

The Golden Thread.

For life is one, and in its warp and woof There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair, And sometimes in the pattern shows its most sweet.

What are these sombre colors? It is true That we have wept, but oh! this thread of gold, We would not have it tarnish; let us turn, Oft and look back upon the wondrous web, And when it shinneth sometimes, we shall know That memory is possession—John Ingelow.

THE CHURCH OF THE POOR.

Splendid Sermon by Cardinal Manning.

PERSECUTION THE CAUSE OF IRISH POVERTY.

Cardinal Manning recently preached an eloquent discourse in St. James' church, London, in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. In the course of his remarks his Eminence thus alluded to the Catholic Church as the patron and protector of the poor.

The love of the poor, and of those in need, is one of the true marks of the Church of God. This care for the poor was not a vague virtue. Even the Jews did not practice it in its fullness. Their charity was limited to certain times, to privileged races, and to particular people; and to the stranger and the wayfarer their hearts were closed. Cared for the poor was the motto of the pagans. He shall be to me as a slave, and when I am tired of him, I will sell him to another. When he can work no longer, why should I waste my substance upon him? In those days homes for the aged and the needy knew no existence, and for those passing from life to death, there were no brothers of St. Vincent de Paul or Little Sisters of the Poor to minister to their wants with willing hands and loving hearts. They considered the poor were made solely for the service of the rich. But

THE MIGHTY DAY OF REDEMPTION HATH COME.

At last; Jesus Christ came upon earth to redeem mankind, and establish a new system and a new order of things, which we know by the one comprehensive name of Christianity. He came to pull down and cast away all that was contrary to the good, the beautiful, and the true—all that was contrary to the law of God and the charity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

There must be classes in society. I cannot tell why, but it is, wherever there is a multiplicity there must be classes of men. Among the heavenly spirits there are many; and, therefore, we find orders among them. There must be choirs, and, if I may so speak, passes among them. There must be angels and archangels, and dominions and thrones, and powers and cherubs. So on earth we find the reflection of the order that exists in Heaven. We have the rich and the poor, the noble and the ignominious, the prince and the peasant. How are all these classes to be governed? Paganism failed, and even the heathen were unequal to the task by which Christianity welded class to class, and by which Christianity established order and harmony between the one and the other. All men are one, because they are all come from the earth. They are one as children, because they have all one Father who is in Heaven. They are one in destiny, because the same home waits for them all. Christianity had succeeded in this governing mankind by preaching the Gospel of Christ. Men in alliance were to be made of Christ, and in alliance were to be those in need, in distress, and in misfortune. By preaching poverty and mutual love,

CHRISTIANITY TAUGHT MEN

to know that those who ask an aim of themselves, that they brethren, that they might realize the meaning of the words: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Our Lord was the first to preach this, not only by word, but also by example. Did ever a preacher preach so eloquently as Christ did? By His example; He who being rich, for our sake became poor. He had a stable for His first house and a manger for His bed. His poverty gave Him naught that He wanted, and made Him want for all. When His apostles fled and forsok Him, poverty still stood by His side. On the cross of Calvary, poverty stood true to Him still. If you would know the poverty of Christ, go to Bethlehem and look on that stable. Go and look on the poverty of Nazareth. You will there see that though "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, the Son of Man had not where to lay his head." Look at Him on the Cross, where He died nailed on the tree of scorn. He taken down, and a winding sheet is given Him in charity, and finally he is buried in a borrowed tomb. As our Lord preached poverty in Himself, so did He respect it in others. His miracles during His public life on earth were all worked to benefit the poor. He did not cause the sun to stand still in the heavens. He did not move mountains. He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and restored the dead to life, and preached the gospel to the poor. All His miracles were wrought for the love of the poor and the suffering. He sent His angels to the poor, and visited the child of the birth of their Infant Redeemer. He chose poor fishermen for His apostles. He chose a poor man for His foster father, and a poor man for His precursor. As Christ was poor, so is His Church inspired with the love of the poor. If it were not filled with the love of the poor, the Catholic Church would not be the Church of Christ. So, when we look back during the last ninety years, we see the Church sometimes in honor and at another depicted by men—now persecuted and now lifted up again—now banking in the sunshine of the favor of princes and kings—again worshipping silently and hidden in the catacombs—over and always the Church of the poor, the grand old Catholic Church. Again, when she emerged from the catacombs, dressed as a bride for the altar, she came forth to govern and rule men as the only true and living Church of Jesus Christ upon earth. In her grandeur and prosperity, we find her still the same Church of the poor. We find her in ages gone by founding societies like those we have in our midst today—whose object in life was to dispense to the poor the aims of the rich entrusted to their care. The surplus revenues of the Church were directed to be given to the poor, and in certain cases some of the vessels of the altar were to be sold and given to the poor.

THIS IS THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH AND HER MINISTERS.

SO MUCH REVEALED IN THESE DAYS. Her monasteries were places in which men, living under the banner of Christ, bound themselves to live in unity, peace and love in the service of their Divine Master. They were more than this. The poor knew wherever there was a monastery there was a home for the suffering poor of Christ. They knew they would never be turned from the monastery doors till their wants were supplied. Before the name of Protestant was known, and before the seeds of discord were sown in this land, these monasteries existed. We had them almost without number in this country and in the sister isle. Glendalough and Clonmel are names to be remembered. Others there were in both countries.

WHOSE IVEY-COVERED RUINS STAND TO THIS DAY.

Preaching sermons to man, and telling him of the love of the Catholic Church for the poor. As with me in thought to gaze on one of these monasteries in all its ancient grandeur. As we look on the grand structure, we hear a bell ring and we see a long line of monks going to their office. Again the same bell sounds, and we see them returning they are going to their frugal meals. Another procession follows. It is the poor of Christ, who follow to participate with them. The monks serve them with their hands, right glad to assist those in whom they recognize the beloved of Jesus Christ. IT WAS A SAD DAY FOR THE POOR OF ENGLAND.

When an evil spirit whispered it in the mind of a wicked king, "All these will I give thee, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me"—then King Henry VIII. fell down to adore, and received in exchange the revenues of the monasteries of England. If that day had never dawned, do you think we should ever have heard of poor law guardians or those cold, prison-like buildings which exist over the face of the country, and which the poor hate where the ties that God has called sacred are severed by man upon earth; where the man is separated from the wife to whom he has promised a life-long love; where the children are separated from their parents, and where the man is boarded and worked as by the pegs of hell? I do not blame my country for this, but one thing I do lay at her door, and that is, that she laid under a ban the religion of the poor—that she suppressed the monasteries, the homes of the poor, and banished the monks, the fathers of the poor.

LOOK AT IRELAND AS SHE WAS.

There were as many monasteries, if not more than in England. Those monasteries were possessed of wealth; they were the treasuries of the poor, consigned to them by the faithful to administer to the poor, until the eye of a covetous king fell upon and took possession of them. The result was, from that day to this, and perhaps to the end of time, poverty has been the lot of Ireland, and her people are known as the poor Irish. But there is the reward given to them by Almighty God for persecution suffered in His Holy Name. If that fatal day had never dawned, should we have heard of the ever recurring Irish famines? Would the monks of Ireland, with their grand Catholic and Irish hearts, have allowed their people to starve upon the face of the earth? Would they have seen them sitting seaward for their food on the coast of Connemara? No! Their illustrious history answers. No! If the monasteries had not been suppressed, should we have heard of emigration? Should we have found millions of devoted Irish people in this land of old herbs and unbelief, who have separated themselves from all they love, and other millions who have braved the tempestuous sea in seeking a distant home across the Atlantic? In the words of the poet:

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,

The deer and wolf to a covert can flee, A home and a country remain not to me.

Since '48 six millions of her children

have left her shores or died from famine and disease. This shows that, when the Catholic religion ceases to be the religion of a country, poverty comes in, and is treated by the state only with the hand of iron and cold heart that a state can command. The Catholic Church is the Church of the poor. The Catholic Church is the friend of the poor, and carries out her aims, among other ways, by means of the Society for which I have to appeal to you to-night—the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Mrs. McArthur, of Hopeville, says regarding Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam,

She can not speak too highly of its merits as a remedy for Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, weak lungs and all pulmonary troubles. A cold may be cured by it in one day. THE tobacco of Martinica was once the favorite with the smoking world, and when old Father Henipen descended the Mississippi about 1680 the Indians were much surprised to see an European with such an excellent sample of their native pipe. He was not a trader, but a member of the "Myrtle Navy" would give but a poor account of the once celebrated Martinica. Their favorite brand is as much superior to it as it was to the raw and unaged leaf which the Indians at that day smoked.

George Kelly of Dunchurch, Parry

Suffered for the last six years from Dyspepsia, and had tried Doan's and Patent Medicines, until out of patience with all treatment, but was induced by a friend to try Barlock Blood Bitters. Before finishing one bottle he was astonished at the result, and declares he never felt better. "I have a dozen others who have derived great benefits from the medicine."

Mr. Abraham Gibbs, Vanghan, writes:

"I have been troubled with Asthma since I was ten years of age, and have taken hundreds of bottles of different kinds of medicine, with no relief. I saw the advertisement of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Soda, and determined to try it. I have taken one bottle, and it has given me more relief than anything I have ever tried before, and I have great pleasure in recommending it to those similarly afflicted."

THE IRISH CHARACTER.

Its Strong and Weak Points Contrasted.

It is a remarkable fact that the Irish character is the worst side out. There is a story told of a negro that is quite in point. A white man, looking at a negro's basket of fruit, remarked that a nice rascal apple resembled the white man, while the negro was represented by the cheerless looking side of the apple. To this the negro replied that the white man, notwithstanding his fair exterior, had many little black grains at his heart, while the negro, in spite of his homely appearance, was sound within. Experience teaches us that appearances are often deceptive. It is not the artificial manner of the avowed aristocrat, or the fashionable greeting that we should look to, for these can be—nay, are—frequently assumed for the occasion, but we should rather regard the moral qualities which God has made the criterion of conduct; we should consider the religious spirit which is so highly prized by the God of the universe.

If we accept the dictum of the arrogant

and fickle people who constitute "the world," the Irish are not up to the mark. In what respect? Who has made the indolent race of "do-nothings" the judges of the Irish character? Like all idle folks, they give themselves up to vanity and to criticizing their neighbors. Would you have the Irish people now let me quote the opinion of Doctor Johnson. Cardinal Newman and Father Fabre on this subject. The famous English moralist says that fashionable people pride themselves on their integrity. The fact is they had no temptation to be dishonest. They were honest at the same time thirty years, and that during that period he had been in the fashion several times, for the vagaries of fashion had brought in, after irregular cycles, the style of lat which he continually wore.

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Dublin's Pleasure Park.

The Phoenix Park, the scene of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, for which so many prisoners are now on trial, contains 2,000 acres, and is entered, like Hyde Park in London, by a stately gateway. It is surrounded by a solid coped wall, and is the playground of the Irish metropolis, civil and military, and contains his ready horse and gray gelding, in which solitude, pure and simple, may be realized. It contains statues of Lord Carlisle, Lord Gough, and a hideous granite obelisk, frequently referred to in the evidence, 200 feet in height, recording the exploits of Wellington. The spot where the assassination took place is about half a mile from the entrance, and is overlooked by the vice-regal lodge, the semi-official home of the Lord Lieutenant, which looks exactly like a twin of our White House.

It has, however, the advantage of many mountain views of great beauty. A little further on are the official residences of Mr. Trevelyan and Tom Burke's successor.

An Example for Protestants.—

Recently in New Orleans there was buried a colored servant of the Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, recently elected Episcopal Assistant Bishop of Mississippi, from the rectory of Trinity Church. A nice coffin had been provided. The interment was in the large dining-hall of the rectory, around which lighted candles were placed, as is the custom in Roman Catholic burial, the negro boy having been baptised a Catholic and attended St. Alphonsus Church. The priest, who administered to him the usual sacraments, and who officiated at the services held over the body at the rectory. Four white boys acted as pallbearers, one of whom was the Rev. Dr. Thompson, who, with the rector's family, accompanied the body to St. Alphonsus Church and to the cemetery.

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LIVER.

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It is the most distressing and most prevalent of all the diseases of the human system. It is a simple, pure and safe remedy, and it will speedily relieve all the most distressing symptoms of kidney disease.

KIDNEY-WORT

IT PAYS!

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POSSES!

NIGHT

Crucifixes!

NIGHT

Ornaments!

NIGHT

Crosses!

NIGHT

Crucifixes!

NIGHT

Ornaments!

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HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WOOD, OF PHILADELPHIA, Has a Luminous Crucifix, and says, "It is a great incentive to devotion."

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