

water to the well in the valley; and his servants drove the peasant women away; and so the fountain of which their ancestors had drunk, back to the days of St. Finn Barr himself, was shut out from them for evermore.

The summer passed by, and autumn days came and went too, and cold winter snows now lay thick upon the ground, and dismal winter winds howled along the roads and over the bleak fields. It was a weary and melancholy time for the poor peasant women: there was no other pure water nearer to them than a stream two miles off; and every day they were forced to journey on over a dreary road, amidst snows and biting winds. Many a longing glance they cast, in passing by the dell, upon the crystal fountain they dared no more approach.

One evening two laborers' wives set out together for the stream. They were not gone far upon the road when the snow began to fall heavily, accompanied by a bitter wind. The peasant women were well-nigh frozen when they reached the brook, and stooped to fill their jugs with the dark icy water. With weary limbs and desponding hearts they turned their backs again towards their homes, which they never reached alive; for they fell down exhausted on the road, and the snows soon shrouded them in cold white death robes.

There was great joy in the bishop's mansion that same night, for a letter was received from Eliza's lover, telling her that he would come to her in May, and make her his bride.

Next morning the bodies of the frozen women were found, and deep curses were muttered against the bishop and his proud daughter, for having shut out the well, and forced the poor men's wives and daughters to go so long a distance through wet and cold; but the curses were not heeded by the bishop, and when, some days afterwards, Eliza was entreated by some of the peasant women to give them leave to come again to the fountain of the dell, at least during the winter days, she said it was impossible to permit strangers to come at their will into the grounds of her father's residence, and coldly cautioned them to take warning

by the fate of the two who had been lost in the snow, and go to the stream for water before the evening was closing.

But the winter days passed without any further misfortunes, and spring time came, and the air grew warmer and milder, and the hedges by the road to the little river were covered with white blossoms, and the air was sweet with the odour of the hawthorn. Now the peasant girls sang merrily, as they went to the stream for water.

At last May arrived, and in the middle of that lovely month, Arthur came to the bishop's mansion. Great was the happiness of Eliza. Great was the joy of the bishop's friends. Great were the mirth and feasting among the servants. The day of the marriage was fixed; minutes were counted—time seemed tediously slow. Grand dresses were prepared for Eliza; robes of silk, and velvet, and pure white muslin. She was overwhelmed with gifts; rings of gold, ornaments of priceless value, rubies and pearls, and queenly diamonds.

Invitations were sent far and near. At last the day arrived. A fine warm day. Bright in the sunlight was the dell, fresh and beautiful were the flowers about the grounds; musically warbled the feathered minstrels amongst the newly clothed trees.

Arthur and Eliza were married in the church of St. Peter, in the city. The day passed in rejoicing amongst the bishop's friends, and servants; the peasantry rejoiced not, for the bride had never been kind to them or theirs. When evening came, the dance was gay, and the music sweet in the noble saloon of the bishop's magnificent mansion.

It was about midnight when the bridegroom, who was standing near a window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out; he immediately cried in startling tones, which were heard above the music and the mirth, "Good Heaven, what is that?"

The sound of his voice caused a sudden hush. The guests crowded to the windows, looked out, and grew pale. Over the well there hung a mist, in which was dimly seen a phantom snow-storm, and the indistinct figures of two women lying dead upon a road. Out-