brute!" he broke out. "Because I do not deserve the name of a man. Oh, have pity on me, Rose!" he continued; "you do not know how much I despise and hate myself!"

"Have pity on yourself, Frank!" she answered, "and you cannot fail to win from others sentiments far different from the sentiments.

pity and contempt. Think only of what a father, what a mother, and what a truehearted little sister you have! Lucy," she continued, "would you not love him dearly, as of old, if he would only be him-

"I would, I would, Frank!" the weeping girl exclaimed, as she sprung up and approached her brother.

and approached her brother.

He opened his arms to her as she came
to him, pressed her to his heart, kissed her
again and again, while the hot tears chased each other down his cheeks. "I'll never pain you again, Lucy," he whispered,

never! Say you forgive me!"
"I do, I do, Frank!" she sobbed out, as

she clung to his neck.

Rose was quite overcome by this sudden transition of feeling, and was allowing her own tears to flow sweetly, when Frank, with one long, fervent kiss, put Lucy from him, and kneeling bare headed before Miss D'Arcy, he said slowly and solemnly

"Rose D'Arcy, God knows how truly I love you. But because that love is true, I vow to God, here in your presence, that you shall not see me again, till I have won back both my own self-respect and your exteem."

esteem. He rose, turned away, jumped on his horse, and was galloping down the road before either girl could utter one word in their astonishment. He had vowed to make himself worthy of the love of a noble The sequel will show how he woman. kept his vow.

Rose, now deadly pale, and growing faint after her unusual excitement, sat down, and Lucy hastened to kneel by her and comfort her, seeing how distressed sh

"It is all my fault, Rosette, darling," sh said, putting her arms round her friend's neck. "Indeed, it is all my fault. I should never have told of his weakness to

any one; but I could not bear to see him making love to you, when I knew him to be so unworthy of you."

"Be comforted, dear," said the other;
"I think his words and his looks, a moment ago, meant some great resolution."
"Oh, if he would only attend to his law

business, and keep away from his boon companions!" exclaimed Lucy, weeping. "Something will come of this, I hope," replied her companion; "but we must not speak of this to anyone. I hear the noise of Gaston's horse galloping back to us. So, let us wash our faces in the brook, and let me answer all Gaston's inquiries about your

Frank Hutchinson knew that Rose's hand had been promised long ago to another, and this, among other things, was one reason he gave his parents, in his maudlin intervals of repentance between debauch and debauch, for his neglecting debauch and debauch, for all self-amendment and all serious occupation. It was, therefore, with an altered purpose that he now had turned his back both on Rose and or his sister. He was determined that no true woman should ever again look down on him with either

pity or contempt.
"Here I am!" cried out Gaston, as he dismounted and hastened toward the shady spot where the girls were nestling. "I have brought luncheon for all three of us Have I been too long, sister Rose!" he asked, as he alighted and held out a basket

to her.
"You are in good time," she answered,

"and, as ever, the promptest of messengers."
"And Miss Hutchinson?"

"And ans Hutchmson?"
"Oh, she is quite herself again," Lucy replied, "but very much ashamed to have caused you so much trouble and annoyance. Mr. D'Arey."
"But what has become of your brother?" Gaston said, looking around in surprise "Rose, where is Mr. Hutchinson?" he ask

ed of his sister, somewhat startled by the evident embarrassment of both girls. "My brother is heartily ashamed of his conduct, and not without good reason, as you know, Mr. Gaston," Lucy said quick-ly, "so he has taken himself off."

"Has anything happened since I left you?" the young man inquired, as he scrutinized the downcast looks of the two friends. "Will you not speak to me,

"Gaston." she said, "Lucy has given you the true answer, and you need seek no other. Pray open this bottle of Cataw-ba for me, and do us the knightly service you promised, instead of standing there motionless like a statue of Dismay." "Pardon me, Miss Hutchinson; I should

be more mindful of your distress," Gaston said, as he brought forward the uncorked bottle. "Now, you despot fairy," he said, resuming his wonted smile, and addressing Rose, "let me get you some cool water from the little brook higher up in the shade. Make Miss Hutchinson drink a little of the pure wine to revive her, and I shall be back in a moment with fresh water from the haunts of the

I only had such a brother!" Oh, if Lucy said through her tears, as she gazed after the graceful form of Gaston.

"Well, darling, but have you not the most devoted of sisters in me? and can we

thing went on, as she held the untasted wine to her lips. "But to have to return to my cheerless home!"

to my cheerless home!"
"Hush, hush, Lucy dear," said her friend; "these things must never be breathed to any one but me. Oh, you have my love, and papa and mamma's. Oh. vou and dear grandpapa's too. And, Lucy darling, here are Mand and Genevieve; and don't you know that they love you

and don't you know that they love you better even than they love me?"
"What has ever become of you, Lucette? and what is sister Rose doing to you in this shady nook?" Maud exclaimed, as she and Genevieve came bounding along, half impatient at the delay in their expected enjoyment, and half unexpected enjoyment, and half unexpected enjoyment. expected enjoyment, and half un-easy at Lucy's faintness. She was indeed very dear to both of these beautiful girls, more beautiful their elder sister, though lacking that undefinable charm, that incomparable charm, that incomparable grace which attends on the highest forms of goodness and unselfishness, and attracts all hearts as irresistably as an unseen mighty magnet influences neighboring metalli substances. And yet they too were good and unselfish, as well as most beautiful and most innocent, these two radiant girls of fourteen and twelve, who knelt down on the grass on each side of Lucy, and brought back the bright color to her brought back the bright color to her cheeks, and the light of laughter to her swimming eyes, by their caressess, their merry prattle, and the tender concern which shone through their very lightheart-

"Rose," said Genevieve, who was a dimutive portrait of her eldest sister, "I think you must have come across some wicked fairies since you ran away from us; you look so grave, so pale, so fright-

Rose could only east a glance of half re-Rose could only cast a giance of han re-proach at the innocent prattler, when Gaston returned with a vessel of pure spring water. "What do you here, you pair of wild gazelles?" he said to the new-

comers.

"We come to admire your knightly devotion, fair brother," said Maud; "and to drink of the water from your enchanted well, fairy prince," added Genevieve.

"Rose has not even a word or a smile to bestow on us. Are you, too, going to rebestow on us. Are you, too, going to refuse us the light of your countenance?"

"Drink of my spring," said Gaston, fill-ing out a tumbler for the thirsty girls. "It will have the virtue of stopping foolish speech."

'Now, Rose," he went on addressing his Sow, Rose, he went on addressing his sister, "when you think that Miss Hutch-inson has rallied sufficiently, we must has-ten to our friends. They are surely won-dering at our delay. And I think we had better lunch before we attempt to scale the 'Lovers' Leap.' It is already late. But you, too, are fatigued, my little sister," he s id, scanning with concern Rose's altered features. These days have been too much for you. Do take a little wine and water, with some of mamma's nice cake.
"A little pure water will be enoug

Gaston," Rose said, flushing up as she readily did. "No, indeed, I am not fatigued. You'll see that I can ride, walk, and climb with the best of you. So, give me the goblet, and then we shall go. "I am ready," Lucy said, rising; "but I won't run a race with Maud or Gen-

evieve to-day."

"You mustride, Miss Hutchinson," Gaston said, bringing forward her pony.
"Come, Rose," he added, "let me help you to mount. These butterflies must try evieve to-day." their wings with me; unless you prefer to

ride, both of you, on my horse."
"Thank you, Sir Knight," Maud said, as she and Genevieve ran merrilly ahead, "butterflies need no favor from horse or

rider." When they rejoined their companions no questions were asked about the disap-pearance of young Hutchinson. Rose and Lucy had recovered their color and their spirits; at any rate they made successful efforts to be as joyous as Maude and Genevieve. It was resolved unanimously that they should refresh themselves before ascending the 'Lovers' Leap,' and in a pleasant nook beneath the mighty crags that towered above them, they sat to luncheon, while innocent mirth and jollity savored the repast, and all nature seemed to shine on the pleasant group of blameless and venerable old men, of young manhood as brilliant and as pure a the opening flowers of the magnolia, and of maidens as lovely and as innocent as we picture God's angels.

The ascent of the legendary "Lovers'

Leap," toilsome though it was in reality, seemed easy and delightful to the whole party. Even Lucy, in spite of her weak-ness and depression, caught the spirit which buoyed up the others. Hiawassee, with the delicate tact of the true christian gentleman he was, devoted himself in a special manner to her, guiding her pony over the roughest passages, and when she could not ride, supporting, and almost carrying her with the tenderness and respect of a parent. He was unceasing in his explanations of the Indian legends con-nected with the Leap and all the surroundng country, and Lucy gracefully accepted is assistance and listened attentively to his stories, anxious as she was to make the ld chief forget her brother's insolence.

The young men broke out into snatche song, Gaston calling forth Duncan's vocal powers by singing some of the boat songs he had learned on the coast of Biscay and Brittany. But Duncan's glorious tenor voice thrilled them all and sounded far over forest and river as he sang, at Rose's earnest solicitation, A Saint Malo, beau port de mer, or Mon beau petit navir, or Sol Canadien, terre cherie, and thus they arrived exhiberated on the top of the 'Lovers' Leap."

Mr. Montgomery, who, with Maud and Genevieve, was in advance of the party, hastened forward to the edge of the platform, sending up a wild shout of triumph at the success of their exeursion. "Is it not glorious!" he exclaimed rapturously. "What more beautiful prospect could one enjoy even on the very highest summit of the Blue Ridge or the Smoky Mountains? Don't go too near the brink, Genevieve,' he said, as the heedless girl approached the very verge of the precipice where it seemed to overhang the rapid waters of the

"I only want to see," the undaunted girl answered, as she crept toward an oak sapling whose roots dung to the edge of the precipise, "how far the lovers had to eap in order to reach the river." "Oh, Gaston, do go and stop that foolish

child," Rose said turning pale; but Gaston had anticipated her wish, and with a swift and silent step had approached his fool-

hardy sister.

"Viva," he said, "wait for me; I want to see the Leap with you, and we shall bring back a branch of the young oak as a souvenir." He spoke in a low voice, so as not to startle the girl, who now stretched out her hand to grasp the sturdy stem of the young oak. In another second he had seized her by the left arm, which held on to a laural bush a little behind the

oak. "Take a good look, now," he said quietly. But she made no reply, and fell forward with her shoulder against the friendly trunk of the oak. Had not Gaston been there, she must have fallen the next moment over the dizzy edge. As it was, her brother, with admirable presence of mind, only tightened his hold on the fainting girl's arm, and beckoned Hiawas-see to him. The chief, who had not taken his eagle eye from the pair, understood in-stinctively the situation. In the twink-ling of an eye he was with Gaston, beside and a little behind him, grasping him round the body, and enabling him to pull Genevieve to him, and thus remove her from danger. Not a moment too soon; from danger. Not a moment too soon, for the loose mass of rock which the roots of the young oak tree served to hold in its place was pushed forward by this sudden accession of weight, and began to fall in fragments on to the road beneath.

Genevieve, however, was only dizzy and faint. She had not quite lost consciousness when she felt the saving hand of her brother on her arm. The two gentlemen made her sit down between them for a

made her sit down between them for a moment to enable her to recover herself.

"My little sister," Gaston said, as soon as she could muster strength to look up into his face and smile, "you are rather young to think of trying the 'Lovers' Leap."

Leap."
"Now, Gaston, don't," she said; "I am mamma sufficiently punished; and mamma must not know of this—no, nor any one else," she continued. "But can I not get a branch of that little tree, after all?" she

"You may when we get down below," replied her brother, "for there goes rock

The crash caused by the falling mass attracted the eyes of the other members of the party, who were themselves busy in gazing on the enchanting panorama which the valley of the Tselica affords in this place. place.
"Let us go to them, Hiawassee," said

"Let us go to them, Hiawassee," said Gaston. "They will think we are sworn to have all kinds of tragic incidents befall our young ladies. Take my arm, Viva," he continued; "you are a brave little girl. But you must not be foolhardy. And you, dear Hiawassee, will you not tell us the true story of the Lovers' Leap?"

The chief assented, and they all sat down assayed him, begaught the wide branches of

around him beneath the wide branches of a lordly chestnut tree. TO BE CONTINUED. THE LAST WILL OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

A true Christian mother, a noble lady, who lately died in Florence, after having judiciously and equitably disposed of her patrimony in favor of her family, addressed her children in these words:

My words are now directed to you, my dear and beloved children, whom I hope to see around my death-bed when I shall breath my last. I recommend to you, dearest children, the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Mary Immaculate and Heart of Jesus, to Mary Immaculate and to the glorious Patriach St. Joseph. In every difficulty and grief which may befall you during your lifetime, have recourse to Mary, and you shall ever find her your tender and affectionate mother. I leave her to you and consecrate you all in a special manner to her; it is not possible that this good mother should refuse to ac-cept you for her children, and to protect

you in every situation.

Two more devotions I recommend to you, the one to your guardian angel and the other to the souls in purgatory. If God, as I hope, shall have mercy on me, and my soul shall be one of their number, I promise you to pray for you always, as well as for those who shall take care of you. I promise, likewise, to pray for all my friends, as this is my only means to show my gratitude to them, and I take this opportunity to thank all with my heart.

Next I recommend to you, my children,

and in good earnest, sincere attachment to the person of the Supreme Pontiff and to the Holy Church, accepting every de-cision and faithfully observing every order, whatever the world may say. The thought of your soul must be above all the others; do not allow yourself to be guided by human respect. I recommend the same to you, my most

dear daughters; select your friends always among those who belong to families the fear God, and allow yourselves to be guided in this by those who shall have charge of your education.

Never read bad books, nor read in secret. as this also may damage you much. have never read any book without having first consulted prudent and pious persons. Follow in this the example of your mother

and let this be a token of your affection for me.

Be united among yourselves. Union is family, and woe to a great treasure in a family, and we those in which this union is wanting. also charitable to the poor, and, in these miserable times, especially to poor religious. In the poor we must see the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, and think that well-ordered charity never impoverishes

and is highly meritorious before God and is highly mentiorious before God.

I have recommended to you, I think, what I judge to be the principal things, and I rely upon the affection you have always had for me that you will carry them into effect. Now, my beloved children, I have nothing more to do than bless you. The blessing of God be upon you and make you happy in this world and in the next. I leave you recommended with all my heart to the most holy Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, who will henceforth doubly your mother; and rest assured that if the Lord shall, as I hope, have mercy on me, whether in purgatory or in paradise, the prayers of your mother, who loves you so tenderly, shall never fail you; but do you also pray, and make others pray much for the repose of my soul. The Lord bless you again, and sanctify you. This is my

upreme desire. Amen. The Bishops of Spain at the request of the governments relinquished a quarter of their stipends to relieve the public finances.