

Review.

the parents who are praying in parochial prayer make the greatest supreme hour—whether the children or not!

The West, tells of the young men who, in the sphere of ranch-life, pray.

He says "that there or the young man who, in the sphere of ranch-life, pray.

For her sweet sake I'll bear the cross, The trial and the pain, For mine is but an earthly loss, And her's a Heavenly gain.

Folded In. BY WILLIAM HAUGHTON. God gave me one ewe lamb, so fair, So beautiful was she, That life was but a mortal prayer, That she might happy be. Safely sheltered from the world's unrest, His sorrow and his sin, The Saviour called her to His breast, And she was folded in.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

A TRUE STORY.

I first met Rudolph Movitska in the winter of 1862. I had then been in California three years, and had become accustomed to meeting all sorts of characters; but I remember that this man engaged my attention and impressed me strangely. It was in a San Francisco gambling den that I saw him for the first time.

He, like myself, was a mere looker-on, killing time by watching three games in progress and evincing no desire to take part in any of them. I was struck by his handsome physique and the massive, leonine grace of his movements, but more particularly by his pale, thoughtful face, with its fine intellectual contour, its large and melancholy eyes, and the foreign cut of the dark moustache and pointed beard.

A desire to know the man prompted me to draw him into conversation, and from that moment we were fast friends.

In the year that followed we were almost constantly together. We became partners in business, joint owners of a mine in which we invested a good deal of money and boundless hopes, and our friendship grew warmer with each succeeding week.

Rudolph Movitska was a man of noble bearing and fine scholarly attainments. He spoke English and several other languages fluently, and showed by his conversation that he was remarkably well read for so young a man—for at that time he was but thirty-two years of age.

His story interested me. It was several months after our first acquaintance before he became sufficiently confidential to tell me about himself.

He was the only son of a Polish count. He had wooed and won and clandestinely married a beautiful young lady, in whose veins coursed royal blood. Her name was Helena Olanof. She was divinely loved and was rapturously admired by everybody.

A young Russian Prince became enamoured of her and it was decreed that she should become his wife. It was on account of this decree that Rudolph and she were married secretly.

"Helena refused to become a prince's wife," said Rudolph, "but did not tell him that she was already married to me. His pride was sorely wounded by her rejection of his hand, and he vowed vengeance. It did not take him long to find out that the girl loved me, and I then became a target for his insane wrath. He invented some sort of pretext for charging me with being concerned in a conspiracy against the government.

I knew that I would not be permitted to prove my innocence; I knew that the bare accusation meant banishment, if not death for me. At the instance of my wife, who tearfully begged me to fly and save my life for her sake, I turned my back on all that was dear to me and fled to Paris, firmly believing of course that our separation would be but temporary.

"While in Paris," continued Movitska, in a husky voice, "I received a letter that ruined all my future prospects, and filled my soul with desolations and despair. First there came a letter from a friend, telling me that my Helena was as false as she was fair, and that since my departure she was receiving the Prince's attentions with apparent pleasure. Then there was one from Helena's father, in which he informed me that his daughter had told him all; that she was repentant, and deeply regretted her rash marriage with me; that she desired above all things to become the wife of a Prince, and begged that some means might be devised to sever the tie that bound her to me, so that she might be free to accept the hand of her royal suitor; and then the letter wound up by entreating me never to divulge the secret of our marriage, and to stay away from Poland. Then there came a very brief little note from Helena herself, assuring me that all her father had written was true, and hoping from the depths of her heart that I would not return to Poland and compromise her.

"Did I return to Poland? No; I have never turned my face toward my beloved country since that time. I scarcely know what possessed me to come to America, but come I did, and after a few months of restless

wandering found myself in California. That was my friend's story. I watched his fine manly face as he told it, and could see something of the terrible, heart-breaking agony he tried to suppress as he reviewed the sad tragedy of his life.

He was a man of strong feelings, of an exceedingly sensitive organization, and a boundless capacity to suffer, but behind all was an iron will which usually held his emotions in check.

One bright spring day, more than a year after our first meeting, Rudolph Movitska and I were riding through a lonely pass in the Sierra Nevada, on our way to the mine in which our interest was centered.

We had travelled the same trail many times before without molestation, but not without being constantly on the look-out for foes. The stage route led through this pass, and there were legends connected with it in which foot-bads, road-agents, and assassins figured conspicuously.

As I rode leisurely along my companions casually remarked: 'I have heard of no 'no stand and deliver sensation' occurring in this part for some time.'

'Nor have I. The march of civilization seems to be thinning out all the outlaws in this region. The words had scarcely passed my lips when three figures on horseback rode out from behind a jutting rock and confronted us. At the same time a clear, silvery feminine voice cried out:

'Halt!' We both drew rein. For my part it was a surprise more than any other feeling, that caused me to obey the mandate so promptly; for the three were women!

They were all dressed in deep black, and each wore a long impenetrable veil that effectually concealed her features. Each held a formidable-looking revolver in a small gauntlet hand, but the weapons were not aimed.

There was something that smacked of the ridiculous in this coup de main, and I should have been amused had I not been dumb with amazement. It was a novel experience for two healthy, strong-limbed, muscular men to be peremptory commanded to halt by a trio of delicately-formed women.

I turned and looked at my companion. To my surprise if not disgust, he was as pale as a ghost, and trembling in every limb. Was the man a coward? Was he really stricken with terror by the menacing attitude of these petticoated strangers? I had never suspected him of such weakness.

Recovering my speech I bowed with mocked courtesy to the veiled riders, and said: 'Ladies, this is an unexpected honor. Being stopped and robbed by booted and spurred highwaymen has grown so monotonous that it is a genuine relief to have the act performed by representatives of your adorable sex. I presume you want our money or our lives?'

'We want nothing whatever from you,' replied the woman who had first spoken. 'You sir, are at liberty to go your way; but your friend, Rudolph Movitska, must come with us.'

Here was a fresh surprise. I saw Movitska start violently, then strengthening up in his saddle and cease trembling as suddenly as if he had been turned to stone.

'Pardon my perverseness, madam, but you will permit me to say that wherever my friend goes there must I go also.'

'So be it,' said the woman, almost sharply, 'but we will have no trifling. The gentleman is our prisoner and must go with us immediately!'

I turned to Movitska with a smile. 'Well, old boy, what are you going to do?'

'I will go with them,' he said, drawing a sharp breath. 'Let them lead the way; I will follow.'

It was not the answer I expected, and I protested vigorously against such an ignominious surrender. I told him any fool could see that the object of these female outlaws was to lead him into an ambush of male robbers and cut throats.

He held firmly to his decision. 'You can continue your journey if you like,' he said, 'I am a prisoner and must go with my captors. If I am mistaken death will be welcome.'

I saw no reason in this observation, and began to doubt the man's sanity. Convinced that no amount of argument could dissuade him from his purpose, I gave up the effort and resolved to see the end of the adventure myself, cost what it might.

'All right,' I said, addressing the women, 'with an assumption of recklessness I did not feel. We will accompany you. Lead on.'

The one who had done the talking directed her companions to ride behind us, while she took the lead; and in this form the procession moved, Movitska and I riding abreast.

these women must be accomplices of a band of desperadoes, relying on their sex to escape personal injury, and I tried to preach this idea into Movitska's head; but I could not move him from his insane determination, and I could not conscientiously leave him.

Our fair escort led us off at right angles from the pass, down through a wooden ravine, and I soon saw that they were following a tolerably well-beaten trail.

By this time I had noticed that the leader of the trio was the possessor of a superb form, and that there was a certain air of refinement and high breeding in her manner, accompanied by a grace and dignity such as a queen might envy. There was a slight foreign accent in her speech, but not enough to detract a particle from the delightful effect of her clear, sweet voice. I began to feel a strong curiosity to see her face.

After riding about a mile we came to a large log cabin. I knew the place well. It was the abode of a harmless old miner and his family. Why had we been brought here?

We were ordered to dismount and enter the house. I took the precaution to draw my six-shooter and hold it in my hand as we crossed the threshold.

The old miner and his wife were there, but as we entered they immediately passed into an adjoining room and closed the door behind them.

The leader of the veiled riders went to a couch in one corner of the room, and took therefrom a two year old child, partially arousing it from a sound slumber. Holding the little one in her arms she turned toward my friend, and in a strong firm voice said:

'Rudolph Movitska, I can see by your pale face and trembling hand that you suspect who I am. In my desperation I have followed you to this country to demand of you an open acknowledgement that I am your lawful wife, and this child your offspring.'

As she spoke she threw off the black veil, disclosing a wonderfully beautiful face. Movitska uttered a hoarse cry and staggered forward.

'Helena! Helena! my wife! O, God in Heaven, this cannot be reality! I am dreaming—I am mad!'

He was down on his knees at her feet, clasping one of her hands in both of his. He was terribly agitated, and his powerful frame shook like aspen.

A surprised, half-credulous look came into the beautiful face. 'You are not glad—to see me, Rudolph?' she said in a quivering voice.

'Glad—' He rose suddenly to his feet and stood before her. 'The Prince!' he gasped.

'The Prince?' she echoed. 'And what of the Prince? You left me to the mercy of him and an irate father.'

'But you—married—him!'

A lightning flash of storm and indignation shot from the splendid eyes.

'Married him!' she cried; 'when I was already married to you? How could you ever believe me guilty of so dreadful a crime? I loathed him—I hated the very ground he walked upon. I would have died before marrying him.'

'And the child—'

'Is yours, of course. Look at it.'

He snatched it from her arms and covered its face with kisses.

Light was breaking through the darkness now; explanations followed fast; and soon a flood of sunshine dispelled every vestige of the gloom that had blinded the eyes of this long separated couple.

It appeared that Helena's father, after she had confessed to him that she was Movitska's wife, still determined that she should marry the Prince. With this end in view he formed a plot. He wrote two letters to Movitska, at Paris. One of these was over his own signature, stating that his daughter was repentant and desired to marry the Prince, and begging Rudolph to stay away from Poland and to keep his secret. But the crafty old man told his daughter that he had written a kind, fatherly letter to Rudolph, telling him he could return to Poland at the end of three months and claim his wife; but that he must not venture to return before the three months were up, as in that case he would endanger both himself and Helena, owing to the charge of conspiracy against him. Then he dictated a note from Helena to Rudolph, in which she innocently corroborated all that her father had written.

The next thing the old man did was to produce a forged letter purporting to be from Rudolph, in which he advised her to marry the Prince and be happy, as he had been already tired of married life and would never return to Poland.

But the scheming father had his plans for nothing, for no influence that could be brought to bear had any effect towards persuading his daughter to marry the Prince. And it was only his high standing at court that saved Helena and himself from punishment at this defiance of the royal will.

Helena remained at home until her father died. Her child was then two years old, and she set out to find her husband and compel him to acknowledge her as his wife. She was accompanied by only two maidservants. She made her way to America, and traced her husband to California. A stage-coach accident had thrown her under the protection of the old miner, who knew Rudolph Movitska and myself, and was able to tell her just when we would ride through the pass on our way to the mines. Then she formed the desperate resolve to waylay her recreant husband and bring him to terms at the point of a pistol. How she carried out this plan, with the assistance of her two maids, I have already described.

Nothing could have been more complete than the happiness of this reunited couple when everything was satisfactorily explained. It was a joyful ending of a very sad little romance.

Rudolph Movitska and his family are to day living in a splendid home in California, enjoying the blessings of mutual love and everything that goes to make life a pathway of flowers.—San Francisco Monitor.

A Policeman's Ingenuity.

A merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux had occasion to visit the metropolis upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount.

On his arrival at the gates of Paris a gaudy-looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect: 'Sir, I have been waiting upon you for some time. According to my notes you were to arrive at this hour, and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau exactly answering the description I hold in my hand you will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to Monsieur de Sartine, the Lieutenant of Police.'

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more so at hearing the name of the Lieutenant of Police, immediately demanded to know what Monsieur de Sartine wanted with him, adding, at the same time, that he never had committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him.

The messenger declared himself perfectly ignorant of the cause of the detention, stating, at the same time, that when he had conducted him to the Lieutenant he should have executed his orders, which were Ministerial.

After some further explanation the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him to the hotel of the Lieutenant of Police.

Monsieur de Sartine received him with great politeness, and after requesting him to be seated to his great astonishment he described his portmanteau, and told him the exact sum in bills and specie which he had brought with him to Paris, and where he was lodging, his name, time of retiring to bed, and a number of other circumstances which the merchant had conceived could only be known to himself.

Monsieur de Sartine having thus attracted attention, put this extraordinary question to him—'Sir, are you a man of courage?'

The merchant, still more astonished at the singularity of such an interrogatory, demanded the reason why he put such a strange question, adding at the same time, that no man ever doubted his courage.

'The Lieutenant of Police replied: "Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night. If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour; but be careful that you do not fall asleep; neither will it be proper for you to look under your bed or in any of the closets which are in your bed chamber (which he accurately described); you must place your portmanteau in its usual station near your bed, and discover no suspicion or leave what remains to me. If, however, you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure a person who shall permeate you, and go to your bed in your stead.'

After some further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that M. de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refused to be persecuted, and formed an immediate resolution to literally follow the directions he had received. He accordingly went to bed at his usual hour, which was eleven o'clock. At half-past twelve (the time mentioned by the Lieutenant of Police) the door of the bed-chamber burst open, and three men entered with a dark lantern, daggers and pistols. The gentleman, who of course, was awake, perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death.

The merchant hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, may be naturally supposed was under great perturbation of mind during such an awful interval of suspense, when, at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police officers, acting under the Lieutenant's orders, who were concealed under the bed and in the closets, rushed out and seized the offenders with the property in their possession, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder.

The consequence was that the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders.

Monsieur de Sartine's intelligence enabled him to prevent this horrid offence of robbery and murder, which, but for the accuracy of the system, would probably have been carried into execution.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with HYPOPHOSPHITES, Very Palatable and Increases Flesh.

THE PARISH OF ST. MARY'S.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL SKETCH. St. Mary's Argus, March 4.

If it be possible that the spirits of the departed ones can still take an interest in the affairs of this world and can view the many changes that time and progress work upon the face of nature, with what astonishment and satisfaction must the soul of the good Dean Kirwan gaze upon the scene of his early labors in Canada. When in 1849 Dean Kirwan was first appointed to London, he was probably one of the only two priests, in the then Diocese of Toronto, which comprised all the territory west of Ontario County, Father Schneider, the apostle of Huron, being the other. Since then the Diocese of Toronto has been divided into three ecclesiastical divisions, one of which is the Diocese of London, which to-day contains a Catholic population of nearly 67,000, administered to by about 75 priests.

About the year 1852, as nearly as we can ascertain, the venerable Dean visited the death bed of Mr. George Horner, probably the oldest Catholic settler, and brother of Mr. Patrick Horner, a present well known resident of St. Mary's, to impart some spiritual consolation to the dying man, and prepare his soul for its mysterious journey. This was probably the first visit of a priest to the settlement, although it is certain that Dean Kirwan had passed near the place previously.

What then was the physical aspect of the future town? At that hill-side north of the creek which now forms one of the most picturesque views in the neighborhood, was hidden beneath a heavy forest, broken only by a winding trail, which started near where Mr. Darcy's house now stands, and found its way across the hill with as many ins and outs as Tennison's famous "Brook." Long after the first little church was built, the forest still remained unbroken and the affecting ceremonies performed therein were rendered more affecting by the solemn nature of the deep surrounding woods, while as some of the pioneers of these days are wont to boast, the little birds their voices joined in hymns of gladness and formed a choir whose melody left more impression in the imaginative mind than the grandest anthem ever sung by human voice.

After Mr. Horner's death the only Catholic remaining in the settlement were Messrs. Alex. Harrison, Water street; Peter Walsh, London, and James Nagle. In 1854 Mr. Patrick Whelan came in, and a short time after Mr. T. D. Tims, at present Assistant Receiver General at Ottawa. Mr. Tims was

THE FIRST BANKER. In the town and probably the first merchant of any account, both of which businesses he carried on in the large stone building on Water street formerly occupied by the Bank of Montreal.

There were at that time extensive Catholic settlements in Blanshard, Usborne and Downie, and in 1853 a lot was purchased from Mr. Burke, of London, for a church property, which was situated near where Mr. Kelly's house now stands. A small log church was erected, more for the purpose of securing the property, about which there was some dispute, than for holding services in, as it was too small for the congregation that even then could be mustered.

THE FIRST MASS. ever celebrated was celebrated in Mr. P. Whelan's store, where Mr. J. C. Gilpin's hardware now stands, by Dean Kirwan, who came on horseback from London for the occasion. The journey at that time was a most fatiguing one, but the Dean was accustomed to rough journeys, as might be expected from a man having so much territory under his care as he had. He crossed Fish Creek by means of a log, which with much labor he placed in position, leading his horse with one hand and carrying his vestments in a carpet satchel in the other.

Alex. Harrison's harness shop was used for a time as a place of worship, but that proving too small, the old Odd-fellow's Hall was rented at \$2 per Sunday. (The building is at present used by Mr. Dunseith, produce dealer.) After the Odd-fellow's Hall was used for two Sundays, a notice to quit was given, and it was found necessary to fall back on Mr. Harrison's shop again.

In 1855 the building of the Grand Trunk through here greatly increased the congregation, and it was thought advisable to erect a building which could be used as a church. Accordingly the farmers

FORMED A BEE and brought in a large quantity of poles, which were placed upright in the ground at short distances from each other and bolted closely together. This primitive building measured about 40 x 80, and was situated further east than the earlier building. It was neither very stylish nor very comfortable, and in the winter it was often found necessary to shovel out the heaps of drifted snow before the congregation gathered. After the removal of Dean Kirwan from London, St. Mary's was occasionally attended by priests from Stratford. Among others to whom St. Mary's was indebted for a considerable time were Father Ganney, since deceased, and the late Bishop Cronin, of Hamilton, then a priest in Stratford. He also has passed on to receive the reward of a life of worthy labor.

In 1859 the building of THE PRESENT CHURCH was commenced, but it was not until 1860 that it was opened. A choir had been organized by the Treanor Bros. and on the occasion of the opening of the church, was performed for the first time in St. Mary's, what to Catholics is the grandest of all ceremonies, a SOLEMN HIGH MASS.

The late Bishop Finlayson, of London, officiated, and the sermon of the day was preached by the present Bishop of London, then a young priest in Toronto.

Heretofore St. Mary's was dependent upon Stratford, but after the opening of the church Father Hannet resided permanently in the town. He lived in the stone cottage now occupied by Mr. Sydney Fraleigh, during the three or four years he was here, as did also his successor. Father Hannet is at present in Albany, N. Y. He was followed by Father Boubat, who came from Ingersoll. He also lived for a time in Mr. Fraleigh's house, but afterwards built and occupied the present house beside the church.

During Father Boubat's time also the plot for THE PRESENT CEMETERY was purchased from Mr. Whelan for \$150. Mr. George Horner, previous to his death had willed to the church a portion of his farm to be used as a cemetery. This after a number of years' use had been condemned as too wet and too difficult of access, and failing to obtain a portion of the public cemetery for their use although they considered themselves as much entitled to it as any other religious body, they were compelled to purchase as before stated, Father Boubat is at present in Ashfield, Huron County.

Father Boubat was succeeded by Dr. Kilroy in 1868. During his time the first sexton was employed, and was built, it was a small frame building and stood on the site of the present school house.

It was during Dr. Kilroy's time also that THE BELL was purchased and placed on its present lofty perch. The frame work by which it is supported resembles at first a derrick, such as is used in boring for oil, and many were the inquiries made by visitors at the time as to whether they had struck oil yet, and what in creation made them start on the top of a hill to bore for it.

Dr. Kilroy was removed to Stratford in 1871, and was succeeded by Father Ouellet, who in 1864 was removed to Maidstone, Essex county, and was succeeded by Father Delehanty. Father Delehanty was a man of great industry and it is to his energy and perseverance that the present handsome separate school building is owing. The fact that the Catholic church property is the finest and most extensive church property in town is also owing to his taste and care. Failing in health he sought rest and recovery in the milder climate of Colorado. The rest he found. He died in Hot Springs, Colorado, about two years after he left St. Mary's.

He was succeeded in 1878 by Father Brennan, the present pastor, whose claims to the effections of his people rest upon an exemplary life, a kindly nature, and an untiring solicitude for their welfare.

The Clean Newspaper. There is a growing feeling, in healthy communities, against journals which make it their special object to minister to a perverted taste by seeking out and disseminating in a seductive form disgusting and licentious revelations. The good reader to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that, as people in all ranks of life who protect their own, at least, from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at working prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to day than at any previous date. The sickly sentimental story paper, and the wild ringer ad pirated story books are slowly but surely yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise of the decent newspaper, it may be said, that where it has a place in the family, and has been read for years by young as well as old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste that the life-nature of the slanders has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters only among those classes who practice vice and crime, or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways.

The Lawyer and the Witness. It was necessary, on a certain occasion in court to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to draw all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"How does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?" The witness looked up innocently and replied, "Generally a straddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer asked again, "But, sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered, "He never rides any gait at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gait on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a "farther," and his next question was very insinuating—"How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a direct answer." "Well, sir, he keeps up with the rest," his horse is able to, or if not, he falls behind." The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself, and asked, "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know," was the reply; "he was never alone when I was with him." And then the case dropped.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corns stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced. PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of Eruption, Chafes, Chapped hands, Pimples, Tans, &c. Handy to have. Every household should keep some ready remedy at hand for painful diseases, sudden attacks of inflammation and accidental injuries. Such a remedy is best found in Haggard's Yellow Oil for internal and external use. It cures rheumatism, sore throat, croup, neuralgia, lame back, sprains, bruises and burns.