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ELLEN AHERN;

OR,

THE POOR COUSIN.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

'An' it's a purty way truly,' said an old man whose arm had been broken in the melee, 'for a Maguire to come into his barony, ridin' over the necks of his people rough shod. He's no better than a Pagan to my thinkin'!

'May I beg to be informed, Miss Ahern, if the creatures you mention belong to the animal, mineral or vegetable kingdom?' he said, looking quite mystified.

for sane speculations or contemptuous wonder; for she did not know but that the stranger at her side might be both infidel and scoffer. But he was neither. Faith had consecrated all the rare gifts of his noble nature, and endowed him with the courage to practice those exalted virtues, without which the Christian character is a mere mockery.

them to the utmost, and strain their good resolves to the very verge of desperation, and they throw themselves on the strong arm of Almighty Justice, for strength and succor. Many of the women, and some of the older men approached the Holy Table to receive the Life-giving Bread, which imparts health to the soul, and to the body power to do right; but there were others, who wore a lowering and look, as if they were haunted, and tempted by a dark desire to compromise their duty to God, by carrying out some design of evil—some deed of vengeance; who held back, scarcely lifting their eyes towards the mercy-seat, and sitting uneasily in their places.

'Don't be shocked, Aileen a stailish. I speak in bitterness, but in truth. From my past experience, I could utter predictions which would fall little short of prophecy. But we can do nothing, you and I. Take a straw and attempt to stay the torrent below us with it, and in an instant the straw will be broken and engulfed and the torrent gone—shouting defiantly on its course. So with us. We are poor, dependant and powerless. There is no help in us.'