

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOW THE BRIDE WAS STARTLED BY AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Invitations, numberless as the syllabi's leaves, had been dispersed throughout the country...

The popularity of the bride amongst the tenantry on the estate was manifested by the usual demonstrations of festive enjoyment.

Before sunset the house was crowded with blue coats and snow-white silks. Several of the guests strayed in groups upon the demesne...

The bridegroom, habited in a splendid suit that seemed to sit upon his frame, as the shirt of Dejanira upon the shoulders of Hercules...

A few of the most intimate female connexions of the bride were admitted into the garden where Anne herself, leaning on the arm of a bridesmaid...

At a turn in the walk, hedged around by a pear-tree neatly trained, the lovely friends were suddenly met...

sciously altered, his conduct had been compared by Anne with that of Hardress during the last few months.

He advanced towards the ladies with an easy cordiality, and that total absence of consciousness in his own demeanor...

After some time Miss Prendergast, beckoned by a fair friend in a neighboring walk, deserted her companions for some moments.

"You see, Miss Chute," he said, with a smile, "you were a better prophetess than I believed you. If you were one that would be vain of your influence...

The eyes of Anne fell unconsciously upon the worn cheeks and figure of the speaker. He saw the secret suspicion which the glance implied...

"There are some feelings," he continued, "though looked upon as harmless, and even amiable in themselves, which ought to be avoided...

At a turn in the walk, hedged around by a pear-tree neatly trained, the lovely friends were suddenly met...

greater firmness and a more submissive spirit. "You will give me credit, then," said Anne...

"No, no, it was not in me, then," said Kyrle, with a smile, "or the occasion would have brought it into action. Hardress could tell you what a mournful evening...

Anne started at this disclosure, as if it shed a sudden light upon her mind. Her eyes sparkled, her face glowed...

"It must be so!" she said, with great animation, "and I have done him wrong. It is like his fine and delicate nature...

Kyrle took the hand which was tendered him, with as little appearance of emotion as he could command...

At this moment Hardress appeared upon the walk. His step was troubled, and rapid, his eye suspicious and wandering...

"Do you leave Ireland so soon?" asked Kyrle with some interest.

"Then," said Kyrle, resuming the hand which he had so hastily resigned, "permit me to offer my good wishes. Be assured, Anne," he added...

Anne remained silent for a moment, deeply penetrated by all the anxiety for her peace of mind which Kyrle evinced in all his conduct...

"Mr. Daly," she replied at length, and with some agitation, "it is impossible for me now to say all that I feel with respect to your consideration of me on every occasion...

pleased the eye of the pupil of Perugia. Hardress, on the other side, with one hand thrust into his bosom...

"Hardress," said Kyrle, with an air of sudden frankness, "confess the truth, that you did not expect me here to-day."

"Knowing as I did," continued the latter, "what passion was, I should have made more charitable allowances for its influences on another; but all charity forsook me at that moment...

Saying this, he gave his hand to Hardress, who received it with a stare of absent wonder and confusion.

Before he could resume, the sound of the dinner-bell broke short the conference. Kyrle, glad of the relief, hastened to the house...

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW MORE GUESTS APPEARED AT THE WEDDING THAN HAD BEEN INVITED.

Light and laughter—mirth and music—plenteous fare and pleasant hearts to share it, were mingled in the dining-room on this occasion.

a cruel test, by one of those unfeeling jests which are the sport of fools in every country. The reader may smile at the circumstance as trifling...

The spirit of the scene produced its effects upon the mind of Hardress himself, who, yielding to its influence, adopted a degree of gaiety that surprised and delighted all who were interested in his fortunes.

The more certain his escape, the more did her anxiety increase, lest it should, by some unlucky circumstance, be yet prevented.

While Hardress, in the full fling and zest of his false spirits, was in the act of taking wine with a fair friend, he felt a rustling as of some person passing by his chair...

The cloth, soon after, was removed; some songs were sung, and the ladies rose to depart.

"Let me go, my dear Connolly," he said, in an anxious voice. "It is of the last importance to me."

"What's the matter there?" cried a rough voice from the head of the table. "Anybody speaking? Bring him up here by the collar."

He became engaged in a violent dispute with Creagh, as to whether the cascades of Killarney were the better or worse for being without basins.

Towards the close of the feast, the manliness of Kyrle Daly was put to a cruel test, by one of those unfeeling jests which are the sport of fools in every country.

very mystery attending the disappearance of the stream, when the spectator saw it hurry downward by his feet, still foaming and roaring...

The latter had his hand raised with a cascade of eloquence just bursting from his lips, when a warm breath came to his ear, and the same voice murmured in a tone still lower than before...

It could not now be an illusion for the tresses of the speaker had touched his cheek, and the dress had brushed his feet.

The more certain his escape, the more did her anxiety increase, lest it should, by some unlucky circumstance, be yet prevented.

"Come this way, Hardress," she said, "I have a partner engaged for you."

"Mother," said Hardress, with the horrid sense of oppression which one feels in a dream of danger and vain resistance...

Hardress, with a beating pulse, resigned himself to his fate, and accompanied the ladies to the dancing-room.

"Not!" said Hardress, turning suddenly round, and neglecting to finish some observation which he was in the act of making to his fair companion.

Dread the torment suffered by the souls in Purgatory, and have compassion on them. Succor them by your prayers and deliver them by your good works.—Albert Magnus.

God afflicts man for several reasons: First, to increase his merit; second, that he may retain his grace; third, to punish his faults; fourth, to show forth His glory and His other attributes.—St. Anthony of Padua.