



What Ails the World?

BY FATHER RYAN. "What ails the world?" the poet cried. "And why does Death walk every where? And why do tears fall all day long? And why do souls have doubts and fears? And why do the poet sing, and sigh, and groan? For he would fain have all things glad. All his happy, all hearts bright, Not a day would end in night, Not a wrong would vex a right, And so he sang, and he was sad.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

"You must not mind me, Mr. Hutchinson," she said, "you know me as 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 of the road."

ton placed himself between the utterly enraged brother and his sickly sister. "Hutchinson," he said, grasping the other's uplifted arm, "you must think of yourself, I must save you from doing what you would bitterly regret, and what others would never forgive you for."

Leop? What do you say to our lurching on the top, seeing what we can in the neighborhood change of then returning home? "Just as I please, you and she decide," Rose answered. "He is our guide, you know, and he knows best what we might see without risking to be out late. What do you say, Hiawassee?"

whom I have so many reasons to respect and to love." "Ah," said he, suddenly changing his tone to one of genuine humility, "I wish I could merit some small portion of your respect and regard!"

both not always depend on Gaston's truth and generosity?" "Yes I know," the poor heart-sick little thing went on, as she held the untasted wine to her lips. "But to have to return to my cheerless home!"

child," Rose said turning pale; but Gaston had anticipated her wish, and with a swift and silent step had approached his foolish 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 laurel 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 Hiawassee to him. The chief, who had not taken his eagle eye from the pair, understood instinctively the situation. In the twinkling 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; 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. As it was, her brother, who 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 moment to enable her to recover herself.

The crash caused by the falling mass attracted the eyes of the other members of the party, who were themselves engaged in gazing on the enchanting panorama which the valley of the Tselica affords in this place. "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, and let us go to them. They are surely wondering 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. Let us sit down, and let me see if I can do anything for you. Do take a little wine and water, with some of mamma's nice cake. A little pure water will be enough, 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 no needless trouble, and then we shall go."











