

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1874.

THE BLESSED HAND.

[There is a legend of an English Monk, who died at the Monastery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in Heaven. Long after his death his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand, with which he had done his pious work, and which had been miraculously preserved from decay.]

For you and me, who love the light Of God's unclouded day, It were indeed a dreary lot To shut ourselves away From every glad and sunny thing, And pass from out a silent cell Into the silent ground. And pleasant sight and sound, And pass from out a silent cell Into the silent ground. Not so the good Monk Anselm thought, For in his cloister's shade, The cheerful faith that lit his heart Its own sweet sunshine made; And in its glow he prayed and wrote From morn till eve, And trusted in the Book of Life To read his name in heaven. What holy books his gentle art Filled full of saintly lore! What pages brightened by his hand The splendid missals bore! What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined Around each blessed name, And how his Saviour's cross and crown Shone out from cloud and flame! But unto clerk as unto clown One common cause was dear, And Brother Anselm heard the call At Vesper-chime one day, His busy pen was in his hand, His parchment by his side— He bent him o'er the half writ prayer, Kissed Jesus' name and died. They laid him where a window's breeze Flashed o'er the graven stone, And seemed to touch his simple name With pencil like his own; And there he slept, and one by one His brothers died the while, And trooping years went by and trod His name from off the aisle. And lifting up the pavement, then, An Abbot's couch to spread, They let the jewelled sunlight in Where once lay Anselm's head. No crumbling bone was there; no trace Of human dust that told, But, all alone, a warm right hand Lay fresh upon the mould. It was not stiff, as dead men's are, But with a tender clasp It seemed to hold an unseen hand Within its living grasp, And ere the trembling bones could turn, To hide their dazzled eyes, It rose, as with a sound of wings, Right up into the skies. Mr. Disraeli on His Knees.

[New York Herald, Dec. 3] Mr. Disraeli, the English Prime Minister, took occasion in a recent speech at the banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, to glorify the Conservative party and dwell upon the justice and security of the English nation. Among other things he said: "The working classes of this country have inherited personal rights which the nobility of other nations do not yet possess. Their persons and their homes are sacred. They have no fear of arbitrary arrests or domiciliary visits. These expressions were loudly cheered, and were understood to express to the audience Mr. Disraeli's satisfaction that an English workingman could not be treated as Count Armin had been treated in Germany. When they were coupled with an unusually courteous reference to the magnanimity and courtesy of the French Government, there could be only one belief—namely, that Mr. Disraeli meant to publicly and emphatically condemn the extraordinary policy of Bismarck. This was certainly the feeling in Germany; for the journals, especially those inspired by the Government, immediately resented the Prime Minister's criticism of Prussian liberty. Mr. Disraeli in a few days communicated to the Times a disclaimer of this meaning in the following words: "An entirely unwarranted construction has been placed on some quarters, placed on the expressions used by the Prime Minister, at Guildhall, on the subject of arbitrary arrests, we are authorized to state that, in making these observations, the case of Count Armin was not present to his mind, for the sufficient reason that the arrest of Count Armin was not arbitrary, but in accordance with the laws of his country. This extraordinary disclaimer, which was part of the Prime Minister's excited grave discussion, The London Standard, the Tory organ, reminds Mr. Disraeli of the mischief of adopting the foreign communique as a system novel in practice and opposed to its national Ministerial etiquette. "For," says the Standard, with admirable force, "if we once begin smoothing down our phrases, in order to please foreign courts, where are we to stop? Are the relations between Germany and England on so delicate a footing that we are bound to explain everything that appears to the German mind to reflect on Count Armin? This is extending the Bismarck system in England, and making Bismarck the director of public opinion in England as in Germany." The official German Gazette says, in a tone that must give great annoyance to Englishmen, that all those desirous of preventing "misunderstanding" between England and Germany must be gratified with the explanation given by Mr. Disraeli. The London Times, in an elaborate lecture, endeavors to accept Disraeli's explanation, and says: "It is not gracious to reduce to very exact proportions the grains of solid meaning which so great an artist so easily beats up into vast and swelling periods." John Lemoinne, the famous writer of the Journal des Debats, and who, more than any French journalist, seems to be acquainted with English affairs, makes an angry comment on Mr. Disraeli's explanation, regarding it "as a very humble excuse from the first Minister of England to the first Minister of Prussia," and that, to his mind, it is evident that the placing of Europe in a state of siege is making progress." Mr. Lemoinne intimates that Mr. Disraeli, who waited eight days before his disavowal, must have been compelled to do so by a hint from the Queen or "a disagreeable communication from Berlin." "What is most apparent in this incident," says Lemoinne, "is that the classical land of liberty has, in the person of the first Minister of England, no longer speak without submitting to and incurring censure from Berlin." This incident will hardly pass without further discussion. Lord Palmerston was driven from power because it was felt he was under the influence of Napoleon, and this at a time when he was as powerful a Minister as Disraeli is to-day. Whether England, however, will be as sensitive to German influence as it has been to the influence of the French is a question. We remember that England is governed by a German family, by a Queen and royal princes who have as much interest in Germany as they have in Great Britain. But it is not pleasant to see an English minister on his knees before a foreign Power.

FATHER BURKE'S LAST LECTURE.

Russell, Gladstone and Bismarck.

IRELAND'S FAITH.

From the Cork Examiner we copy the peroration of Father Burke's lecture, delivered before an immense audience in Munster Hall, Cork, on the evening of the 9th of November:

The Catholic Church has her testimony from heaven in her unity. He said she was to be one, and she is, and shall be until the end of time. The Catholic Church has her testimony in her victories. He said she was to be persecuted in all ages, that the waves of persecution were to arise in all their ocean fury against her, but that she was built upon a rock, and should conquer all. The wise man says, "The Saviour, and his house, is upon a rock; and when the winds blow and the waves rise and dash against it they cannot destroy it because it is built upon a rock," and the Lord says: "I will build my Church upon a rock, and the gates of Hell shall never prevail against it." And so, these waves of persecution arise with their angry crests, sweeping away nations, destroying principalities and powers, just as they sweep the troubled ocean arise in their strength and fling mighty ships, and shake them from their bosom into the mighty depths of the sea,—so also the mighty waves of popular indignation, of intellectual uprising—statesmen, politicians, nations, kings—go to form the crest of that mighty wave, and it rolls over the world, sweeping every nation until it comes to the Rock of Ages—until it dashes itself against the Catholic Church—and then, like the ocean wave, dashing against the iron-bound coast, it wastes itself in idle foam and is no more. Is not this true? I am going to state a startling fact. My reading of history has never yet shown me the man, no matter who he was, king or kaiser, that raised his hand against the Catholic Church and did not come to grief. The Roman Emperors tried it with their sword, and their sword they fell, but the Church remained. Coming to our own day, the greatest warrior the modern world ever beheld went in his career of triumph like an angry god, irresistibly swept every battle field of his enemies, scattered the armies of Austria and Russia, with their Emperors at their head, like a flock of sheep, and no standard that could raise itself against him, he was acknowledged to be irresistible, until, in an evil hour of intoxicated triumph, he ventured to touch the old Pope of Rome. He fell like a tower, like the temple of Dagon when Sampson pulled the pillars from under it, and down it came in its crashing ruin. His nephew, the late Emperor, triumphed as long as he kept peace with the Catholic Church and was loyal to his allegiance to her. His power was able to withstand him; he and his army were the first men in the world; but when he proved a traitor to Pius the Ninth, and turned round falsely upon the Church, that great and glorious France that had been committed to him sank under his sway, and misfortune followed misfortune until he was stricken under the ruins of his Empire. A great statesman, Lord Russell, who was the head of the Liberal party in England—a man of great intellect, a man who had lived a most honorable career, a man who had written his name on the English Constitution, a man who was held in honor, until in an evil hour he wrote the Durham Letter. And from that hour to this he was flung into a contemptible corner. No one was found to remember the man whose name had been so long and so gloriously associated with the name of England. Another great name has consigned itself to the same obscurity in the future, a name dearer to Ireland (we were never ungrateful), a name we used to associate in our minds with purpose and glorious justice—he has also found it necessary to draw the sword of his pen against the Catholic Church. And I greatly fear the same oblivion and contempt will be upon his name. Take great care, I say, Bismarck, great mind, great power, determined will—how successfully though silently he prepared the materials for the great campaign, with what wonderful success he drew together and welded into one powerful arm the various elements of the German nation. He was never crossed in the field or in the council, he was in the full tide and highway of his prosperity until in a recent hour he thought he would have a dash at the Catholic Church. But, from the day he began to lay hold on the Bishops and priests of Germany up to this hour, nothing but disappointments and failures are his portion. He is, to-day, one of the most troubled men in Europe. He has got into this business with Count Armin, and is like the man who got a present of an elephant and did not know what to do with it. There is Armin on his hands, and he does not know what to do with him. The Catholic Church has her testimony from earth as well as from Heaven. My friends, pass over the various other testimonies of the world, and pass through the glorious history of that action of the Church, rising upon the ruins of ancient pagan society, and the ruins of the Roman Empire, when the Catholic Church, which at that time had been out of chaos light out of darkness, and civilization out of barbarism—passing over all the evidences and testimonies of history, I will come to one simple fact, and it is this: The Catholic Church, because she was instituted by Almighty God to meet the spiritual wants of man's soul, must necessarily meet the cravings and aspirations of man. Every legitimate aspiration of the soul of man finds its fulfillment in the Catholic Church, either in her doctrine or her ritual. What is more natural, for instance, when a man is in affliction, to seek out a friend to whom he can unburden himself? A precious privilege it is to have a friend upon whose secrecy, upon whose honor and wisdom you can rely for counsel and for advice in seasons of affliction. God, who is the Father of the Church, has a natural want, that natural craving, and He set a friend in the confessional, the most secret, the most confidential, the most powerful friend that ever an afflicted soul turned to. What is more natural than for a man to seek in the service of God some help from his senses? Something that would tell the eye, and the ear listening, that it is the service of God, and that God is there? And therefore, Christ instituted in His Church her ritual and her ceremonial. Now, I say, out of this natural fulfillment of the legitimate cravings of the human spirit, the earth renders its testimony to the Catholic Church in this way. It is seen in that very people, who, three hundred years ago, separated from the Catholic Church—separated from her entirely, gave up the Pope, gave up Catholic ceremonial, and said they wanted to institute—God save the mark—a spiritual religion; and, consequently, there was to be no more Mass, no more images, no more crucifixes, no more vestments upon the priest, no lights upon the altar—all these things were to be given up as interfering with the purely spiritual intercourse of the reformed soul with its Creator. But it is not a strange fact that, after trying to live without those things for three hundred years, they are coming back now and asking for them? Go into a Protestant Church in London, to-day, and you will see an altar there made of stone, with a crucifix and candles, and a tabernacle, and every blessing thing that you could find in a Catholic Church, except one thing—namely, the Word of God. It does not happen to be going. Nay, more, I have seen the ministers going about in soutanes, like priests. I am after being in London, and I have met, in almost every corner, Protestant women dressed up as nuns—and you have no idea how very like nuns they are. And the ministers will put a piece of purple silk over their heads, made like a stole, and actually go into a

Scottish Presbyterian are beginning to have organs in their churches, and stained glass windows, and everything to make them as like as possible to Catholic churches; and, after endeavoring to live upon the Scotch idea of spirituality, they have at length begun to interest themselves in their noses, but to the accompanying sound of instrumental music. What does all this prove? It only proves this: That the people who are trying to ape Catholic ceremonial and the Catholic sacrifice, the people who are returning to Catholic doctrine in spite of themselves, the people who are setting up a dead image and putting upon it a living Church, and fastening their figures dressed up as priests, they are really returning to the natural wants of man, and to a necessity to man unto the end of time. What wonder, then, that the statue of St. Stanislaus, Oh, so glorious, as she has stood in England for fifteen hundred years; cast to the earth, robbed of her possessions, driven into the wilderness of the land, having nothing to sustain her, but the undying and unchangeable grand old Celtic race, who turned to her in the day of her sorrow, and swore their allegiance to her for life. Thy rival was honored as thou wert wronged and scorned. She would me in temples, whilst thou layest hid in caves. Her friends were all masters, whilst thine, alas, were slaves. Yet, cold the earth at thy feet I would rather be. Than wert what I love not, or turn one thought from thee. Thus did Ireland speak to the Catholic Church. What wonder that she should stand whom Omnipotence hath built up. They tried to build a tower in the heavens, after God had thrown it down, and when they came to examine the ancient foundations to build them up again and restore the Jewish religion, flames of fire burst out from those stones and consumed the impious ones; whereas St. John Chrysostom made this magnificent remark: "Behold the temple of Jerusalem—God has pulled it down and no man could rebuild it. Behold the Catholic Church—God has built her up and no man can pull her down." If further argument were wanted—if testimony of father and son were wanting, if the martyrs of other lands did not attest from their unengaged graves the immortality of the principle for which they died, Ireland alone—Ireland alone, rising in all her virgin beauty from out the clashing waves of the western sea, and, with her fifteen hundred years of sanctity and martyrdom, and glory upon her brow, would be a grand, and is a grand and insurmountable argument of the vitality and the eternity of her religion. Every agency that could destroy a principle was brought to bear upon Ireland's religion. For three hundred years the Danes swept the land with fire and sword, yet as often as they strove to strike down, in the heart of Ireland, her love for her holy religion, and her altars, they strove in vain. For three hundred years again every agency and engine of persecution was at work—confiscation, proscription of knowledge, infidel education, legal and civil penalties of every kind, exile, imprisonment, death—all, all have swept over the glorious and time-honored Church of Ireland, all have swept over her; and yet, in the heart of Ireland, her love for her holy religion, and her altars, they strove in vain. 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