

to hear you speak of your future in this thoughtless strain. Life is too fleeting to have it squandered as you describe.

"You are nothing short of being a nun!" he exclaimed half pettishly.

"But here we are at the island of Molana, and we haven't eaten a morsel all day. Here, give us the prog;" and he moored the boat to a stout stone jar.

Having partaken of luncheon Miss Fitzgerald and her companion wandered through the now crumbling ruin, built by St. Molanaide in the sixth century.

As yet there had been no formal betrothal between the two. They had been playmates together. She had passed her childhood at a French convent and for many years he had been an inmate of Magdalen College, Oxford.

When our story opens she was aged twenty-one, and he twenty-five.

No doubt he possessed talent above the average, and the coming examination was to prove to the world that the Celt is born to excel in whatever line of life he adopts.

Gerald O'Neill's spirits rose at the golden prospects before him, and when an invitation to pass Christmas at Listering House came in Mary's handwriting, his cup of pleasure overflowed.

At once he accepted, and throwing his valise into the night mail from London to Holyhead, he found himself in a few hours crossing "the silver streak" which separates England and Ireland.

Miss Fitzgerald welcomed her old playmate.

Women are better diplomats than men, and she felt able to conceal her admiration with feminine tact, but when it came to Gerald's turn, he cast aside all formality, and holding her out at arm's length exclaimed—

"By Jove, Mary, you have grown up a beauty!"

Over Molana's green sward they wandered that December day, and in the abbey cloister visited the tomb of Raymond de Gros, Strongbow's sturdy lieutenant and brother-in-law.

"Few men have lived a stormier life, and one could almost imagine that the lull and quiet are pleasing to him," mused Gerald O'Neill.

"I trust his fiery spirit has long ago found rest," answered Miss Fitzgerald, reverently.

"Before his death he founded the Abbey of Rhinorew, hard by, and this noble act, joined to the Requiem of the Monks of Molana, has surely won for him an eternal reward."

"Pshaw," was on her companion's lips, but she suppressed it.

"You foolish child!" he exclaimed, "do you believe in abbeys founding coming to a man's aid after death? I believe when the blow comes we die off like flies, and nothing remains to merit reward or punishment."

corner of the abbey, the younger woman produced a charred stick.

"Here goes," continued the fortune-teller, and she traced mystic lines over Gerald's hand.

"You won't marry your first love. No: she wouldn't make a mark life."

Mary Fitzgerald trembled with indignation. The prophecy was not exciting her curiosity, she had not strength of mind to close her ears; so she remained in the same position listening attentively.

"A nut brown maid with eyes like stars will cross your path. Beware!" The gipsy panted.

"Unless you can prove any you will fall in to the torrent. On the opposite bank there hovers a golden cloud lost in futurity. The mist thickens. I cannot see more," and she dropped Gerald's hand.

"Will the young lady have her fortune told?" she asked, peering at Mary through her rat-like eyes.

"No, thank you," answered Mary quickly. "Come, Gerald, evening is falling. We must go home."

She was growing disgusted with the fave, and angry with Gerald for countenancing it.

"Take things quietly, young lady," said the old woman sarcastically. "I have a rod in pickle for you, but it is a snowberry rod, an emblem of yourself—ever and always a snowberry," and she plucked up by the roots a twig of snowberry that had twined round the sepulchral urn of Raymond de Gros, and presented it to Mary Fitzgerald.

"What does it mean?" she asked nervously.

"When your horsecock is cast, I think of me, Meg Melton," was the rejoinder, coupled with a haggish laugh. "A snowberry always."

She waved her hand in parting salutation, and beckoning to her companion they both embarked in an antiquated canoe, and pulled rapidly up the Blackwater, towards the town of Youghal.

The holidays passed cheerily enough at Listering House.

Christmas morning, Mass had been said in the private chapel, and Mary Fitzgerald looked in vain for her lover's entrance. Towards the end he sauntered in, but his vacant gaze betrayed his unbelief in the Sacred Mysteries. Hourly the truth was dawning upon her that his want of faith would prove an iron barrier to their union, and the thought became maddened to her sensitive nature.

The priest who officiated was a man of deep research, and when Mary heard Gerald and he wandering through the mazes of the classic authors, she lulled her misgivings to rest, in the hopes that such a wise companion might win the truant back to the fold.

She had yet to learn that, until grace touches the stony heart, eloquence, talent, and all this world's treasures of mind and body, count as nothing in the conversion of a soul to God!

Mary's parents, herself and Gerald O'Neill formed the small family party that sat down to dinner at Listering House, and in the evening mustered friends from the surrounding country to swell the gathering, and partake of the dainty fare provided for them.

Even Gerald O'Neill had his fortune rehearsed for the second time, and lingered over the vision of the "nut brown maid with starry eyes," that was to make or mar his future.

When he looked around for an approving smile from his companion she had vanished, and neither threats nor persuasions could prevail on her to reappear.

"She don't like to hear that she'll always be a snowberry," muttered the fortune teller, "but all the same, the mystic scroll remains unaltered, and I see embossed in lines of fire her destiny—a snowberry."

With this prophecy the Christmas party at Listering came to a close.

Gerald upbraided Mary for her bad taste in breaking up the Christmas party, whilst she reminded him of the unhappy effect produced on her mind by his sceptical words on the island of Molana. She did not allude to the gipsy's prophecy. It was too personal a matter—therefore she shunned it.

Next day she planted the snowberry beside the rustic porch at Listering House.

Gerald O'Neill remembered the tiny spray, and when the ill humour had subsided asked for some berries in case it bore any.

"I shan't be here next Christmas," he said. "The berries will remind me of olden times, before any distrust came between us, and I stepped into the cryodon that was to convey him to the railway station."

Time passed on, and one morning a telegram was handed to Mary—

"Passed Senior Wrangler. Send the ode—G. O'Neill."

Mary felt in no mood to court the poetic muse, and in reply to the welcome intelligence sent a letter of congratulation.

The disappointed student stormed with indignation; months passed and no letter came in reply to hers.

An invitation reached Mary from an aunt in London and she gladly accepted it.

To the great metropolis she went, and one day while visiting the belfry of an old historic ruin, she encountered her former acquaintance, Miss Everill.

After some casual remarks she discovered that the English girl was aware of Gerald's whereabouts.

"How odd of him not to call and see you, she remarked," but at present his cousin, Carrie Cosby, a man in love is not responsible for his acts," and she shook her head significantly.

"I wish to send him some snowberries at Christmas," Mary answered, not pretending to notice the shaft aimed at her heart. "He asked for some in our old home in Ireland."

Up and down paced a young Sister of Charity in the wards of one of Ireland's hospitals. The Rosary beads glided slowly through her fingers.

Our readers will recognize Miss Fitzgerald under the black veil and white cowl worn by the daughters of Mary Aikenhead. Five years previously she had bid adieu to her fond parents and Listering House, and started for the novitiate at Milltown Park, county Dublin.

Somewhat, this evening, old memories flittered through her mind, and a feeling of intense pity for the renegade Gerald welled up within her bosom.

Meantime, the snowberry had grown into a lusty plant, and was shooting its green tendrils through the old porch at Listering, whilst under an Italian sky the faithless Gerald wandered.

Some years before he married Carrie Cosby. When Miss Fitzgerald heard of the marriage she took wise counsel from the Cistercian Fathers of Mount Mellory Abbey close to her home, and acting under their advice, joined the ranks of the Sisters of Charity. Thus we find her this wintry afternoon pacing up and down the hospital wards.

"Do you want anything?" she asked of an emaciated woman who had been carried in the previous evening suffering from a broken limb.

"Can't you give me anything to ease my leg?" was the querulous reply.

"The doctor will be here immediately. In the meantime pray to God for patience," the Sister answered gently.

"God may be good to those who know Him. I never did know Him, and I don't want to know Him," was the irreligious rejoinder.

Sister Mary Dympha took the broken limb between her hands, and said firmly: "You can't speak in that way of our good God. You will learn to love Him before you die."

Then she searched for the Rosary beads that hung suspended from her girdle, and in simple language unfolded the mysteries of our Lord's life and death.

The poor creature drank in the new lessons with avidity, and entreated of her consent to complete the work of her instruction.

The broken limb had to be amputated, and during the lulls of pain which followed, Sister Mary Dympha might be seen daily, beads in hand, explaining the meaning of each decade.

A fortnight after the operation, symptoms of weakness began to appear, and medical opinion declared that the patient's days were numbered.

The time was short, and much to be done, and the sister strove with all the love of God, which consumed her heart to prepare the dying woman, who evidently was a victim of intemperance.

Rancour and revenge still burnt in her soul against those who had waylaid and robbed her, which latter particulars gave with hesitation, and then would break into lamentations over the tumbled beads and glass ear-rings which had been stolen from her.

from under the snowberry tree, which along round the tottering porch, and a raven croaked in the chimney with stones.

The gentleman peered through the tall, narrow windows, and before him lay the room where he and his intended bride first met.

The paper hung down in loose festoons, and there floated through his mind the vision of many a joyous evening when he and she danced beneath the peacocks with gorgeous tails, which formerly adorned the walls.

Ah, me! Time's ravages had left its traces on the home of the Fitzgeralds, and on the individual who now picked his way through brambles and tall grass.

Gerald O'Neill was the individual. Wearied out with the ankering cares of the world, for six years he had pursued the mirage of happiness. When the goal was reached he found in his hands only the "Dead Sea fruit," fair to look on, but empty and decayed within.

He was now a widower. The woman he had married was not one to make life happy, and when, worn out with gambling and dissipation, she found death awaiting her, he was not sorry.

Long ago he had cast aside all religion, and when the dying woman gasped: "Gerald, dearest, shall we ever meet again?" his only answer was: "Never, Carry. Close your eyes and die in my arms. This is all I can do for you."

Such was Carrie O'Neill's closing scene. She was buried under the magnolia trees in Florence, and Gerald left the sunny Italian clime to wend his way homewards.

The gentle form of his first love haunted him, and sore in mind and worn out in body, he sought her old home.

Returning to the carman, he inquired what had become of his former friends. Then he heard that Mary Fitzgerald had become a nun and that her parents were dead.

Covering his face with his hands, he drove on, not knowing whither, and caring less. Before the Abbey of Mount Mellory the car halted.

The lines applied to Killeas Abbey were equally true with regard to this cradle of the Cistercian Order in Ireland: "Such was ever the rule at Killeas. For whoever passed, be he baron or squire, was free to call at that abbey and stay, nor question nor hire for his lodging pay, though he tarried a month with his holy choir."

"This is the Abbey, sir," remarked the carman. "A gentleman at the guest-house is waiting for me. I'll drive you both to Cappoquin."

Gerald O'Neill's curiosity was excited, and he wandered into the church to have a look round. There was little to be seen in the rigid simplicity of the unadorned walls.

Presently a small door opened, and one of the confessors made his appearance—a young priest with a gentle grace playing round his classic features. He glided into the confessional, and Gerald asked an old woman his name.

"Father Victor," was the answer. Five minutes elapsed, and through the same door emerged another Cistercian.

There are soaps and soaps but only one Sunlight Soap which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labour and greater comfort. Makes homes brighter Makes hearts lighter. Books for Wrappers

MOST OF EVE'S DAUGHTERS PURE GOLD BAKING POWDER. Its Pure and Sure: they are 81 PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

Another sheet had been added to Father Paul's harvest of souls, and the golden future prophesied by the gipsy hand dawned upon Gerald O'Neill.

BENT NEARLY DOUBLE. THE STORY OF A WELL KNOWN DEBILITATED MAN.

Tortured With Rheumatism For Nearly Twenty Years—Spent Large Sums in a Vain Search for Remedial Health—How He at Last Found It. From The Dublin Reporter. There are very few troubles more wide spread and none more difficult to eradicate from the system than rheumatism. The sufferer is racked with pains that seem unbearable, and frequently feels that even death itself would be a relief. Amongst those who have found much of their lives made miserable by this dread trouble is Mr. Michael Schott, of Delhi, who having found a means of release from its agonies he is anxious that other sufferers should profit by his experience. Mr. Schott is in the employ of Messrs. Quance Bros., millers, and has a reputation for sterling integrity among all who know him. When one of the staff of the Reporter interviewed him, Mr. Schott gave the facts of his illness and recovery as follows:—He had been a sufferer from rheumatism since about eighteen years of age. At times he was confined to bed by the excruciating pains he was undergoing. Again he was able to go about and follow his employment, but even then frequently walked about in an almost doubled up condition. Then again he would have another relapse, and would be forced to take to his bed. During all these years he was almost continually doctoring, but never obtained anything more than temporary relief for the large sums he expended in this way. Having failed to obtain relief at home he went to Simons for treatment, but received no permanent benefit and soon after coming home was as bad as ever. It will be readily understood that he was seriously discouraged, and had come to look upon his case as hopeless. Finally he was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after hesitating at spending any more money in what he now considered a vain pursuit of health, he at last consented to give them a trial. By the time he had used a half dozen of boxes there was no longer any doubt in his mind that he was steadily improving, and the treatment was then gladly continued. When he had taken a dozen boxes he found himself entirely recovered, entirely free from the pain and from all stiffness of joints, and he is now able to do as hard a day's work as any man in the village. He has now been free from his old enemy for so long a period that he feels his cure is permanent, and is consequently an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills, and urges all who are singularly suffering from rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., those pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post-paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Brockville, Ont., Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."