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

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 pettlishly.

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

CHAPTER II.

Having partaken of luncheon Miss Fitzgerald and her companion wan-dered through the now crumbling ruin, built by St Molaneide in the sixth

built by St Molaneide 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 immate 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 examinoum was to prove to the world that the Celt is born to excel in whatever line of life he adopts.

the Oelt is born to excel in whatever line of life he adopts.

Gerald O'Neull's sprits rose at the golden prospects before him, and when an invitation to pass Christmas at Lasterling House came in Mary's handwriting, his cup of pleasure overflowed. At once he accepted, and throwing his valies into the night mail from London to Hollyhead, he found himself in a few hours crossing "the silver streak" which separates England and Ireland.

Miss Fitzgerald welcomed her old playmate.

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 longth 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 le Gros, Strongbow's sturdy lieutenant and beother-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

life, and one could almost imagine that the full and quiet are pleasing to him," mused Gerald O'Noill.

"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."

"Pahaw," was on her companion's lips, but he suppressed it.

"You foolish child!" he exclaimed, do you believe in abbey 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."

To say that Miss Frtzgerald was shocked would but faintly express her feelings. She stood like one dazed—paralyzed.

"Ineasy that, Gerald," were the

snotawa water states and the state of the st

His defiant bearing tarry angular her.

"Nover," he answered. "These are my tenets, and the sconer my friends learn them, the better. What does it matter to you if you pursue your belief and I mine?"

"Alas, you have none," was all she could say, and leaning against the Norman knight's tomb, she wept

Norman knight's tomb, she wept bitterly.

Gerald was started at the sudden change in her demeanor.

"Molly, darling, keep quiet," he murmured soothingly.

"I didn't mean to vex you. Don't dwell on my foolish speech. "Twill sadden your face before the Christmas festivities dawn upon us, and I wan to lead off Sir Roger de Coverley with the prettiest girl in South Munster.

But nothing could rouse the girl from her sad reverie. In her mind's eye she beheld herself married to an infidel, and she resolved this should hereer bo.

infidel, and she resolved an assemble resolve be.

The battle between conscience and affection was a hard one, and the tempter whispered:

"Marry him first and afterwards convert him."

The words lingered in her ear, and imparted a passing balm to her wounded spirit. Just then there was a rustle in the tall poplars.

Barron as lances, amongst which the wind akes wintry music, sighing as it goes," and Miss Fitzgerald turned to see the

cause.

Before the lovers stood an old woman, dressed in a short blue petticoat and scarlet shawl, followed by a young girl attired in a dingy water-proof. They both wore yellow silk scarves on their heads, and were bare-

ooted.
"Sweethearts," muttered the hag,
nd then in a mixed jargon she asked
n alms.

Gerald gave it promptly.

"Your fortune, sir," she said, grasping his extended hand, "and a mighty tine one it is. Shall I tell it?"

"Just what I wish you to do," was the reply, and the old woman pressed his palm.

mis paim.
"Here, girl, quick, bring me a burning brand," and she motioned to

Reom a smouldering fire in the

corner of the abbey, the younger woman produced a charred stick. "Here goes," continued the fortune teller, and she traced mystic lines over

woman produced a charred sick.

"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 exciting her curiosity; she had not strength of mind to close her ears: so she remained in the same position lastening attentively.

"A nut brown maid with eyes like strength of mind to close her ears: so she remained in the same position lastening attentively.

"A nut brown maid with eyes like strength of mind to close her ears: so she remained in the same position lastening attentively.

"A nut brown maid with eyes like strength of mind to close her ears: so she remained in the same position lastening attentively.

"A nut brown maid with eyes like strength and the opposite bank there hovers a golden cloud lost in futurity. The mist thickens. I cannot see more," and she dropped Gerald's land.

"Will the young lady have her fortune told?" slie asked, peering a 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 farce, and angry with Gerald for countonancing 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 sepulchural urn of Raymond lo Gros, and presented it to Mary Fitzgerald.

"What does it mean?" she asked nervously.

"When where the fortune of the she and the off me, Mez Melton." was the

"What does it mean?" she asked nervously.
"When your horsescope is cast, think of me, Meg Melton," was the rejoinder, coupled with a haggish laugh. "A snowberry always."
She waved her hand in parting salutation, and beekoning to her companion they both embarked in an antiquated cance, and pulled rapidly up the Blackwater, towards the town of Youghal.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

of Youghal.

OHAPTER III.

The holidays passed cheerly enough at Listerling 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 betayed his unboilef in the Sacred Mystories. 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 toughes 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 CNeill formed the small family party

nothing in the conversion of a soul to God!

Mary's parents, herself and Gerald O'Noill 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.

Amongst the guests was an English grt, a Miss Everill, who was staying with a lady friend of the Fitzgeralds, and Mary seanned her to ascertain the color of her eyes and hair, fearing she might prove the brunette rival foretold by the gipsey.

But no, Miss Everill was a blonde pure and simple, with coils of golden hair and pale blue eyes. Gerald secured this fair stranger in one of the subsequent dances.

In the height of the fastivities our

secured this late stranger in one of the subsequent dances.

In the height of the festivities our heroine found her mind conetantly ruminating on the gipsy's prophecy, that could she mean by comparing her to a enowherry? That row down the Blackwater had cost her a bitter pang! pang! Tired out with the gay revelry the

pang!
Tired out with the gay revelry the dancers paused.
Lo, from the outside, rose strange musical sounds on the midnight sir.
"Hark!" whispered Gerald to the English girl, "I must ascertain what that weird music means," and he darted out of the door with his fair partner clinging to his arm.
Nearcr and nearcr came the sweet sounds borne on the night wind, and Mary's heart sickened when she beheld the gipsy of Molana led between Gerald and Miss Everill.
Behind walked her attendant.
Both were gaudily clad in red and yellow scarves, and large colored beads dangled from their neck and arms, on a high stool thoold woman perched her self. She explained how she and her companion had been benighted in a squall on the river, how their cance had foundered and left them adits on the night at Listerling House.

It was readily given, and the hag exceld avec of thems.

ne nigns at thistering nouse.

It was readily given, and the hag roaked a vote of thanks.

roaked a vote of thanks.

Leering round the festive chamber
er eyes rested on Miss Fitzgorald.

"Every ship to her moorings," she
xolaimed, and each one crept to a

seat.

"Ladies and gentlemen, whilst the Great Boar is shining in the Heavens, listen to the golden road of fame, which enrolls me before you."

With suppressed breath each one heard his or her fate unfolded, with ne exception.—Miss Fitzgerald.

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 ap-proving smile from his companion she had vanished, and neither threats nor persuasions could prevail on her to reappear.

persuasions could prevail on her to reappear.

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

I see embossed in lines of fire her destiny—a snowberry. With this prophecy the Christmas party at Listerling came to a closs.

CHAPTER IV.

Gerald upbraided Mary for her bad party, whilst she reminded him of the unhappy effect produced on her mind by his sceptical words on the island c Molana. She did not allude to the gipsy's propecy. It was too persona a matter—therefore she shunned it. Next day she planted the snowberry beside the rustic porch at Listerling House.

Gerald O'Neill remembered the tiny

beside the rustic porch at Listerling 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 he stopped into the croydon 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 Nella."
Mary felt in no mood to court the poetic muse, and in reply to the wel-come intelligence sent a letter of congratulation.

come intelligence sent a letter of congratulation.

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

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 head is full only of one dea—my 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 snow-berries at Christmas," Mary answered, not pretending to notice the shaft simed at her heart. "He asked for some in our old home in Ireland."

"Ah, really." went on Miss Everill.

"Well, I havon't seen him for the past month. He was at Brighton with the Cosby's when I last heard of him. They will both start for Monaco, man Carry intends to thank me there, because it was I who introduced her to Mr. O'Neill."

Mary listened like one in a trance, but further than that betrayed no signs of the mental agony she was striving to combat.

"Talking of snowberries," resumed Miss Everill, "do you recollect the fortune-teller at your house last Christmas? If ever I come across a snowberry I shall think of you and your righteous indignation when she called you one."

"Two shivering, ragged, little children wandered into the ancient belfry; she paused to drop a few coins into their grim hands. Miss Everill taking advantage of her delay called after her.

advantage of her delay called after her.

"Perhaps we may meet at the Lyceum on Wednesday night when Irving plays in "The Bells." Carry and Mr. O'Neill are sure to be there." "Perhaps," modded Muss Fitzgerald, quietly, and passed quickly out of the

"Perhaps," nodded Miss Fritzgerald, quietly, and passed quickly out of the ruin.

Meantime she determined to catch a glimpse of Gerald at the Lycoum, come what would.

Resolution was carried into effect on the following Wednesday evening.

When the curtain was about to rise a large party entered the theatre—four ladies and three gontlemen.

Miss Everill was amongst the former, and next to her a brunette of the purest type. Olive complexion, with a ting e of the damask rose, flashing dark eyes and lips as zed as cherries formed the characteristics of Carrie Cosby. On her shapely head the raven hair rose in a coronet studded with diamond pins. She was a model suited for the brush of the old master's, and Miss Fitzgerald could have for given any other but Gerald O'Neill for falling in love with her.

Irving's superb acting was lost on the angunesh stricken girl. She watched the siren and her admirer exchange love like glances all night, and when she saw him tenderly fold an opera cloak round her after the play, the oup of misery over flowed.

Early next morning she despatched a letter to Everill asking Miss Cosby's address, and received in return a few lines from a confidential servant of the house:—" Miss Cosby, Miss Everill, and party left this morning for a lengthened tour through Italy."

It was near Christmas, and Mary Fitzgerald bade adieu to London a few

It was near Christmas, and Mary Fitzgerald bade adieu to London a few days afterwards en route for home.

CHAPTER V.

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

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

Somehow, this ovening, old memories flittered through her mind, and a feeling of intense pity for the renegated for the according to the renegated for the median and feeling of intense pity for the renegated Gerald welled up within her bosom.

gade Gerald weited up within her bosom.

Meantime, the snowberry had grown into a lusty plant, and was shooting its green tendrils through the old poroh at Listerling, whilst under an Italian sky the faithless Gerald wan-dered.

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

"Do you want anything?" she

wards.

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

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

ease my feg?" 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 Lim," was the irreverent rejoinder.

Sistor Mary Dympna took the broken limb between her hands, and easil firmly:

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 mysteries of our Lord's life and death.

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

The broken limb had to be amputated, and during the lulls of pain which followed, Sister Mary Dympna 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.

Bayeour and revenge still hurnt in

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 the ruby beads and glass car rings which had been stolen from her.

would break into lamentations over the the ruby beads and glass ear rings which had been stolen from her.

Gradually, Divine Grace asserted its empire over the blackoned heart, and the waters of baptism flowed one morning over the outcast's head.

A peace, hitherto unknown calmed her wild spirit, and she related with tears of repentance snatches of her gipsy life.

Her days seemed to have been spent on the river Blackwater, entering farmers' houses by night, and carrying off fowl and corn.

On one occasion she mentioned the island of Molana, and Sister Mary Dympna's mild oyes glustened when the heard her rolate, the story of the lovers who wandered there one wintry day, six years before.

"The young lady was two good and sinless to show her hand to a wretch like me," she said, "and when I saw her gentle face I knew she would always be a snowberry, white and pure, and so I told her. Poor thing, she was so fond of her lover she did not like to hear it. I often wondered what became of her.

"The gentleman was no mate for her, sweet soul. A golden future lies in wait for him before he dies, but not with her. She was born to be a nun like you, Sister."

"When you enter Heaven," said the nun, sadly, "make this your first prayer: 'Mother of Jesus, pray for Gerald O'Neill."

Her companion nodded assent, and kissed the beads reverently.

Early next morning the once fiery spirit of Meg Melton took flight, bathed in the dewy balm of the last Sacraments.

In Sister Mary Dympna's arms she expired—workmen called at the

Sacraments.
In Sister Mary Dympna's arms she expired—workmen called at the eleventh hour to labour in the vine-yard of the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER VI.

One year has passed away since the close of our last chapter.

Over the road between Cappoquin and Liemore, on the outskirts of the Knockmealdown Mountains, county Waterford, Ircland, an 'outside car' rolled rapidly along.

The driver and a gentleman were its occupants. Coming to an iron gate 'ogged with rust, the latter leaped off and made his way up the grassgrown avenue leading to Listerling House. No sign of life disturbed the solitude. A rabbit darted out

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

The gentieman peered through the taill, narrow windows, and before him lay the room where he and his intendibilities mind the vision of many a joyous evening when he and she danced beneath the peaceoks 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 tail grass.

Gerald O'Neill was the individual. Wearied out with the cankering cares of the world, for six years he had pursued the mirage or happiness. When the goal was reached he found in his hands only the "Dead Sea fruit," fair to look on, but empty and desayed within. He was now a widower. The woman has had married was not one to make life happy, and when, worn out with gambling and disspiation, she found death awaiting her, he was not sorry.

Long ago he had cast aside all religion, and when the dying woman gasped:

"Never, Carry, Close your eyes and die in my arms, this is all I cand for you."

Such was Carrie O'Neill's closing seene.

do for you." Such was Carrie O'Neill's closing

scene. She was buried under the magnelia trees in Florence, and Gerald left the sunny Italian clime to wend his way homewards. The gentle form of his first love haunted hum, and sore in mind and worn out in body, he sought her old home.

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 Melleray the ear halted.

The limes applied to Kilorea Abbey were equally true with regard to this cradle of the Cistercian Order in Ireland:

usuu:
"Such was ever the rule at Kilerea
For whoever passed, be he baron or squire,
Was free to call at that abbey and stay,
Nor querion nor hire for his lodging pay,
Though he tarried a month with its hely
choir."

Though he tarried a month with its holy choir."

"This is the Abbey, sir," romarked 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 opeued, 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.

"That is Father Abbert" said his

tercian.
"That is Father Albert," said his

tercian.

"That is Father Albert," said his informant.
Gerald scanned the strict, calm face, "calm as moonlight sleeping upon snow," and it possessed no charms for him.

"Too cold," he murmured.
It may have been tha. Meg Molton was laying her petition before the Mother of Jesus in heaven, but certain it was that grace was filtering through the soul of Gerald O Neill.
A third time the door opened, and Father Paul of world-wide fame enter et the church. From under his cowl his penetrating eyes discovered the new exner. He paused and looked at him fixedly, then ascended the staircase leading to the gallery where his confessional stood.

He did not go alone, and before he knew his destination, the wayfarer was kneeling at the feet of the patriarch , unravelling the tangled skein of his life.

The carman returned to Cappoquin that evening without his expected

was kneeing at the feet of the patriarch , unravelling the tangled skein of his life.

The carman returned to Cappoquin that evening without his expected passenger.

A week passed peacefully away, and Gerald O'Neill's determination was taken. He left Mount Mellery Abbey bound for the Dominican Novitiate at Tallaght, county Dublin. On his way, up the Blackwater to Cork, he stopped at Listerling House, and carried off the bundo of snowberries planted by Mary Fitzgerald.

Arrived in Cork, he wanded his way to the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, and asked for the Rev. Mother. He told her of his intension to enter religion, and concluded his visit in these words; "I understand Miss Fitzgerald is one of your community? Ask her to pray for my perseverence. I have brought this bunch of snowberries from her edd home at Listlering to remind her of a prophecy uttered in her regard long ago. It has been verified in her case. When we meet in heaven, I trust that I, too, may then be able to greether with a snowberry in my hand. Give her this message; she will understand."

He was gone, and that evening the sate of Tallaght closed on Oxford's

There are soaps and soaps

Sunlight

which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less later and greater comfort.

EVE'S DAUGHTERS PURE GOLD

It's Pure and Sure; they

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ Another sheaf 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.

ortured With Rheumatism For Nearly Twent;

There are very fow troubles more wide spread and non more difficult to eradicate from the system than rheumatism. The sufferer is racked with pains that seem unbearable, and frequently feels that oven death itself would be a relief, along those who have found much of their lives made miserable by this dread trouble is Mr. Michael Schott, of Delhi, and 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 interiowed him, Mr. Schott gave the facts of his illness and converge and sufferer from rheumatisms since ho earl sufferer from rheumatisms since ho was continued and the content of the staff of the Reporter interiowed him, Mr. Schott gave the facts of his illness and converge of the staff of the Reporter interiowed him, Mr. Schott gave the facts of his illness and converge of the staff of the Reporter from rheumatisms since ho was continued years and the content of the staff of the result of the staff of the staff of the staff of the result of the staff of the result of the staff of the staff

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THE STORY OF A WELL KNOWN DELHI MAN.

From The Delhi Reporter.