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## A THREEFOLD OFFERING.

Mother of grace and mercy,  
Behold how burdens three  
Weigh down my weary spirit,  
And drive me here—to thee.  
Three gifts I place before  
Before thy shrine;  
The threefold offering of my love  
Mary, to thee!

The past, with all its memories  
Through which we toll to-day;  
Of sin, that brought repentance;  
Of joy that brought regret;  
That which has been—forever  
So bitter sweet—  
I lay in humblest offering  
Before thy feet.

The Present: that dark shadow  
Through which we toll to-day;  
The slow drops of the chalice  
That must not pass away,  
Mother! I dare not struggle,  
Still less despair;  
I place my present in thy hands,  
And leave it there.

The Future: holding all things  
Which I can hope or fear,  
Brings sin and pain, it may be,  
Near and yet more near,  
Mother! this doubt and shrinking  
Will not depart,  
Unless I trust my future  
To thy dear heart.

Making the Past my lesson,  
Gilding the Present right,  
Rolling the misty Future—  
Bless them and me to-night.  
What may be, and what must be,  
And what has been,  
In thy dear care forever  
I leave forever, my Queen!

—ADRIAN DE A. PROCTOR.

## PHILOMENA,

—OR—  
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.")

Though his fatigue was excessive, even in that simple room, exquisitely luxurious, in comparison with the bitterly cold, inhospitable streets, the Count could not sleep. The room was pleasantly warm, perfectly neat, the bed comfortable, his hostess very gracious, yet a strange unrest kept him waking, in spite of the warm cordial, that the maid, Vassilissa, brought him the last thing before going to bed, with her mistress's recommendation "to drink it while it was hot." He obeyed through politeness, not because he cared particularly for "malina tea," and his own unhappy familiarity with it, in a sound sleep. Not succeeding, he tried to fancy Philomena there with him. At which of the two windows was her accustomed seat? Was that the little writing table on which she had written her many loving letters to himself? Still no sleep.

The angels bell sounded. Seven o'clock. The morning was intensely dark as usual at that hour and at that season. He arose, dressed himself, and sat down by the window to wait.

To wait for what? He began to think that he had acted very foolishly and very impatiently. Philomena was no

emotion he had said that they would live together, and never again be separated. Did that mean that they would live in the room, or one like it? Would she go out about her lessons, and leave him; give him only her unoccupied hours?

Ah no! he could not suffer that. He must have her with him. He felt that he could not now live without her. They had been apart too long. Yet how were they to live together? What means had he to keep her? He had left the gaming table without taking either the sum that he had staked, which was large, or the amount that he had won. No matter; they could live for sometime, and he would seek employment seriously now, for her sake. He would take her away somewhere, where they would begin life afresh, and she be shielded from the storms of the world. Promising himself this, he fell asleep in his chair. A soft knock on the door aroused him. He opened his eyes, and beheld the morning sun shining full into the little room, gilding everything with its beams. The porter entered with his valise, received his "drink money," and departed with a respectful bow. The Count dozed again.

Before long Vassilissa opened the door softly, and without entering, asked in a low voice if Monsieur was awake? He bade her enter. She only came to know if Monsieur would have breakfast in bed; after the cold and fatigue of his journey her mistress thought it would be the best thing. Seeing him up and fully dressed, she went away to bring it. The aroma of the hot coffee was delicious, and feeling the want of food, for he had only taken a cup of bouillon and a biscuit the night before, he did justice to the delicious beverage and hot rolls. It was nearly ten o'clock when he looked at his watch, and the bells were ringing for Mass. He stood a little while looking into the courtyard, from the window where she had so often stood, wishing she were there now to accompany him to Mass.

Just then Mlle. Thierry begged permission to enter. She was happy to see him able to be up, and dressed. She had feared an illness for him from the effects of the cold. He spoke of going out, of going to Mass, while waiting for the hour when he could see Mlle. de Joncourt to obtain his daughter's address. Mlle. Thierry advised him to remain indoors, at least until the day should be further advanced. He frankly declared that he was too restless and impatient to see his daughter to remain quiet. Soon after he descended the long flight of stairs, traversed the courtyard, and reached the vestry door. He would enter that way and learn if Father Basil had yet returned. The first person he saw on entering the sacristy was that venerable priest about to vest himself for Mass. The vestments were black.

He approached the priest, who seemed to look at him first with an air of surprise, then of fright. Perhaps he did not recognize him after all, though Philomena had assured him that he remembered him. He advanced with a smile of recognition and genuine pleasure at beholding the good priest whom he had not seen for twenty years, saying in a cordial tone: "You do not know me, Father Basil?"

"You take me by surprise," said the priest; "I did not know you were in Russia."

"I came on a sudden impulse," acknowledged the Count.

Had they been alone, he would have told him of his dream, and his fear; but the server was holding the sacred vestment ready to robe Father Basil and that Mass must be said by him.

"Wait till I say my Mass, I beg you, Count," said the Father, "then you will go with me to the Convent, I wish to speak with you." His manner was very solemn; the look he wore exceedingly troubled.

"I have not time to wait this morning," was the answer, "for I must go immediately to seek my daughter, who does not yet know of my arrival."

The priest had to turn his head away for a moment.

"Wait for me, I beg you," he said; "you will have time. Come, follow me, you will hear this Mass." He called one of the altar boys. "Conduct this gentleman to a seat near the sanctuary. Count, follow him, and do not leave the church until I have spoken with you. I have your promise?" The tone and manner were too solemn to be resisted. The Count bowed his acquiescence, and followed his guide into the church where he took a seat near the altar, on the gospel side. With a heavy sigh the priest followed, mounted the steps of the altar and proceeded to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the soul of Philomena.

The Count was near enough to hear the priest's words, as he read the solemn, beautiful prayers. Was it his fancy that he heard the name of his long-neglected child? No, it could not be. She was so much in his thoughts that every sound bore her name. Involuntarily he looked towards the catafalque, reared in the

church, because it was wholly covered with a pall. There were four tall candles burning at the corners, and the crucifix at the head; no wreaths or garlands, as there would surely have been, did a corpse lie there; they were not numerous. A handsome young man kneeling beside a woman, whose face was buried in her hands, and half hidden by her veil of crape. The figure had something familiar about it, in spite of the bowed head and bent shoulders, half hidden by the sweeping folds of crape. That she was convulsed with grief was evident. There was a group of young girls, who, though they did not follow the service, looked deeply grieved; more than one was weeping. They were evidently strangers in that church. One of them a very beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, more than once sobbed aloud. Her emotion was contagious, and during the chanting by the choir of the solemn *Dies irae*, many wept audibly, and every head was bowed. Even the eyes of strangers were wet with sympathetic tears, on beholding the touching grief of those young girls. The Count felt himself affected, too. He bowed his head and thought, perhaps, of his own dead. At the last gospel, rose with the rest, and glancing once more towards

the mourners, beheld the face of Mlle. de Joncourt; it was cruelly disfigured by tears and grief. She was supported on one side by the handsome young man and on the other by the beautiful young girl, whose tears were falling freely.

For an instant he did not realize the truth, but could not withdraw his fixed gaze from the face of his daughter's governess. He looked from her to the young girls weeping near, and slowly at first, then, like a knife thrust through his heart, he understood all. The whole church swam before his eyes, he supported himself an instant against the front of the pew then all was dark.

When he recovered consciousness, he lay on one of the sofas in a room of the convent. Mlle. de Joncourt was there, and Father Basil was holding one of his hands. He recognized them after a while, and remembered all. There was no denial on their faces, no word of hope from their lips.

With infinite pity they tended him, but he knew there could be no more hope for him in this world. His renunciation of his evil passion had come too late. Never could he atone for the past. Henceforth he should walk this earth as long as he should live, a doomed criminal. What was it to him that she had been dearly loved by others? That the young girl he had taught to read, that the old idolized her, that the scion of a house as good as his own grieved for her, as he himself might have grieved had the bride of his youth been thus snatched from him. Nothing could rouse him from this state of hopeless grief until they told him of her grave in that lonely cemetery, and after a time he begged to be conducted there. What the influence of Mlle. de Joncourt and Edouard had not been able to accomplish, the Count succeeded in doing.

At first the authorities steadily refused to permit the disinterment of Philomena's remains for fear of contagion, but the certificate of death bore no reference to diphtheria, neither did the entry on the hospital book. There could be no danger, therefore, and through influence, without which even simple justice is not to be obtained, permission was given at last.

By moonlight there stood a group beside Philomena's grave, in the lonely churchyard of the poor. An open empty coffin was by the open grave. Soon another coffin was laid by the empty one.

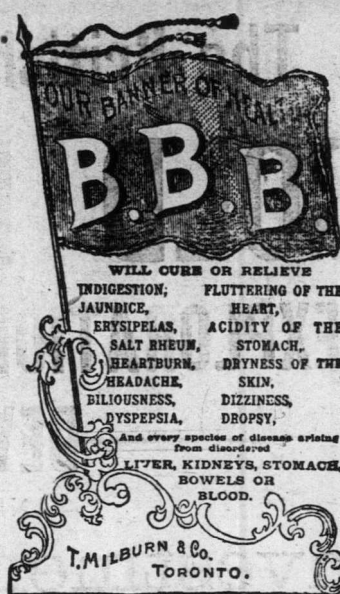
"Leave me for a few moments, good friends," said the Count. They withdrew respectfully, as he knelt beside the yellow coffin, taken from the frozen earth, to take his last farewell.

By and by they heard convulsive sobbing, and approaching found the distracted father clasping the corpse of his daughter wildly in his arms. Father Basil and Edouard had to take him away by main force. Philomena's body lay like a recumbent statue of marble. There can be no doubt, that the intense cold, penetrating many feet into the earth, had so frozen the beautiful corpse that decay had no power over it. One after another they knelt to take a last look at the beloved dead. Edouard bent over the beautiful form, and kissed for the first and last time the long dark tresses and the marble hands, while his tears fell in torrents. Then Mlle. de Joncourt knelt beside the child of her love, and with bitter weeping embraced her. "Not for long, my darling," she sobbed, "not for long shall we be parted." She severed then a long lock of the beautiful hair, as a last token for the father and lover. Once more they, all knelt together beside the corpse while Father Basil blessed and prayed over it. Then, at his command, the yellow coffin was lifted into the casket and placed upon the funeral car, while silently and sorrowfully, the little group followed it to the vault of the Catholic church.

That morning, a little note and a garland of white roses had been brought to the Count with the request that he would place them himself upon his daughter's grave, "for one who had loved her dearly." The white roses lay upon her coffin, its only ornament. They were from Olga Verkamoff. Had he known from whence they came the Count would not, perhaps, have suffered them to remain. As yet he did not know fully the circumstances of Philomena's death. That she was dead, lost to him, was enough, and more than enough.

The Count would not leave Philomena's dust in Russian ground. Ah, what would he not give now, could he lay her beside her mother. He cursed the folly that had robbed him of the right to do so; the folly that had sent her to an early grave. He sought permission of a relative of his own to place her in their family vault in a monastery at Wilna. It was readily granted, and the Count, accompanied by Mlle. de Joncourt and Edouard who had begged permission to accompany him, set out for Wilna. There they laid her in an ancient tomb that bore the name of her own family.

That same day was to witness their separation. Edouard was to take Mlle. de Joncourt to his own home. They had vainly urged the Count to accompany them; he could not be prevailed upon to leave his daughter's grave.



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"She was faithful to me in life," he said, "I will be near her till death."

"Where will you live?" urged Mlle. de Joncourt.

"Anywhere," was the answer. "The poorest peasant's hut is too good for me. I will try to be useful to my country in some humble way, living as hermits have lived, in times past."

"She would not wish you to suffer," said Mademoiselle, weeping.

"The suffering would be to live one hour, henceforth, for the world or for myself," was the answer.

"They took a tender, mournful adieu and parted."

After their departure the Count found in his room a large package, containing such souvenirs of Philomena as had been saved. With it was a letter from her pupil, Olga Verkamoff, to Mlle. de Joncourt.

"Dear Mlle. de Joncourt," wrote the young girl. "When I overheard my mother telling a friend of the death of my beloved teacher, I thought my heart would break."

When I learned later how she had been sent from our house that cold night to that distant hospital, I wished to die myself. I vowed to be revenged for her sake, though I knew she would not accept it. She was all goodness. How often have I watched her unseeing, kneeling by her bedside in prayer. How often at night, prompted, I am ashamed to confess, by a spirit of curiosity, have I passed on tip-toe to her room, which adjoined my own and was separated from it only by curtains, and seen her kneeling, all in white, in the moonlight, with uplifted hands, absorbed in prayer. She was as an angel of light in my eyes, and if there ever will be any good in me, I shall owe it to her example and teaching. My revenge shall be to be like her. I will make no peace with this wicked, false, cold-hearted world. I will try to be like your Philomena, that I may meet her in heaven, and ask her pardon for my mother's act."

"Do not blame Mamma too severely, dear Mademoiselle; she is kind at heart, but she fears illness so much for my sake, and I feared it, too, before. Now I fear it no longer, and if I ever can do anything for the sick, I will do it for the sake of your beloved Philomena. I wish you would let me write to you sometimes, will you, Mademoiselle?"

"The box and other things I sent you were in an armoire set apart for Mlle. de Pavlewski's use, that stood in our class room. It was happily overlooked in the general destruction."

The box contained, among other things, her mother's letters, the objects recommended to her care by her father, with the exception of the sacred relic which they had seen clasped in her cold hand, as the nurse had stated, and Philomena's savings together with her diary. The last entry dated there was January 24, the day preceding her death. The Count read it; with what feelings can be imagined: "Resolution: to offer my life for my dear father's conversion and salvation."

The holocaust was accepted. (Continued.)

Three women who claim to belong to Boston's social inner circle were constant attendants at the Bram trial. One of them, at least, if she remembered her early training, should be ashamed to listen to revelations that no modest woman could have heard without a blush. When the love of excitement carries representatives of the gentler sex where they listen with evident pleasure to stories of crime from the witness stand, we are indeed getting back to the days of ancient Rome and the Amphitheatre.—S. H. Review.

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