

tion are now furnished after years of the most rigid economy, in order that the eldest son, the hope of the family, may receive a professional education, and thereby be the means of assisting the younger branches of the family in life. In this University Charles O'Donnel had now taken his place, and had begun that close application to study in which he had determined to persevere. He allowed himself only that relaxation which was necessary to preserve his health, and he occasionally dined and spent the evening with Mr. Allison, at whose social board were always to be found men of literary taste and acknowledged talent. To Constance he wrote regularly, and this correspondence, in which both expressed themselves with the same frankness as attended their personal intercourse, was his greatest luxury. He read with deep interest of the most trivial occurrences at Ardmore, rendered important by absence, and joy mantled his cheek when Constance breathed her hope that he would speedily return to cheer them with his presence. With the anxiety which love imparts he waited impatiently for the expected epistles, and chided Constance in reply for their brevity, and that they contained more concerning the employments of her father and every one than herself.

His letters, in return, breathed a hopeful strain, and although "he never spoke of love," his ardent affection for Constance was apparent in every line. He revelled in bright dreams of the future, and she was the confidant to whom alone he communicated his lofty aspirations and ambitious hopes.

Though Charles perseveringly refused to join in the scenes of dissipation in which several of his fellow students indulged, and though he did not mingle much in their society, he had yet acquired great popularity among them. His personal appearance, which was remarkably prepossessing—his noble, generous spirit, of which his acts had already given evidence,—were qualities which recommended him highly to his youthful companions, by whom he was distinguished by the soubriquet of "The Irish Student."

The city of E.—is remarkable for the magnificent scenery which surrounds it upon every side, and to Charles O'Donnel, whose life had hitherto been passed among the solitudes of nature, it was refreshing to leave the city's din and crowded thoroughfares in order to roam over the neighboring hills, and breathe the free, uncontaminated air of heaven. Chance or caprice directed his steps upon these excursions, and wherever a retired valley presented itself invitingly to his eyes, or a lofty promontory from which he could command a view of the pictu-

resque country around, met his eye, there would he seat himself for hours, and enjoy the beauties of the scene which lay extended before him. He loved, also, to haunt the ruins, relics of departed greatness, which added interest to many a surrounding spot, and of these his ready pencil had taken sketches which had been transmitted to Constance, who was thus made a sharer in his rambles. There was one ruin, an ancient chapel, roofless, and rapidly falling into decay, which possessed a peculiar charm for Charles. It was built upon the declivity of a lofty hill, and commanded a view of the distant country around. Superstition had not spared it, and the many traditions which were attached to it—tales of love and war—rendered it an object of great attraction to Charles, whose mind was tinged with that romance which is almost inseparable from youth. Could that old ruin have but spoken, it might have told of many a broken vow exchanged within its hallowed precincts, and of many an orison uttered by departing knights whose restless spirits had caused the throne of royalty to totter in bygone days. Alone and isolated, the little chapel stood, looking with the melancholy, reflective eye of age, upon the modern innovations which were starting up around it,—ornamented structures, whose varied architecture appeared to look with scorn upon its unadorned and gothic simplicity.

One lovely afternoon in spring Charles felt a strong inclination to take a ramble into the country around, and with pencil and sketch-book he took the road which led to this time worn edifice. In his last letter to Constance he had described it to her, and had promised to send a representation of this his favourite haunt. He now resolved to fulfil this promise, but as he advanced towards the spot where the most favorable view might be taken, he found that the field was already occupied. Disappointed, he was about to turn away and retrace his steps, when the fair artist, who was unconscious how unwelcome her presence was, raised her eyes from the sketch over which they had been bent, and turned round so as to reveal the profile of her face to Charles. Intent upon her occupation, she was not aware of the presence of a second party, and Charles was sheltered from her observation by a rock whose dark shadow overhung the place upon which he stood, and by the drooping branches of a tree which completely concealed him. Again and again the face was half revealed, and the gentle breeze playfully waved the glossy, luxuriant curls which shaded as lovely a face as ever sun shone upon.

The first impulse of Charles had been to de-