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NOW IS THE TIME.

Tomorrow is not ours to hold, May never come to bless Or blight our lives with weal or ill, With gladness or distress. No man shall sleep Tomorrow's land, Nor catch her on the way; For when we reach Tomorrow's hand, She'll be, by then, to-day. You ask me for the golden time; I bid you "seize the hour," And fill it full of earnest work, While yet you have the power. Today, the golden time for joy, Beneath the household eaves; Today, the royal time for work, For "bringing in the sheaves." Today, the golden time for peace, For fighting olden feuds; For sending forth from every heart, Whatever sin intrudes; Today, the time to consecrate Your life to God above; Today, the time to banish hate, The golden time for love.

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SOLD BY GEO. E. HUGHES

PHILOMENA.

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(First published in the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Published in the Herald with the permission of the author and the publishers of the "Messenger.")

"No, he could not atone." But then he remembered how she loved him. How she had pleaded with him "to stay with her, to be poor together. Poverty with him, better than luxury apart," she had pleaded, with dewy eyes, and supplicating voice; and he had thought the moments long, while she thus pleaded, until he had quit her for the company of an evil hour garded him almost to desperation. Had he known then for certain that Philomena lay in her coffin, he would have dashed headlong from the flying train and added suicide to his other crimes. "But she could not be dead," he told himself. He would soon see her, and clasp her to his heart; on his knees he would ask her pardon, and she would smile upon him, and in the matchless sweetness of her voice and smile he would forget the agony through which he was now passing. How could he have been so blind and indifferent? It was evening. The immense railway station was ablaze with light. Police officials lined the platform within the building, while without, a guard of honor was drawn up, and all was life and animation, subdued respectfully, in honor of some guest of state. By certain military formalities the Count judged that a grand duke, at least, was on the train. As he knew many of the staff-officers well, even intuitively, he thought it better to defer his own exit till they

had taken their departure, lest he should be questioned as to his sudden flight from Warsaw, and his business in the great capital. How could he account for either? At this moment his precipitate action looked unreasonable, but the cloud upon his spirit was not lightened. He was a changed man to himself; in his own eyes, the greatest criminal that walked the earth. Had he not murdered his name and fame, wasted his goodly heritage, and brought to vile dependence, in the land of his country's foe, the only child of his house? He might well draw the beaver collar of his great fur travelling cloak about him, and hide his head, as he followed in the wake of the throng. But he was handsome still, and too striking in air and appearance, to pass unrecognized even there.

"Look over your left shoulder, Saaba," said one officer to another, as they stood waiting for their sledge, to draw up to the steps of the platform. "Behold (the devil)," exclaimed the other; "that lucky dog here is running after his wife, think you? Away from her, most likely."

"Shall we hail him and ask him to supper? And the ball?" They shrugged their shoulders, entered their elegant sleigh and drove away.

"Take notice of the gentleman in the beaver collar," said the elder of the officers, as he entered his sledge, to the policeman who officiously busied himself in arranging the beaverkin robe; "bring me his address to-morrow; he may be up to mischief; Polaks always are."

The policeman touched his cap, and stepped backwards, out of the way of the runners, as the fiery horses dashed off. The gentleman in the beaver collar was just descending the steps, and he followed him.

The Count had resolved, as it was yet early, to seek Philomena at once. He could not rest till he had assured himself that all was well with her. His travelling bag he decided to leave with a guard, and sent a messenger for it later. Until he saw Philomena he would not decide upon a hotel. She would wish him to be near her. He gave his valise to the guard, quite forgetting to take out his passport, and hurried out now. The throng had departed. The delay, slight as it was, was unfortunate for him; every sledge had disappeared. Either the crowd had been great, or the unemployed *isvostichs* had departed, thinking all the passengers had gone. He had to walk the whole length of the station, even to cross the bridge, and enter the Ismailofsky Prospect, before he could find one. This splendid thoroughfare was also brilliantly lighted, and numbers of gardemes were disappearing in the distance.

Near the Lemalofsky Regimental Barracks he found the *isvostich*, lazily looking after the soldiers. "To the Count Quasy," was his order, as he took his seat in the low light sledge. The *isvostich* in high gait at having a "fare," that asked no questions and made no bargain, drove briskly off.

"What number, Barin (sir or master)?" "Palace of the Prince Verkamoff."

Still he did not take the most direct road, and the traveller remarking it, was told that it was ball night, and the approaches to the winter palace were closed to public conveyances. The house he sought was not far from the palace. Driving along the splendid quay, past the summer garden, absorbed though he was, the Count could not but remark the glorious spectacle before him. The spire of the fortress was like a shaft of fire, or shining gold, pointing to the cloudless sky. The twelve great lamps before the palace threw long lines of brilliance out on the shining course of the Neva, which was white as a shroud as far as the eye could reach. The ice cutters had been at work, and the huge blocks of transparent ice, standing upright at intervals, looked like gleaming white tombstones. This impression was increased by the fir trees which marked the foot and carriage paths across the frozen river. The line of lights on the farther shore shone dimly, and the wavering shadows thrown upon the white blocks, the drifts of vapory snow from time to time swept around them by the North wind, gave a weird and ghastly impression. It looked like an evanescient city of the dead. And there standing on its verge, was the grim fortress within whose walls were housed the dead of the line of Romanoff. Beneath, in its dungeons, under the river bed, how many of his nation, nay, of his race and blood, had suffered and died.

"Were these their monuments suddenly rising white and shining on the frozen river's breast?" He was at the palace door before he had turned his gaze from the dazzling and wondrously beautiful sight of the gleaming river. There were no lights at the great doors, nor in the windows, but a glorious moon made the whole landscape light as day.

"They are at the ball," he said to himself, "and in some quiet room

Philomena is seated alone, writing to me, perhaps; surely thinking of me, never dreaming me so near." He was settling with the driver while thus thinking.

"Is Barin going farther?" "Not yet; not soon."

The *isvostich* drove away and the Count was alone.

He mounted the granite steps and would have rung the bell, but he could not find it. While seeking it, he observed that the outer door was a temporary one, such as put up when the house is abandoned for any length of time. "Had he mistaken the house?" No, it was the one he had described to him. He descended the steps. No human being near to give him answer. In the distance a regular tread told him that a sentinel was at his post, and he followed the sound, and saw a soldier, muffled on shoulder, pacing up and down. He questioned him, but the sentinel passed on without a word of reply, and, as if sprung from the earth, a policeman was at his elbow. One who had "shadowed him" though he never suspected it.

The same question, and after a short pause the brief answer, "gone abroad suddenly; house closed on account of illness and death." The policeman knew no more.

The Count became sensible of the intense still cold; without the least presentiment that this information could touch him, in spite of all that had passed; his dream, his wild fears, his hasty journey; he began to reason as if nothing of it had interested him. It was too late to make further inquiries. He would easily learn all in the morning. No doubt Philomena had written to him, and he had just missed the letter through his hasty departure. He would seek Milede Joncourt in the morning. She would know all. Perhaps Philomena was with her. He had eaten nothing for nearly two days, borne up by the intense inward struggle and his harrowing memories. Now he felt faint and very cold, and he knew the danger of cold in that region. The still, beautiful, sparkling cold that lulls to sleep and death. It was a pity that he had dismissed the sledge. He had to walk a long distance to find another. He had to make the detour on foot this time to avoid the winter palace, the approaches to which were guarded by mounted police. He saw the floods of light from the windows, heard the roll of the equipages, and the music in the distance. But he was too tired and too cold to think much of these things.

At the Moshkoff Peronok he found a sledge, and gave the order, "to the Hotel de l'Europe." In ten minutes he was there.

"Will Monsieur kindly give his passport?" "The passport was in his valise at the Warsaw Station."

"Very unfortunate! No guest could be received without a passport. It was the law."

"It would take nearly two hours to obtain it, and the Count was tired, cold, ill. The landlord was kind, polite; but there in the office sat the detective police officer, waiting to verify all passports, to make two copies of them, before a guest could be received, were he or she at the point of death."

It was hard to suffer this rebuff. The Count walked out, and inwardly blamed himself in no measured terms for his negligence, made his way to another hotel. The same answer awaited him there. Almost rendered desperate by these annoyances, he took another sledge and drove to the station himself, fearing the guard would not give his valise to a messenger. When he got there the guard had been relieved, and his valise was locked up and he could not obtain it until the next morning.

It was nearly midnight; light, brilliant, but bitterly cold. His pride had prevented him from ordering a meal at either of the hotels from whence he had been turned away. Now he hesitated to enter any of the restaurants, lest he should meet friends or acquaintances, he was in no mood to be questioned. He began to be less sensible of hunger and cold, but fatigue was overcoming him. An idea suddenly came to him. Why not go to the convent? One of the priests, Philomena had told him, remembered him very well. Perhaps the reverend father could even give him news of her. He drove once more down the Nevsky Prospect, past the hotels that dared not receive him without his passport, and stopped at the church gate. It was closed and locked, but through the iron bars the watchman on duty asked him what he wanted.

"Father Basil."

"Father Basil was in Finland on a sick call; he would be back early in the morning."

Was he to perish? To be found dead in the morning in the inhospitable streets of that bright city, whose lights marked him cruelly? He told the watchman that he must see one of the priests.

"Was it for a sick call?" "No." "Then," said the man, "it would be as much as my place is worth to ring the bell on any other plea."

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tomorrow did the Fathers open their doors, on such a plea, to any one."

The Count turned away, feeling the truth of the man's words. As he passed slowly back towards the street, he at once remembered that it was here, in the house of this very church, that Philomena had first found a home. His blood mounded to his temples, with the sudden glad thought that the night he had now, if the family had gone abroad, as the policeman had told him, would not Philomena have returned here, to the kind sisters of whom she had so frequently spoken in her letters?

He retraced his steps to ask the watchman, whose voice was rudely sympathetic, for the address of the ladies with whom Philomena had been so happy. Ah, if he should find her here, after all!

"He had only to turn to the left, pass quite around the square, till he came to the place opposite to the very spot on which they then stood," said the watchman. "Were it only daylight he would have taken him across the courtyard, but after dark it was forbidden."

The Count made the best of his way to the place indicated. The porter had retired to his den, and came out grumbling at being disturbed so late. A silver coin restored his good humor at once. When they reached the door, and the bell rang loudly under the porter's eager hand, the Count was exceedingly agitated. He remembered that one of the ladies was an invalid, and to disturb her at that late hour, and under such conditions, shocked his fine instincts. Better almost have perished in the street.

It was too late now. Steps were approaching; the lock turning in an inner door. "Who is there?" The Count gave his name. There was a long silence. The maid had retired to announce the nocturnal visitor to her mistress. She came back to ask if the gentleman was any relation to Philomena. "Her father."

Almost immediately the door opened, and the Count was ushered in. Not a moment too soon. Before he could offer explanation, or make apology, he had fainted.

Fortunately Mile. Thierry, the strong elder sister, had not retired for the night when the bell rang. On hearing the name of the nocturnal visitor she bade the servant to show him into the little room once occupied by Philomena. There the Count had sunk upon a sofa, and lost consciousness almost immediately. The reaction from cold to heat had been too strong for him. This Mile. Thierry divined at once, and with the aid of her excellent attendant, the usual restoratives were at once administered. Before long he was able to sit up, and, though still very weak, explained the cause of his going so unceremoniously, and the hope that he might either find his daughter once more installed in her old quarters, or that they could give him some positive news of her.

But the ladies Thierry had not seen Philomena for some weeks, neither were they aware that she had made any change in her situation. The Count was fain to wait till morning. He was made very welcome by the kindly sisters, and urged to remain with them as long as it suited his convenience.

(To be continued.)

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Calendar for January

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, Morn, Af, Eve, N. Includes moon phases and quarter dates.

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A. A. McLEAN, LL. Barrister, Solicitor, Etc., Etc.

BROWN'S BLOCK. January 20, 1897-3

STRAY

There has been on my part the last three weeks, nine Sheep, which the owners can prove property and paying otherwise they will be sold on Tuesday, the 26th inst. hour of ten o'clock, forenoon.

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