



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

ELLEN AHERN;

OR,

THE POOR COUSIN.

CAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Ellen Ahern and Therese, with Cato at hand, kept watch in the room adjoining Mr. Wardell's...

Faint luminous streaks in the sky, and the paling of eastern constellations, as they dipped down towards the horizon...

'Thursday, sir.' 'Tuesday night—he'll remember,' said Mr. Wardell, in his usual quick, imperative way.

stranger who had come into his confessional on Tuesday after nightfall—told him that he was the man, and proceeded to unbosom himself freely and without reserve—concealing nothing...

within her, even when with gentle, soothing words she essayed to calm her. 'Did I hear you right? Did you say she had seen a priest, and confessed?' she said, restfully.

are mistaken. I'd suffer ten thousand deaths, in this world and the next, before a single breath could be forced from my lips that would criminate my son; and your reverence may tell him so.