

part when he found his intended position occupied, but after the first glimpse of the face, this resolution was abandoned, and minute after minute passed, and there he still remained, drinking deep draughts of admiration. But not one thought rose in his breast as he looked upon the fair girl which was treason to his feelings towards Constance. He saw only a lovely vision before him, and as an admirer of all that was beautiful, he could not resist contemplating it as he would have delighted in a magnificent landscape or a master-piece of painting; and no being possessed of an eye which could behold, no mind capable of appreciating the beautiful, could have withdrawn his gaze, and turned carelessly away from the face which now met the view of O'Donnel.

But beware, Charles O'Donnel! thou art young and enthusiastic, and thou must not look too long upon that bright maiden, lest in her presence thou mayest forget the gentle, dark eyed one who watches for thy return, whose steps will grow light, and whose smile will chase away the tears which in thy absence steal down her cheek, when she wanders once more by thy side among the hills and dales of Ardmore!

But the object of O'Donnel's admiration now rose to depart, and Charles felt fearful lest she should follow the winding path which led past his hiding place, and that she might discover him. But, no! she took an opposite direction, and with a step light as a sylph, passed in a moment from his sight.

Charles now advanced and seated himself upon the detached part of the ruin which the stranger had occupied, and drawing forth his materials, proceeded to take his promised sketch, but it would not do. In vain he essayed to represent the ancient ruin which stood in such venerable majesty before him, its moss-grown walls mellowed by the light of the setting sun. Impatient at length at his want of success he put up the sketch which was hardly begun, and took the path which led to the city.

Next day, about the same hour, Charles again repaired to the ruined chapel in order to fulfil his promise to Constance, and as he neared the isolated place in which it stood, he threw a quick glance to ascertain whether the fair intruder was there, whose admiration of the old ruin was so congenial to his own. Yes! there she was, seated in the same spot, with pencil obeying the impulse of the ready hand; and, intent upon her work, unobservant of all around. Again Charles occupied his former hiding place, and again his eyes rested untiringly upon the face which ever and anon met his view. But with a sudden im-

pulse, Charles seized his pencil, and with a few graphic touches of his master hand, the rain lay before him, certainly not such a favourable view as could have been obtained from another situation. This deficiency, however, was amply compensated by a female figure which was seated in the foreground upon a detached fragment of ruin, whose graceful outline and faultless profile realised the most exalted ideas of the beautiful.

Charles had only given the finishing touch to this hasty production, when the maiden arose to depart, and a parting glimpse of her veil and the wave of her dress was all that he caught ere she vanished as quickly as yesterday. Quickly Charles followed, but he saw no more of her, although he cast a searching glance at every female face he passed in the street. Next day he sought the chapel again, but he found the ruin standing desolate and undisturbed by human visitant except himself. He took the promised sketch for Constance, and although for days he haunted that ruin as its ghostly tenants were said to frequent it by night, he saw the one he sought no more.

CHAPTER XI.

"He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridor,
And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er;
My own Medora!"

Bron.

WINTER had passed away, and even spring with its budding trees, its unfolding flowerets, and its hopeful smiles was quickly yielding to more sedate summer. The time drew nigh when Charles was to return to Ardmore, and he longed to inhale its pure atmosphere, and to look upon its verdant beauties as anxiously as ever school-boy wearied for his paternal home. It was, however, with many regrets and many kind wishes that he took leave of Mrs. Douglas, whom his studious habits, and warm, kind-hearted disposition had completely won. To her conversation, which displayed the rich resources of a highly cultivated mind, he was indebted for many a pleasant winter evening.

She had given Charles a history of her past life, and the reverses of fortune to which it had been subjected; but although she spoke in a saddened tone of the happy days of her youth and affluence, she never murmured at the bitter lot which had been her portion. Her gentle, lady-like manner, and her personal appearance, were sufficient to command respect at once, and her many superior qualities had inspired Charles with almost a filial regard for her. She had frequently mentioned her daughter as the solace