

tholic type to the worthies of Natick and their "Boy-cotting" resolution:

Resolved, That henceforth we shall pay no more pew rent or give any support whatever toward the church until such time as said Rev. John Walsh is removed from this parish.

Pows! Their fathers—God rest their honest, faithful souls—would have died thanking God for the privilege of attending Mass, barefoot, on their knees, in the open air!

CHURCH CHIMES.

The Russian persecutors of the Catholic Church in Poland are beginning to feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves. It will be remembered that a large number of those Unites who would not join the Schismatic Church, even when powder and shot were brought to bear on them as means of conversion, were transported to Southern Russia, hundreds of miles away from their homes, where they have been lingering and dying a slow death for the last four or five years. Their physical condition is about as bad as bad can be. Of late some schismatic priests were sent to them who tried once more to "convert" them; but these poor exiles would not heed their wiles. Thereupon they were told that they might return to their homes even unconverted, provided they would abstain from turning their relatives away from the Greek Church, and would sign a paper to that effect. The poor, down-trodden peasants were keen enough to see the trap set for them, and, one and all, refused to promise or sign anything bearing on their faith. So they are still kept in exile for the time being; but it is quite on the cards that their persecutors will ere long have to give way, and let them return to their homes.—*London Universe.*

Rev. Dr. Errett, editor of the *Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati, lately spent a few days in Big Rapids, Mich., and writing home to his own paper, says in the course of his letter: "The Sisters of Mercy have a hospital here, whose patients are mostly supplied from the northern lumber region. They have an agent out selling tickets of admission for \$5, which will admit the purchaser to lodging, boarding, nursing and medical attendance for any period of illness during the year. Their buildings are of a cheap kind, and so is the furniture; but everything is clean and neat, and the universal testimony is that the Sisters are the best of nurses. There were nearly 60 patients there when we visited them. The cheerfulness with which these refined ladies accept their lot, and the tenderness with which they care for the suffering, are beautiful to witness; and the impressions they make on the hearts of the hundreds that come every year under their healing ministry is uniformly that of admiration and gratitude. And this leads us to ask, why, in all the efforts of our Christian women for a better recognition in Christian activities, is there no labor in this direction? These ministries of kindness in behalf of the sick and dying are certainly those in which a woman's heart and hand are needed, and no fruits of the Spirit are more welcome to the world than those of benevolence and mercy. Nor are any more welcome to heaven."

Emile de Girardin, one of the writers who contributed most extensively towards spreading a revolutionary spirit among the French, was vouchsafed the wonderful grace of a death-bed repentance. He made his confession in the most edifying manner to l'Abbé Sabatier, a Paris priest. Oscar de Poli now relates an incident in the life of M. de Girardin, which probably obtained for him such great mercy at the last hour.

Several years ago an Italian refugee and correspondent for some Italian newspapers was hiding in Paris. All his life he had been struggling for the unification of Italy against the Pope; yet, notwithstanding his errors, he was mercifully granted the grace of receiving all the consolations of religion before death. With faithful respect for the last wish of her husband, the widow was most anxious to give him suitable religious obsequies, but his long sickness had exhausted their modest resources, and she had not even enough to bury him. In her dire distress she went to one of his compatriots who had rapidly accumulated a very large fortune, and told her trouble with the greatest confidence, for he had been her husband's companion-in-arm, and had proven himself a friend to the last hour.

But the millionaire belonged to an intolerant Masonic lodge. At first he kindly received the unhappy widow's request, and turned towards his secretary, purposing to relieve her need, when a thought struck him, and he brusquely asked: "Are you going to take him to the church?" "Certainly," answered the weeping widow, "it was his dying request." "Madam, either no church or no money," said the insolent man, in a rough voice. "What!" exclaimed the poor woman, "you, the friend of thirty years—you, so rich, you could easily—" "Take your choice," he interrupted. "Is this your final answer?" she asked. He answered only by an affirmative nod. The sorrowful widow's heart was cruelly hurt, but she quietly said as she left the room: "He whom you called your friend will have the funeral of the poor, but the funeral will go to the church."

The same day Emile de Girardin learned through a third party the particulars of this awful distress, and the shameful behavior of the wealthy Italian.

"It is abominable," he cried; "It makes humanity blush for shame! There should be an ignominious pillory for such actions."

Right away he sent the poor woman fifty Louis d'Or anonymously, and, thanks to his liberal generosity, she had the sad satisfaction of giving the remains of her lamented husband suitable burial.

A long time afterwards she succeeded in ascertaining the name of her discreet benefactor. We may easily believe she offered many a fervent prayer for his conversion, and her prayers were heard in heaven.

In the crowd which followed the body of M. Girardin to its last resting-place was noticed this white-haired woman, weeping bitterly and praying earnestly for the repose of his soul.

Miracles when they occur ought to be treated with respect, and the first element of respect, in such cases is caution in deciding that they are miracles—a matter in which it is very easy to usurp the functions of the Church. We are glad to see that Sister Mary Francis Clare, the Nun of Kenmare, who recently visited Knock and apparently was miraculously cured there, insists that some reserve in this respect is necessary. Her account of the favor she has received is in excellent taste and will be read with interest. "I am greatly