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Are never far apart; In sorrow's hour there is comfort nes And never a day so dark and drear

For One there is above, dear, With a father's watchful eye Who sends the rainbow's arch of chee To follow the storm and the bitter tear, And make life's morrow look bright and

As a cloudless summer sky ! MURILLO'S MUSIC. BY M. H. MAYNES.

Written for the Sacred Heart Review The sounds that thrilled his clay Here captive play; It curves the singing robe

And light in billows on path enwreathes His mute response to ton As mutely known,

From chords whose distant pealin the spheres; Which angels' feet descend When heaven doth bend,

At once toward her, to touch a wo From glory's track,

The songs she half reveals That burst the seals

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST,

. ВУ-A 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" and the publishers of the "Messenger" that the publishers of the "Messenger of diphthesis is but the law in course of diphthesis is but the publisher of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Published in the American Messenger of

"In the carriage she mosned several times, but I think she was not wholly conscious. She said several words that I could not understand. The jolting of the carriage roused her often, but each time she lay this case. back, moaning. Her head was on my shoulder all the way. I was had no friends: that she was a foreigner, I knew, for she spoke Russian, imperfectly. Well, I did all I still heart, the white hand clasping could for her. As soon as she was the reliquary, and the sweet face of in bed, the house doctor came. He said almost the same as the other doctor, 'very weak, heart trouble, and perhaps sore throat,' but he did not trouble her to examine her throat then, she was too exhausted. He is a kind man, and he forbore for her sake. He told me what to do, gave me a mixture that I was away, promising to come in early, and if I wanted anything before morning, I might call him, he

sleep after the mixture, and I sat and Edouard made every exertion, by her, not sleeping, because I was used every means in their power, interested in her, poor thing. She did not sleep long. When she opened her eyes and saw me close by, watching her, she locked surprised, and by and by made, as it A Novena of Masses was begun for I asked her if she wanted to drink; she shook her head a little. She Count, when an event, so strange, held something tightly, all the way so wholly unexpected, occurred, ed to show it to me, and I helped her, because she seemed to wish it. take them from me. " I said I would not.

"' Never?' she asked again. "I said 'never,' that she might

sleep in peace.

" And if I die?" "I said that I would see that they had ever had much occasion to fear were not taken from her, but that him or be jealous of him. He had sure test by which he would know the wrong he had done them, and for "I said that I would see that they had ever had much occasion to fear she must not think of dying. She rarely won, and never any consider her. He knew he had only to call, would be better in the morning. I erable amount; while his losses had and her spirit would respond to his thought so too, though she was as been exceedingly great, as all the from any distance. He now rememwhite as a corpse then, and very world knew.

"After that," said the nurse, "I his luck had changed, to use a back- to hear their echo yet-yes, it was gave her the mixture once more, neyed expression. He had begun surely the voice of Philomena. He her youth and the grave of her After dozing a little, she became to win steadily, and often large had been about to answer it; pervery restless, talked in a language sums; and the habitues of the haps he had, he was not quite sure. I could not understand, but the words 'father,' mother,' occurred ed, too, that he seemed to play with moved him to leave the company and frequently, and she called me several times (marriage) as a least his extent of the had robbed her had robbed her, only to hand it over to a stransfer moved him to leave the company and ger, to lose it in a mad hour, at a game of cards?" He cursed his robbed her, only to hand it over to a stransfer moved him to leave the company and game of cards?" He cursed his folly. eral times, 'maminka,' or something as a loser, his estates were alipping of it save this visitor, who would not

could not catch, though she seemed stirred with something like shame, to expect me to answer her,

ing; in her sleep, if sleep it was, any considerable gain. she seemed to be repeating words Jesus,' Mary,' more than once; visit a relative who was dying. out she was not restless, not agita-

reflected on the window. She saw The play ran high, and although very bright, fixed upon it. "' Morning, morning,' " she said,

in a feeble voice. ed her if she wanted anything, but have preferred the former) she made no answer; her eyes were

it, I stood looking at her, admiring up the stairs, of his own ac-

"' I thought so,' was all he said. Heart failure.' The nurse could not go on for some time. Her lisflood of tears that fell heavily on the stone floor of the hospital hall.

"There is bardly any more, sir. I kept my promise. They left the reliquary in her hand; it is there now, and the beads we found in the pocket of her white dress we placed on her breast in the coffin. "No orders, no instructions had

sees of the house. She is very Stranger things had come to pass. enerous to all hospitals. We dressed her in her own white robes

the grave myself, a thing not gener- the reason of his haste or of his action

the law in cases of diphtheria; but the house doctor here thinks it might have been avoided in this case; of course he does not wish to to go against the family physician but he has inscribed ' heart failure' on the register, as cause of death in

Edouard heard nothing of this last explanation; he was looking very sorry for her. I thought she into that new-made grave, He saw the white robe, the long silky tresees, the chaplet lying on the

> his darling. He had never called her so in

It was all over, his brief, bright to administer every hour, and went leaving his youth, hope, and courdream, He would go back to France age by that poor lone grave.

But Mile. de Joncourt could not rest while her darling's body lay in "The young lady sank into a that hospital ground. Both she

were, a motion that she wanted me the repose of Philomena's pure soul, to come near. She was very weak. Mile de Jonconrt was about to despatch the mournful tidings to the here, in her right hand. She want that only strong faith could credit

The Count de Pavlewski had been looked upon for years as one since, looking with such loving, tenof the pillars of the place. No one der eyes into his face.

like that, as I bent over her. Al- away with every deal of the cards most the last word I understood He felt himself humiliated by his was 'maminks,' tell bim,' the rest I gains. His proud old Polish blood when his hand closed over his win-"After the third dose she became nings; and he always withdrew with uiet, and I thought she was sleep- less proud step when he carried away

His new wife was not now with of prayer, for I heard the names him. She had gone, it was said, to

One night the Count had been wined. About four o'clock I opened ning largely. He would have withthe shutter of the window opposite drawn, but dared not, lest it should sands for more than twenty her bed. The morning was dark appear that he wished to retire with

> it, for when I came to the bed after- he played almost negligently he conwards I saw her eyes, large and tinued to win. He began to feel strangely restless; he could not follow the game; though he threw his cards mechanically and was quite in-"I smoothed her pillows, made different for his own sake whether her as comfortable as I could; ask- it was loss or gain (be would 'run of luck" continued. He bestill fixed on the light. I sat down came more and more agitated and by the bed, but I suppose I dozed longed for midnight that he might

> He himself could not account vas just five o'clock, or a few for this abstraction, this indifference and she amounting almost to insensibility; as was lying as I had left her, her left if his mind and spirit were under the hand on the coverlet, her right control of a strange superhuman force clasping the little reliquary. She that was drawing him, without his was dead then, but I did not know own volition, in an unknown direc tion. His senses were under a spell ing her, she was so wonderfully involuntarily he caught himself listening, "For what," he would have

throw up his cards.

fore I became conscious that she asked himself, had there been time, was not breathing. Then I rang But he was obliged to follow the play, the bell; the doctor was just com- in spite of the strange influence, distraction, confusion of minds, or whatever it might be called. The lookers-on remarked it, and

mistook it for deep combination or calculation, on his part, admired the ener did not move, but the hand supposed premeditated plan that he that hid his face could not hold the was following, and marvelled at the results of what was mere hazard as far as he was concerned. As the hours of the great clock rang

out solemnly for midnight he suddenly

started up and flung down his cards. What had he heard in their thrilling ones? A voice, he could have sworn, for the response was on his lips, but he checked it. The company looked been given for notifying any one. at him with surprise, as he stood an The Princess never thought the instant, irresolute. He seemed undear young lady would be taken conscious of them, and listening still away. There was no one at the for a few seconds, then hurried away house to ask for information, so without farewell or word of excuse; they let me prepare her, with the leaving his winnings unclaimed. The help of another nurse, for the grave. company waited a little for his return ; It was done in such a way that the all wondered, but none could explain Princess might be pleased on her his strange conduct. "Had his luck

The Count hurried down the bril liantly lighted stairs of that gorgeous that she wore when I brought her marble hell, and along the streets to here, and I followed her coffin to his home; he himself could not tell

What did be expect to find there? "For the destruction of her per- A letter, a dispatch; his wife sudden sonal effects we are not responsible ly returned? He could not have told here," said the nurse. "It was the himself, but the voice he had heard, command of the Princess that that had called him, was not her voice;

There was no letter, no dispatch, no living presence. All was still in the suit of rooms he had occupied in his

He had not written to Philomen in so many long weeks because he was for thee. Never again, my darling; winning fabulously. Not needing her, he had neglected her, He would not write, he told himself, until he could tell her of recovered wealth.

troubled, not longing for her-not regretting her. For all that, something connected with her had cast a spell

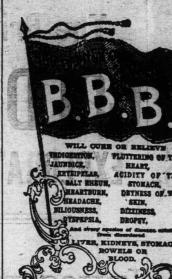
He would break the spell. He sat down and began a letter to her, telling life except in his own heart; be her "that he had been very much might say it now aloud, but what occupied," "that some unexpected use was it? She could never re- funds had reached him," "that he spond by the tender smile er gentle thanked her for her letters and her loving care for him." Some one knocked at the door.

> It was only the man-servant, to take his master's orders for breakfast, as he was in the babit of doing each night. After his exit, the count sat in his high-braced arm-chair, in an easy position. He would finish his letter next morning, he thought. It was already late, and he was tired.

thinking bimself wide awake, and still speaking to the servant or listening to his report of the day. As the man withdrew, he perceived that a visitor entered; a tall figure, in black from head to feet. The Count waited for the visitor to speak, but he waited in vain. He tried to speak himself, but could not; neither could he see the face of his visitor. He began to feel very uncomfortable. Could it be his Where was the Count while his wife come home in this uncanny way? It was a little red box. 'My only child lay dying? In one of At first he thought it was, for she was mother's hair is here, she whis- Warsaw's gilded saloons, brilliant tall and slender, as this shrouded pered, and a relie; promise not to with a thousand lights and filled figure seemed to be. But no, that with gay Russian officers, seated could not be; he felt that it could before a gambling table, as was his wont.

Could not be; he telt that it could gazing tenderly down upon the dead white face, and mournfully upon him, and fain he would have called down,

> her. He knew he had only to call, and her spirit would respond to his from any distance. He now remembered the tones of the voice he heard at the card-table; he seemed to cast him headlong into the bottomless plt of despair. "She may yet live, and I may yet atone," he thought. Then he remembered Within a few weeks, however, heard at the card-table; he seemed



speak. Thus, between dozing and freaming, his thoughts ran on. He became restless and uncon

fortable, the figure was approaching

him. The black garments were slow-

ly falling away from the head, and now he saw plainly the face of his visitor-the warning face that tradirace, when death was about to claim any of its members: the figure of death. He did not fear it, but it subdued him, and prepared him for omething more, of which it was but the prelude. He covered his face with his hands to shut out the warning vision. When he removed them the apartment was flooded with light, the black figure had vanished, and on a low couch was a figure in whiteflowing garments, that he knew at once, and that had no terror for him the wife of his youth. He thought the sight of this ever idolized being had no terror for him, and yet a great awe fell upon him, though

folded her, upon the long, unbound hair that veiled her face from his sight—the beautiful silken tresses he had been so proud of. She seemed to be looking down at something lying on her knees; something all white, too, all enshrouded in the same vapory snow-white veiling. At what can she be thus gazing, so long and fixedly? What means the sorrowful droop of the bowed head? Hush, she moves,

look upon her face. resses and the cloudlike veil, and selves. turns towards him slowly, slowly, and the veil that covers the burden on her knees is lifted too. And he sees-the dead face of Philomena.

dead! and I am her murderer." He filled with a wild terror, a maddening

"Philomena," he cried, lifting again his trembling hands in supplication, "if this is not true, and thou art still alive, my future shall be all never again, child of my beloved Madeline, will I leave thee, I swear it. Philomena, Philomena, my child of light, how have I tortured

perhaps destroyed thee." He arose from his knees, and rang the bell. "What time does the first train leave for St. Petersburg?' he asked of the servant, who came hurriedly to answer the startling peal he had sounded.

"Make all things ready; I go by the first train."

never end. Only that he assured, o tried to assure himself, from time to time, that he was acting on superstition and not on certain knowledge, grading pleasures of the gambling table; the ruin he had brought upon his beautiful gifted child and himself. He thought, too, of what might have thought of the old castle, now ringlovely young wife of his youth. He saw again the home of her childhood that should have been the proud possession of her child; thought of

on Solid Merits.

highest authorities and the Dominion Parliament and this was a vision he well knew. He gazed upon the vapory robes that en-

forestalls him; as, like a thief, he is

about to steal softly to where he can

With a terrible cry the Goun awoke, and started to his feet. "She is dead," he cried, " she is sank upon his trembling knees, and great agony shook him, and he was

It seemed as if that journey would

he felt that he could not have survived it. Hurrying on as swiftly as steam could bear him, he passed in his engrossing passion for the debeen. That noble child married to honored and peaceful, in the land and home of their ancestors. He voices; of the neglected grave of the

the strangers installed there too, and form clasping Philomena in its arms. ment could he invoke upon

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1 Fri
2 Sat
3 Sun
4 Mon
5 Tues
6 Wed
7 Thur
8 Fri
19 Sat
10 Sun
11 Mon
12 Tues
13 Wed
14 Thur
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24 Sun
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27 Wed

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Oct. 7, 1896.

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