

ficient to obviate the necessity of particular criticism, we know not the value of an enduring popularity.

The number for this month is, however, a model number. There are fifteen articles, each marked by a special excellence. One, however, will command attention at once as striking at an evil, or more properly a want that comes home to every Catholic household. It is on the influence of the newspaper press—its duties—its shortcomings—the want of qualification in those who undertake the editorial duty of Catholic journalists &c. We give to an article of our own on the same subject a brief epigraph from the *Catholic World* which will indicate the scope and tendency of that periodical's remarks—We could wish the number were in every Catholic's hands as a guide and beacon in this regard. The *Catholic World* is on sale at Sadlier and Co's, in this city—The subscription price is five dollars per annum, or fifty cents per copy; and when our Catholic friends have the assurance of a supply of sound literature under the editorial supervision of some of the highest lights in our priesthood, the duty of patronage is plain and apparent.

**THE TRUE LADY.**—Beauty and style are not the surest passports to respectability. Some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen, presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart and the purity and sweetness of her character, and such a woman with a good disposition and a well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. If her face is ever so plain and homely, she makes the best of wives and truest of mothers. She has a higher aim in life than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher purpose in life than to flaunt her finery in the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

He that cannot live well to-day, (says Martial,) will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.

## IRELAND'S WEALTH.

Oh do not call our country poor,  
Though Commerce shuns her coast;  
For still the Isle hath treasures more  
Than other lands can boast.

She hath glorious hills and mighty streams,  
With wealth of wave and mine,  
And fields that pour their riches forth  
Like Plenty's chosen shrine.

She hath hands that never shrink from toil,  
And hearts that never yield,  
Who reap the harvests of the world  
In corn or battle field.

She hath blessings from her far dispersed  
O'er all the earth and seas,  
Whose love can never leave her—yet  
Our land hath more than these.

Her's is the light of genius bright,  
Among her children still;  
It shines on all her darkest homes,  
Or wildest heath and hill.

For there the isle's immortal lyre  
Sent forth its mightiest tone;  
And starry names arose that far  
On distant ages shone.

And want among her huts hath been;  
But never from them passed  
The stranger's welcome, or the hearts  
That freely gave their last.

She hath mountains of eternal green,  
And vales for love and health,  
And the beautiful and true of heart—  
Oh these are Ireland's wealth;

And she is rich in hope, which blest  
Her gifted ones and brave,  
Who loved her well, for she had nought  
To give them but a grave.

Through all her clouds and blasted years,  
That star hath never set;  
Will not our land arise and shine  
Among the nations yet? F. B.

We have obliged some persons:—very well!—what would we have more? Is not the consciousness of doing good a sufficient reward?

When the love of unwarrantable pleasures, and of vicious companions, is allowed to amuse young persons, to engross their time, and to stir up their passions; the day of ruin,—let them take heed, and beware! the day of irrecoverable ruin begins to draw nigh. Fortune squandered, health is broken; friends are offended; affronted, estranged; aged parents, perhaps, sent afflicted and mourning to the dust.