

Graduation.

BY J. O. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, but we build the ladder by which we rise from the lower earth to the vaulted skies, and we mount to its summit round by round.

We rise by the things that are under our feet, by what we have mastered of good and evil.

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religion that could possibly be made. To this end he had his agents diligently searching libraries and archives throughout Europe, with, however, little or no result for the purpose he had in view. As may be imagined, this was a great disappointment to him; but the issue may be best expressed in his own words.

"On the 23rd of April I wrote an article, in which I swore that nothing should ever make me give up my fight against religion. I again betook myself to the history of Jeanne d'Arc. All those repulsive and contradictory tales of her abandoned and abandoned self, and all at once I experienced a singular helplessness throughout my whole being. I seemed to hear a voice within me, saying, 'Fool that you are! can you not realize that Jeanne really had those visions of which she spoke? Wretched man! can you not bring yourself to think of a human being accomplishing a supernatural mission? In spite of your impious skepticism and incredulity, can you not understand that the Supernatural exists?'"

"For some moments I was unconscious. Then, as I came to myself, I seemed as though my whole past life was clearly portrayed before me. I thought of my first good Communion and my first sacrilegious Communion; I saw my father, my mother, my good grandmother; I went through the happy days of my childhood, and the long bitter years of my anti-clerical life; I thought of the sincere friendships of those from whom I had separated myself, and the implacable hatred of the secretaries with whom I had become allied; I recalled my falsehoods, my injuries, my follies. These thoughts, rushing through my mind, overcame me, and I burst into tears."

"Forgive me, O my God!" I cried; "forgive me my blasphemies. Forgive me for all the evil of which I have made myself guilty." I looked myself in my room, and for the first time in seventeen years I knelt and prayed.

"When evening came I said nothing to my wife about the change that had taken place. I would partake of nothing at dinner, but the want of appetite caused no surprise, as it had been of frequent occurrence through work and preoccupation. I had formed a resolution to profit by the earliest opportunity to secure absolution for my offenses.

"Next morning, at eight o'clock, I went to the Church of St. Martin, and called for a priest, 'no matter what one.' The curate was at leisure then, and came to the confessional. I knelt and thought to make my confession without letting him know who I was; but it was not long before the good priest found that he had no ordinary penitent to deal with. He gently interrupted me, and begged me to come again at another time, as mine was a reserved case." Thus, notwithstanding my own good determination, my confession was not then heard. However, as my resolution had been firmly taken, and wishing to relieve my conscience, I called on the curate at his pastoral residence, where I introduced myself to him, and for a long time we conversed together, not as a confessor and his penitent, but like two intimate friends. I need not say what was the surprise of the good priest when he learned who I was.

"Three days afterwards, at a meeting of the Central Committee of the Anti Clerical League, I handed in my resignation. The announcement of this event appeared in the Salut Public, of Lyons, and brought upon me a general attack from the republican press. I had intended to make a sincere and simple retraction of all my writings, and, after establishing the true nature of certain facts that had been perverted in a wrong light, then to disappear quietly from public notice. I did not count upon being obliged to re-enter the political field.

"From the day on which it became known that I was determined to make a public retraction, my wife and some of those intimates connected with me in the work of the League continually harped reproaches upon me. My home was made almost intolerable through the taunts and accusations of my wife, and her constant entreaties not to bring what she called disgrace upon the family.

"Soon after the public announcement of my new action, the Groupe Garibaldi, of the Anti Clerical League, summoned all its members to a special meeting, for the purpose of voting 'the expulsion of Citizen Taxil.' The secretary had sent me a formal notice to attend the meeting, but several of my friends advised me not to go, on account of the danger to which I would expose myself. 'But,' I said, 'I know my former companions. They are, most of them, good, honest workmen; mistaken as I was myself, but meaning well. They are not cowards, to take advantage of their numbers and attack a single man.' And so I went to the meeting, but not unarmed. I was prepared to defend myself in case any attack should be made upon my life.

"I found the hall in which the meeting was held filled not only with members, but with a number of Freemasons, strangers to the League, who were present to take part in the proceedings. My entrance caused the greatest surprise, as the opinion had prevailed that I would not dare to come. An indescribable tumult ensued from every side. The president rapped loud and long, and after some time order was restored. Then, turning to me, he said: 'How can you dare come here and face men who are about to vote on your expulsion? You are certainly not a fool. You must be a comedian, a coward. You have never for a single moment believed in religion and you will never believe in it. Here, after having formed and organized seventeen thousand followers, after having established this grand anti-clerical movement, you deliberately re-nounce it all! You are a traitor. It would have been much better for you to have killed all these men who see here than to betray them in such a manner. But you can not deceive us. The truth is that the Vatican has paid you dearly for this move. I defy you to prove that you have not been bought over.'"

"I was about to answer, but the president broke in with, 'We have nothing more to do with you.' It was mean and cowardly of you to come here."

after order was restored, the question of allowing me to be heard was put to the assembly, and a majority vote gave me the floor.

"I am not here," I exclaimed, "to make any excuses whatsoever. The expulsion that you are about to vote is precisely what I may have asked for. If I have obeyed your summons, it is because I wished to declare that I have not been guilty of any treachery towards you. The traitor general is the one who delivers his army to the enemy; the traitor is the secret agent who acts as a spy upon his comrades, and is paid for his work. Now, I have never been a spy among you, and I do not intend to give you up to your opponents. For many long years I remained with you, because I believed that the true cause was that of the anti-clerical movement. I have discovered that I was in error. It seems to me that I have the right to say according to my convictions, but I do not compromise in any way by leaving your society. Not one among you will ever experience the least mishap on account of my return to the friends of my childhood. You may say that I have renounced the flag of free thought, but say not that I am a traitor to you."

"The deepest interest I inquired after all of the Fathers whom I had known; some were deceased, and others dispersed in distant countries. The college no longer wore the cheerful appearance of former days; for the governmental expulsion had been particularly aimed against Jesuits. Hence only four or five Fathers remained to guard the estate and direct the studies; for the present professors were ecclesiastics or laymen.—And I was one of those who in the name of Liberty had clamored for the expulsion of religious! Alas! what a subject of remorse for the rest of my life!"

The Rev. Father Rector after conducting me through the corridors and classrooms, led me into a gallery, on the walls of which were suspended all the tabernacles of the "Roll of Honor" since the foundation of the establishment. My own name figured frequently on those of 1864-65, and, much moved, I expressed myself greatly surprised that it had been left, as I had rendered myself so unworthy of my teachers. "At a Congreg." observed the Father, "we never doubted your return to God, because you made a good First Communion."

On the 18th I returned to my home, my family having been brought to recognize the sincerity and devotion of my conduct, and given every assurance of a future happy result of our life together. May every Catholic soul, who by faith knows how to appreciate the grandeur of Divine Mercy, unite with me in prayer that our good God may give me the estimable grace of perseverance! May they pray for those who are dear to me, and for all those unhappy creatures whom my evil writings have deceived and turned away from the sanctuary of religion!

removing my First Communion in the little chapel of the Convent of Our Lady of Reparation, near Fourviere.

The next day I visited Mgr. de la Motte, where twenty years before I had the insupportable privilege of making my First Communion. My arrival was nearly unperceived for I had only a few days previously written to the Rector, requesting him to receive me. Oh! how can I express my delight at beholding once more the college in which the best days of my boyhood had been passed! The very first person I met was the Rev. Father Superior, who had prepared me for my First Communion. I threw my arms about his neck with the simplicity of a child. How good it was of Almighty God to bring him there at that time! For, like myself, the venerated priest, happening to pass through Villefranche, had resolved also to make a short call at Mgr.

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SYRIAN PRESBYTERIANISM.

Catholic Review.

There is always a peculiar sort of artlessness about Protestant missionary correspondence which is admirable for its honesty at least, even if so much cannot be said for its lack of humor. A striking instance of this has just been printed in a little Sunday school monthly published in New York—the *Harlem Presbyterian*, for July.

One of the Presbyterian congregations, it seems, has been maintaining, or helping to maintain, a mission in the eyes of the world, notwithstanding they live for the world, they live for its praise, for its wealth, for its flatteries, for its enjoyments. There are some who are the most cultivated men, their intellect unfolded and refined to a very fine degree, and without any bodily sin of life.

Next the desires of the eyes—what are they? They are the refined sins, not the gross sins of the body, but the refined sins of the mind and the will and the imagination. There are some whose lives are unspiced in the eyes of the world, nevertheless they live for the world, they live for its praise, for its wealth, for its flatteries, for its enjoyments. There are some who are the most cultivated men, their intellect unfolded and refined to a very fine degree, and without any bodily sin of life.

Under the heading "The Work in Syria," the *Harlem Presbyterian* says: "A very interesting letter has been received from Yusuf Ateyeh at Beirut, Syria, through Mr. F. W. March, and we reproduce so much as we feel will be of interest to our readers." Then follows Yusuf's letter, of which the following is a paragraph (the italicized ones):

"I have a cousin called Abraham, about 35 years old who, I know, committed a murder when about 14 years old. He was imprisoned for two years and was then released. About five years ago he was smitten with paralysis and obliged to return home after an absence of sixteen years. Not long after his return the Lord enlightened his heart with the Gospel, and, like the Jews who heard Peter, said: 'On the Lord receive me, a sinner.' To day he is a candidate for church membership, and is fervent in his faith and zeal in speaking the word of grace, praiseworthy and helpful as he is. His sister wanted to marry a cousin, and inasmuch as such a marriage is contrary to the rules of the Greek Church, of which they both were members, they asked the American missionary to marry them. Mr. March married them in the middle of the past winter, and they now worship with us, convinced of the truth of our faith."

"Of course it would be unchristian to sneer at the conversion of even of one who began life as a murderer; but, undoubtedly, the genuineness of such conversions ought to be attested by evidence of more than ordinary trustworthiness. But when, in the very same paragraph, one reads of the 'conversion of two persons as resulting apparently from nothing else than a Protestant missionary's lax notions as to marriage, one is tempted to question everything else in the paragraph. What a charming narrative there is in the declaration that the more or less happy couple are now 'convinced of the truth of our faith!' The *Harlem Presby.* does not enlighten its readers as to the point, but one is naturally curious to know if the married couple and their former murderer are also enrolled at a salary, like their kinsman Yusuf Ateyeh, as 'evangelists' of Presbyterianism in Syria."

Protestant missions in infidel or Pagan lands are a queer study. Years ago, George Francis Train used to relate many strange experiences of his among those missions. Whether in China, in India, in Syria, or Africa, or in the islands of the Pacific, there is constantly offered to observation an unscrupulous flexibility of conscience in the methods pursued for gathering in converts.

Then there occurred to me the thought of making a pious pilgrimage. My only desire now was to visit my saintly god-mother, in a great measure, been the cause of my conversion. Thus, on the 13th of November, I had the great joy of

WAYS OF SOCIETY.

ITS TREASURY, FOLLIES AND PASSIONS DESCRIBED BY CARDINAL MANNING.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster preached recently at the Church of Our Lady, St. John Wood, London. His Eminence, who took some forty days of words: "Therefore, if you be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of the Father. Mind also things which are above, for you are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God," said: "Our Divine Lord, when the forty days were accomplished, His disciples went out of Bethania, and as he talked with them, He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and He was borne up and the clouds received Him out of sight. And the disciples watched Him as He ascended and strained their eyes to follow Him, and when they could see Him no more, an angel said: 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up into Heaven? A strange question, for what else should they look? They had lost their Lord and their Master and Friend; they had lost One that was dear and precious to them, they had lost Him in Whom all their happiness had been for these forty days after He rose from the dead—all was now gone. He had lived in the midst of them, drawn their hearts to Him, attached them to Himself, and then ascended out of their sight.'"

Well, the question of the angel is easily answered. They were looking up because they had ascended with Him who was taken from them. This was a great lesson for us. Our Divine Lord warned the people not to lay up treasures upon earth, where the rust and the moth corrupt it, and where the thieves could enter in and steal it, but to lay up their treasures in Heaven, because, He says, "Where your treasure is, there your heart will be also." This is to say, that if your treasures are in Heaven you will be Heavenly minded, and if your treasure is upon earth you will be earthly minded. There is nothing between these two conditions; there is no third state. We must everyone of us be either Heavenly minded or earthly minded. No man can serve two masters. Our hearts must be in Heaven or upon earth. St. John says: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, for any man that loveth the world, the love of the Father is not in him." And St. John goes on to say "the concupiscence" (that is, the desire of the flesh and the desires of the eyes and the pride of life) are not of the Father "The desires of the flesh—what does that phrase represent? The gross life in which men indulge themselves in food, in eating and drinking, in sloth, in bodily indulgence, and in all that belongs to a gross life. This is one of the things of the world. If any man loveth it, lives in it; if he makes it his treasure, he is dead while he lives; he is not of the Father and will never see His face."

Next the desires of the eyes—what are they? They are the refined sins, not the gross sins of the body, but the refined sins of the mind and the will and the imagination. There are some whose lives are unspiced in the eyes of the world, nevertheless they live for the world, they live for its praise, for its wealth, for its flatteries, for its enjoyments. There are some who are the most cultivated men, their intellect unfolded and refined to a very fine degree, and without any bodily sin of life. Next the desires of the eyes—what are they? They are the refined sins, not the gross sins of the body, but the refined sins of the mind and the will and the imagination. There are some whose lives are unspiced in the eyes of the world, nevertheless they live for the world, they live for its praise, for its wealth, for its flatteries, for its enjoyments. There are some who are the most cultivated men, their intellect unfolded and refined to a very fine degree, and without any bodily sin of life.

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be attached to that world which we see by faith.

And how are we united with that world? St. Paul had said in one passage that he desired to pass away, but to labor in the world was better for others. That is the way with many men. Many a man is weary of this world; he has had experience of its bitterness and its dangers. He has had enough of it, if it were possible to be out of it, it would be a relief to him to be out of it; nevertheless, there are those who support them; he does not wish to leave them; he is powerfully drawn to Heaven, but he is also strongly drawn to those whom he loves on earth. Nevertheless he is continually delighting in God and in the thought of eternity and in the certainty of his everlasting life. These things to him are sweeter and brighter, more beautiful and more powerfully attractive. That is to be heavenly-minded. A man's heart is in Heaven. He lives and labors in this world, but his heart and his hope and his rest are already in eternity. Here is the meaning of St. Paul's words. "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." And then he went on to say, "Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." What is the meaning of those words? When I read them I often say to myself, surely the inspired words of the New Testament give us a rule and a standard of life so high that the superstitious world has been lowering and explaining it away and getting rid of its true meaning, or getting rid, as the world says, of its strictures. Truth is a strict thing. Where truth ceases to be strict, it loses its definiteness. Explaining the meaning of those wonderful words, "for ye are dead," his Eminence said those words are strictly true. We were born spiritually dead, and when the supernatural life was in us, the eternal life by which we can live forever if we persevere, we in that moment became dead to the world, dead to sin, dead to ourselves. The gift of God was the gift of dying to the world, but this much depends upon our mortification of ourselves. Let me ask a few questions: Are you dead to the world, to the pleasures of the world, to the honors of the world, to the friends of the world, to the money of the world, to the power over you, to the enemies and to the sinners of the world? Do you give up the world, do you give up the pleasures of the world, do you give up the honors of the world, do you give up the friends of the world, do you give up the money of the world, do you give up the power over you, do you give up the enemies and to the sinners of the world? Do you give up the world, do you give up the pleasures of the world, do you give up the honors of the world, do you give up the friends of the world, do you give up the money of the world, do you give up the power over you, do you give up the enemies and to the sinners of the world?

Next, as you are dead to society? People about us invite us and we invite them in turn. We do not care much about them. A great many others are such as we are. We are charitable to them, but we have no great affection for them. Nevertheless society is a great tyrant. We are compelled to live according to the fashion, according to the custom, to do what others do, to yield to public opinion and to the world. We do not care much about them. A great many others are such as we are. We are charitable to them, but we have no great affection for them. Nevertheless society is a great tyrant. We are compelled to live according to the fashion, according to the custom, to do what others do, to yield to public opinion and to the world. We do not care much about them. A great many others are such as we are. We are charitable to them, but we have no great affection for them. Nevertheless society is a great tyrant. 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