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TAKE HEART.

BY FLORENCE BAIN SEYMOUR.

Why do you worry and fret, dear? Your troubles will pass away. There is always a smile to follow a tear. And tomorrow's sun may bring good cheer.

With the dawn of the coming day? Our smiles and tears in this world, dear. Are never far apart. In sorrow's hour there is comfort near. And never a day so dark and drear. But some sunshine will reach the heart.

For one there is above, dear, With a father's watchful eye. Who sends the rainbow's arch of cheer To follow the storm and the bitter tear. And make life's morrow look bright and clear. As a cloudless summer sky!

MURILLO'S MUSIC.

BY N. H. MAYNIE.

Written for the Sacred Heart Review. The sounds that thrilled his clay Have captive play; Here still the interwoven music breathes. It curves the singing robes, And light in billows on her upward path entwines.

His mute response to tone As music's known, From chords whose distant pealings roll the spheres; Which angels' feet descend, When heaven doth bend, At once toward her, to touch a world of tears.

Mid winged babes sunned back From glory's track, Transfigured waked on the crescent moon, The songs she half reveals That burst the seals Of Eden, waking forth her morning tune.

PHILOMENA,

OR

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOGRAPH.

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.")

"In the carriage she moaned 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 back, moaning. Her head was on my shoulder all the way. I was very sorry for her. I thought she had no friends; that she was a forlorn, imperious, well-to-do woman, and as soon as she was in bed, the home 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 to administer every hour, and went away, promising to come in early, and if I wanted anything before morning, I might call him, he said.

"The young lady sank into a sleep after the mixture, and I sat by her, not sleeping, because I was interested in her, poor thing. She did not sleep long. When she opened her eyes and saw me alone by, watching her, she looked surprised, and by and by made, as it were, a motion that she wanted me to come near. She was very weak. I asked her if she wanted to drink; she shook her head a little. She held something tightly, all the way here, in her right hand. She wanted to show it to me, and I helped her, because she seemed to wish it. It was a little red box. 'My mother's hair is here,' she whispered, 'and a relic; promise not to 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 were not taken from her, but that she must not think of dying. She would be better in the morning. I thought so, too, though she was as white as a corpse then, and very weak.

"After that," said the nurse, "I gave her the mixture once more. After dozing a little, she became very restless, talked in a language I could not understand, but the words 'father,' 'mother,' occurred frequently, and she called me several times, 'mamma,' or something

like that, as I bent over her. Almost the last word I understood was 'mamma,' tell him, the rest I could not catch, though she seemed to expect me to answer her.

"After the third dose she became quiet, and I thought she was sleeping; in her sleep, if sleep it was, she seemed to be repeating words of prayer, for I heard the names 'Jesus,' 'Mary,' more than once; but she was not restless, not agitated. About four o'clock I opened the shutter of the window opposite her bed. The morning was dark but the light of a street lamp was reflected on the window. She saw it, for when I came to the bed afterwards I saw her eyes, large and very bright, fixed upon it.

"Morning, morning," she said, in a feeble voice.

"I smoothed her pillow, made her as comfortable as I could; asked her if she wanted anything, but she made no answer; her eyes were still fixed on the light. I sat down by the bed, but I suppose I dozed then.

"When I went to her again it was just five o'clock, or a few minutes past only, and she was lying as I had left her, her left hand on the coverlet, her right clasping the little reliquary. She was dead then, but I did not know it. I stood looking at her, admiring her, she was so wonderfully beautiful; and it was some time before I became conscious that she was not breathing. Then I rang the bell; the doctor was just coming up the stairs, of his own account.

"I thought so," was all he said. 'Heart failure.' The nurse could not go on for some time. Her listener did not move, but the hand that hid his face could not hold the flood of tears that fell heavily on the stone floor of the hospital hall.

"There is hardly 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.

away with every deal of the cards. He felt himself humiliated by his gains. His proud old Polish blood stirred with something like shame, when his hand closed over his winnings; and he always withdrew with less proud step when he carried away any considerable gain.

His new wife was not won with him. She had gone, it was said, to visit a relative who was dying.

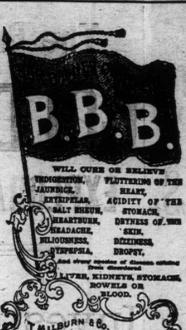
One night the Count had been winning largely. He would have withdrawn, but dared not, lest it should appear that he wished to retire with his winnings.

The play ran high, and although he played almost negligently he continued to win. He began to feel strangely restless; he could not follow the game; though he threw his cards mechanically and was quite indifferent for his own sake whether it was loss or gain (he would have preferred the former) his 'run of luck' continued. He became more and more agitated and longed for midnight that he might throw up his cards.

He himself could not account for this abstraction, this indifference, amounting almost to insensibility; as if his mind and spirit were under the control of a strange supernatural force that was drawing him, without his own volition, in an unknown direction. His senses were under a spell; involuntarily he caught himself listening.

"For what," he would have asked himself, had there been time, but he was obliged to follow the play, in spite of the strange influence, distraction, confusion of minds, or whatever it might be called.

The looker-on remarked it, and mistook it for deep calculation or calculation, on his part, admired the supposed premeditated plan that he was following, and marvelled at the results of what was marvellous as far as he was concerned.



Thus, between dozing and dreaming, his thoughts ran on. He became restless and uncomfortable, the figure was approaching him. The black garments were slowly falling away from the head, and now he saw plainly the face of his visitor—the warning face that tradition said was sure to be seen by his race, 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 something 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 white-flowing 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 this was a vision he well knew. He gazed upon the vapory robes that enveloped 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 embroded 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, forestalls him; as, like a thief, he is about to steal softly to where he can look upon her face.

She moves, puts back the long tresses and the cloudlike veil, and 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.

With a terrible cry the Count awoke, and started to his feet. "She is dead," he cried, "she is dead! and I am her murderer." He sank upon his trembling knees, and raised his trembling hands, and with great agony shook him, and he was filled with a wild terror, a maddening fear.

"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 for thee. Never again, my darling; 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.

THE HERALD FOR 1897.

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JOHN NEWSON June 12, 1895-6m

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Calendar for 1897. New Moon, 3rd day; First Quarter, 10th day; Full Moon, 18th day; Last Quarter, 25th day. Days of Sun, Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, Sun. Week, rises, sets.

Calendar for 1897. 1 Fri 7 49 18; 2 Sat 49 19; 3 Sun 49 20; 4 Mon 49 21; 5 Tues 49 22; 6 Wed 49 23; 7 Thurs 49 24; 8 Fri 49 25; 9 Sat 49 26; 10 Sun 49 27; 11 Mon 49 28; 12 Tues 49 29; 13 Wed 49 30; 14 Thurs 49 31; 15 Fri 49 32; 16 Sat 49 33; 17 Sun 49 34; 18 Mon 49 35; 19 Tues 49 36; 20 Wed 49 37; 21 Thurs 49 38; 22 Fri 49 39; 23 Sat 49 40; 24 Sun 49 41; 25 Mon 49 42; 26 Tues 49 43; 27 Wed 49 44; 28 Thurs 49 45; 29 Fri 49 46; 30 Sat 49 47; 31 Sun 49 48.

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