

part of the building without... At any rate I did... my night-walkers in my... instead of opening the door... been my first impulse, I... very quietly and gently... key in the lock; then I... moment and listened. Yes... footsteps still going on... and forwards, louder as... my door, turning and... little fainter as they went... of the room, and then... towards me.

opened his eyes wide, and gazed with... the queer look of his all round the... I had just begun to forget all... about the footsteps, when suddenly... they began again, as if some one was... walking to and fro at the foot of the... sick man's bed. I thought they would... disturb him, and involuntarily said... "hush!" but the spirit—if such it was...—paid no sort of heed and went on... just the same, and I tried not to listen... to the strange, monotonous sound, or to... think more about it.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG OUR SEPARATED BRETHREN.

There is no American Catholic with... spark of true charity or zeal for his... religion that has not deplored the... slow spread of the faith among our... separated brethren, and hoped and... prayed that a general movement... toward the Church might take place in... this country. The number of inquir-... ing non-Catholics is large—men and... women earnestly searching after Christian... truth. There are thousands and thousands... of people belonging to the various... sects who lead virtuous lives, and are... disposed to make any sacrifice for the... salvation of their souls. It ought to be... easy to bring such persons into the... one true fold, they are already so... near the kingdom of God. And yet the... number of converts to the faith in the... United States is lamentably small. We... have always held that the most effectual... way of bringing people into the Church... is to set them the example of Christian... virtue: and that if our country ever... becomes Catholic, it will be especially... through the influence of saintly lives. The... Catholic who is as greedy for gain as his... Protestant fellows, whose life and conversation... are proof that whatever he may profess... with his lips, he is not seeking first the... kingdom of God and His justice, can have... little influence for good over non-Catholics... with whom he may come in contact. More... than that: he is a rock of scandal; and, alas!... there are many such.

The parish priest who zealously... labors for the sanctification of his flock, the... heads of families who lead the Christian... life and promote it in their children, the... individual Catholics who practice his faith...—all are contributing to the conversion of... non-Catholics. It would seem, then, that... all endeavors should be directed to the... sanctification of those of the household... of the faith. But we can believe in special... missions: and if ever a priest was called to... labor among Protestants, it is the Rev. Father... Elliott, of the Paulist Community. He seems... to understand the condition of the sectarian... mind, and is admirably equipped to enlighten... it. Above all, he is a priest of holy life, and his... apostolic spirit breathes in every word that... he speaks. His apostolate in Michigan has... been singularly blessed: and the record of his... experiences, published from month to month... in the *Catholic World*, is gratifying and... inspiring in the highest degree. Many of his... auditors, he informs us, had never spoken with... a priest before, and their eagerness to hear his... explanations of Catholic truth was touching. He... tells us that they drove for miles to attend the... lectures, and eagerly accepted and read the... leaflets given to them. Some of them were... known to Catholics as bigots. Hymn singing was... one of the features of these hopeful missions, and... in some instances the music and singing were... by Protestants—"sometimes timidly asking... leave to assist us." The intense interest with... which he listened to the respectful treatment... met with on all sides, fills Father Elliott with... hope for the conversion of the United States. He... declares that it is a field already ripe for the... harvest. Writing of his mission at Flowerville, Michigan, he says: "A missionary could spend his... whole time, summer and winter, in this county... alone, and never have an evening without a... non-Catholic audience, or a morning or afternoon... without private conference with earnest men and... women seeking after the truth. Does any one want... a plainer providence? Did our Saviour say, 'Compel... them to enter in,' or 'Wait till they compel you to... take them in?'"

Many persons have been led to... conclude, on account of the popularity of lectures... and books against Christianity, all calculated to... lessen, if not utterly to destroy, faith in the... great truths of the Gospel, that such doctrines... as the existence of hell were no longer held by the... masses of non-Catholics. But Father Elliott assures... us that "the awful truth of eternal punishment... still holds its place in the vast majority of Protestant... minds." It is easy indeed, to find Protestant men... and women who will doubt the terrible dogma, who... like to say both No and Yes to it; but a settled... conviction of universal salvation is rare to find,—rare... to find a flourishing or even a small-sized Universalist... church society outside large cities."

The need of emphasizing the... essential doctrines of Christianity is shown by... many of Father Elliott's experiences; and there is... a good suggestion in his remark that "if all... stated sermons fitted the general public would

gradually find itself drawn to attend... our churches in greater numbers." He tells us that... every where he went he heard the remark, "We never... knew Catholics held such doctrines,"—meaning... the atonement and the necessity of divine grace, the... inspiration of the Bible, and the good of constantly... reading it, and the like. The fact is that our... American people, taken generally, will listen with... equanimity to any exposition of religion, and will... even help to get it a hearing, as long as there is... no attack on, no condemnation of, differing views;... and this is our golden opportunity. Our final... purpose is to communicate truth, and must be so, rather... than to refute error. To refute error never can be... more than preliminary to giving truth. State and... prove the truth to begin with, and the result will... be to disinfest the hearer's mind of error unconsciously. It is... better for one to give up error involuntarily, and... therefore without effort, than to do it under... compulsion of the conscious and humiliating... surrender of cherished opinions. To remove the... crust of error from a mind, you have but to saturate... it with truth; for this has the property of... disintegrating, dissolving and cleansing. This... treatment is wiser than insisting on the use of the... knife. Only the few heroic souls can endure losing... their skin for the sake of being freed from stain."

The Query-box is one of the... best features of Father Elliott's missions. It seems... all sorts of questions are asked, difficulties that... never entered the mind of a Catholic to conceive... are propounded, and explanations asked that... prove the densest ignorance of Catholic teaching... and the grossest misconception of the Church. The... answers, which are of startling interest to many... Protestants, could hardly be better. We must make... room for his answer to the query, Why do Catholics... pray with beads?

I began my answer by putting... my hand in my pocket and drawing out my... rosary, and holding it up before the audience. The... Protestants gazed on it in absolute wonder and... utter silence. Then I explained the vocal and... mental prayer of the rosary, the mysteries and... their order, ending in words like these: "There is... no excess of praying to God nowadays; and let me... advise you to give every liberty to prayer, to that... most necessary of all religious practices, whether... people want to help their prayer by books or... public meetings or family union, or by using this... beautiful, graceful, and poetical form of the Crown... of Roses—or by using jack-stones or corn-cobs, for... that matter. The beads help us to spend more... time at prayer, to unite thought and words both... together, to assist in fixing attention, to be simple... and childlike, and to have the help of Mary the... Mother of Jesus, who was and is, you will gladly... agree, the foremost friend the Saviour has ever had."

From his account of the mission... given at Pickering, Michigan, we get the best idea... of the effect on the general population. The joy of the... Catholics to see their church full of Protestant... friends and neighbors was the joy that angels feel... when men turn aside from paths of error; and... perhaps they never realized till then the full... responsibility of the Christian profession. The non-Catholics... were eager to hear what the Father had to say, and... he assures us that he never preached to more... attentive audiences. A "blizzard" was raging at the... time, but this did not deter these earnest seekers... after truth from attending the "meetings." Storms... very much less severe than the one Father Elliott... describes, alas! keep many Catholics from attending... Mass on Sundays. He tells us that he was edified... and encouraged more than words can describe.

"No mission has left a more... hopeful feeling in my mind than Pickering. Converts... are sure to be the outcome. One simple Protestant... man—a miserably drunkard—was moved by the... temperance lecture to come to me and sign the... pledge. Upon this his wife presented herself to be... instructed and received into the Church—which... means also her eight children, and after not many... days her husband too. Oh, for some one to take up... this work—to put in the breaking plough after my... axe and grub hoe! Where are the priests who will... address the ready audiences? Where are the laymen... who will supply them with funds for the missionary... literature and their personal expenses—perhaps a... good lecture or two of their own? More than his... personal expenses should no man ask who is... privileged to claim the labor and merit and joy of... this apostolate."

Again, alas! there are not... priests enough to minister to the faithful. Father... Elliott's apostolate is a special one, for which he... is especially equipped. It will be a long time, if... ever, before we can have priests exclusively devoted... to the non-Catholic portion of our population. But... there is no reason why our preaching should not be... of a kind to draw Protestants. If the great majority... of them believe in damnation, and other such... fundamental doctrines of Christianity, why should... not mission sermons suit them as well as Catholics? At... the close of missions and at other appropriate times... there might be a lecture on the Church for the... benefit of inquiring non-Catholics. Our doctrinal... works could then be made known to them. The... missionary literature which Father Elliott has provided... should be made known also to Catholics everywhere, so... as to enable them to co-operate in the hopeful... apostolate in which he is engaged. We feel sure that every

Catholic paper in the United States... would gladly publish a list of the pamphlets... and leaflets which have been published for the... benefit of our separated brethren; and no doubt many... persons would gladly contribute to the expenses of... printing. But, as we have said, it is especially by... prayer and the example of a Christian life that... Catholics will bring outsiders into the fold. Many... indeed cannot otherwise co-operate with Father... Elliott, but there is no excuse for not doing this. Our... zealous missionary has just resumed his labors in the... diocese of Cleveland. Let us all pray that they may... be blessed above measure; and let us put wings to our... prayers, by earnest endeavors to lead lives in... keeping with the faith which we profess.—Ave Maria.

A WATERLOO FOR NOVELIST ZOLA.

I must revert to that horrid man... Zola again, but the occasion is not striking to be... overlooked. The novelist, unfortunately for himself, in... one of his many letters to the press, runs foul of... M. Henry Lasserre and has got a very bad beating... for his pains. In the form of an "open letter" the... pious historian of Our Lady of Lourdes fills several... columns of the *Paris Gaulois*, in which he pitilessly... puns M. Zola's ears to the pillory. Altogether it is a... splendid pronouncement of the faith, and Paris is to be... congratulated in having newspapers so generous in... furthering the principle, *audiat verum partem*.

The first portion of this reply is... taken up with a demonstration of the absolute... falsity of Zola's statement that M. Lasserre wrote his... history in defiance of all official and municipal... documents.

So far from that being the case, M. Lasserre's... book was principally based on such records, and for... twenty-six years has been accepted by the world as... the standard classical work on the subject. In other... words, "Notre Dame de Lourdes," by M. Henri Lasserre, is... the authentic and complete narrative of Bernadette... and the Lourdes vision of 1858.

In the second part of the letter M. Zola... is thus addressed: "Two years ago you inquired of one... of my friends whether you might knock at my door... without danger of a bad reception. I had never read... your books. You presented yourself as an unbeliever... in royal search of the truth. There was then no reason... why I should refuse your request. You, in fact, paid... me several visits. I told you of the numberless... marvels which it was my happiness to witness every... year. A Christian never despairs of the salvation of... any one. Without speaking of the action of Divine... Grace, the evidence of the supernatural at Lourdes is... such that one must either believe or renounce reason... altogether. One day it occurred to me as a good idea... to conduct you to that memorable spot which, after the... grotto, is the most striking at Lourdes. I mean the... miserable little room in which Bernadette dwelt at the... period the Queen of Heaven charged her to call all... the world to the Roches de Massabielle. This basilica, these... churches, these edifices of marble, this town rising out... of the desert, one thousand of extraordinary cures, the... innumerable souls restored to faith and joy, the... crusade all over the world, all was contained in the... simple fact that a young girl, wretchedly poor, ignorant... and illiterate, went out one morning from this wretched... hovel to gather a few sticks on the banks of the Gave to... make a fire to cook the simple meal of the day."

"I knew the impression which such... a contrast would produce on you. Only the action of... God could explain such a disproportion between the... nullity of the means and the infinite of the effect. And... this impression, Monsieur, you felt; for the first time, perhaps, you... obtained a confused glimpse of true spiritual life. For... a moment you paused without replying to my remarks. Your... visage betokened your interior perturbation. In your... eyes, usually stern and dry, appeared two tears, which... trembled an instant without falling. Then you cried out: 'It... is stupefying.' I was much moved at Lourdes, but that... was nothing compared to this. All, then, proceeded from... this! It is Bethlehem! It is the crib! Such a point of... departure! Such a result! It is stupefying!" Call it... miraculous, Monsieur Zola. Struggling with yourself, you... repeated the same words, "It is stupefying!" Very well, Monsieur Zola, there is something which would be... still more amazing. "Why, what do you mean?" you... replied, opening wide your eyes from which the tears had... disappeared. It would be more amazing, Monsieur Zola, if... such a result had been obtained by this little girl... telling a lie or acting from mere hallucination. "Oh, I do... not say that," you replied in a bewildered sort of way;... "Bernadette was neither a liar nor a visionary. She was... the instrument of that great hereafter (*au delà*) which... governs human existence. Still there is some distance... between this and the dogmas you believe in. 'Undoubtedly, Monsieur Zola, still, to be logical, there are a few steps... between one and the other.' The door then opened and... someone entered. This put a stop to our conversation... for the moment, but a few moments after you returned... to the subject and said: 'Without having become a... believer, I have seen at Lourdes that which I never... suspected—a place of consolation, of hope, even of cure, for... the multitude of the wretched, of the sorrowful, of the... sick. It is a culminating point, an oasis in this world.' You then added the following words, which I give... textually: 'To assail what is going on here would

be a crime of treason against... humanity. I promise you, Monsieur Lasserre, that not a word of mine shall be of a nature... calculated to afflict the friends of Lourdes (*amis des Lourdes*), and I can even add that you will find in my book many things that will give you pleasure.' These words, which were quite voluntary on your part, appeared to me to be sincere and I still believed in them until I found out that you had actually committed the act which formerly you had very justly qualified as a 'crime!'"

IN CROWDED WAYS.

An Exile's Sorrow Finds Its Way to Man's Heart.

The seat next to mine was... unoccupied. The swan-barks glided on near my feet. The park was a huge... morning playground. A little old lady sat down... carefully, first brushing over the seat with a... speckless bit of cambric and then folding her hands... primly. I laid down my pencil and note-book. I could rest an hour, and her face was of the old-time beauty given by living with dainty old china and endless fine needle-work and portraits of other dear old ladies as children, with their pantalettes showing white-frilled, and who wore black silk shifts on their plump hands. I knew there were bags of English lavender in her closet and jars of rose leaves in the halls of her home.

"You write, I see," she said, with the kindly tolerance of those who have lived through ambition. Some way I talked to her of my work. One does to some people, even to some strangers. "I can help you perhaps," she said thoughtfully; and I knew it was no idle offer. "There was an incident I saw myself down in the lower part of the city. I think it has never been printed. I have never seen it. It was before the seventies—just before, if I do not mistake. Perhaps you would like it. You will know how it should be told, polished up into a moment's ornament. Well."

"It was on Broadway, a little before the numbered streets begin, the great multitude going up and another coming down, jostling and hurrying in the usual terrifying, regardless way. No place for a fragile old woman, my dear; but I was younger then, and I held close to my husband's arm. But oh, the crowd away down town! I think I have never been since. A crowd always makes my heart beat with hope, for who of the great ones of earth may not be in it? But at yet, I am filled with pity. There are so few happy faces."

"But you must stop me, my dear, if I grow prolix. It is fatal to be so in these times, my son tells me. Well, all at once in the throng pushing up, something checked for a moment each one of those who were going down town. Coming toward us—my husband and I were of those who were traveling toward the lower part of the city—were a man and a woman. The man was pale and sad-eyed, and the woman, her hand on his left arm clutching in the desperation of grief, was weeping bitterly. In his right hand the man bore a tiny coffin, rough, plain. Emigrants? Yes. They had walked up from Castle Garden. The poor husband was forced to walk side ways to protect the precious burden from any rude or careless touch. Thus awkwardly, but infinitely tenderly, shielding the wee box, they made slow progress up the crowded street. We turned and followed, why I cannot tell you; I openly crying and my husband with a deep pity on his face. Women passed by, trying to keep the tears back, and men with troubled looks hesitated, wishing to help yet not knowing how. People are not without care, my dear. They are in too great a hurry to stop and express it, but there are pitying hearts everywhere."

"Up and on through the weary thoroughfare went the dreary little *cortège*. Their sorrow made for them a sacred passage in the busy crowd. Kindly tributes of sympathy from many a passer-by fell softly upon ears deadened by awful grief. A richly-dressed woman stepped from her carriage with a bunch of glowing roses in her hand. Her way to the store she was about to enter lay across the path of the desolate strangers. She started, drew back to let them pass, and as they did so, laid her roses on the baby's coffin. Still noticing nothing—to some of us, my dear, sorrow deadens all feeling—the parents trudged on, and drearily on."

"Suddenly under the chaos of street sounds was heard the sharp, measured tread of uniformed men. Down the outer edge of the sidewalk came an officer with his men in single file. The crowd drew back, but the sad group remained in plain view. One glance from the young officer and a quick command rang out: "'Halt!' A word or two and the body of men formed a long square about the parents and their dead little one. Thus protected, the little procession went slowly but easily up, and turning at English street across the Bowery and up, what we called in

those times, quiet Second Avenue to St. Patrick's burying ground. It lay then near Twelfth street.

"Halt!" again cried the young officer, his boyish face softening to an expression of sorrowful pity. Stepping forward he opened the gate himself and held it whilst the father and mother, now bearing their dead little one between them, passed through. Then the man placing the coffin gently in his wife's arms, turned to the young officer with outstretched hands. Neither spoke, but a moment clasped before their hands fell apart and they went their ways. Father and mother carrying their dead went down the cemetery road, and the officer, slowly closing the gate behind him, rejoined his men.

"He gave another hasty order and, turning, men and boy leader went from the fulfillment of a beautiful duty back into the heart of the busy city.—From the Independent.

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