

BEAUTY OF JEWESSES.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one: "Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the son of God, scourging him, crowning him with thorns, and subjecting him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him, under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a case of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair—Christ on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the women who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him spices; and weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. 'Woman why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary!' at the sound of his voice, Mary's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.'—The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE.

The above, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson which too many are prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not to forget the blessings God is giving us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still it has its lights as well as its shades, and, it is neither wise nor grateful to dwell too much upon the darker portions of the picture. He who looks on the bright side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better and a happier man than those who, as Franklin says, "are always looking at the ugly leg," and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost everything they meet with.

DOING GOOD.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, while we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in portion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

THE "HONEST AND GOOD HEART."

It is humble, because it feels how far its goodness is from extending unto God, and how much there is that belongs to the unapproachable servant even in his best services. It is submissive, because he that is of God heareth God's words, and receives them with implicit faith and thankful acquiescence. It glories not in its attainments, or in its spiritual progress, because it is written, that it is God that maketh it to differ from another's, and that he reuseth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.

A GOOD WIFE.—A friend of ours who has been spending a few weeks in the "country," and who visited some of the private dwellings of the rustic inhabitants, tells of a singular man who lives near Brookfield. He is somewhat noted for his odd expressions. He was one day visited by a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who went to hear his "talk." "Now young gentlemen," said he, "I will give you some directions how to tell a good wife. A good wife will be like three things, and she will not be like three things. She will be like the snail, who stays at home, and she will not be like the snail who carries all her eggs on her back. She will be like the dove, that speaks when spoken to, and she will not be like the cuckoo, always having the last word. She will be like the town clock that speaks at the right time, and she will not be like the town clock, heard all over town."

BONAPARTE'S LOVE OF CHURCH BELLS.—The sound of bells produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect, which I could never account for, he listened to them with delight. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the avenue leading to the plain of Ruel, how often has the tolling of the village bells interrupted our most serious conversation. He stopped short from the moving of our feet should cause the loss of those sounds which charmed him. He used even to be vexed because my feelings on those occasions did not accord with his own. So powerful was the effect produced on him by these bells, that his voice would falter as he said: "Ah! this recalls to my mind the first year I passed at Brienne. (Napoleon's first school conducted by monks.) I was then happy." When the bells ceased he would resume his gigantic speculations, and launch into futurity, place a crown upon his head, and hurl kings from their thrones.—*Beurrienn's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte.*

ENEMIES.—*Alexander's Messenger* gives the following advice. "Have you enemies! Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made out of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark:—'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling, while endeavouring to live down the malice of those against you. If you stop to fight, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error."

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—There is not a yellow fever season in New Orleans, which is not marked by the death of some of the self-sacrificing Sisters of Charity. Sister Julia Shirk, a native of Baltimore, about fifty-eight years of age, died on the 26th ult. at New Orleans, of yellow fever, in the Charity Hospital, cheerfully bearing her share of the labors that devolve on the members of her Order. The duty devolving on this society is a severe one. It is to attend the sick in hospitals, without distinction of rank or religion. They do not pass by a sick Protestant to attend a sick Catholic, all are alike in the mission, and down to their wants, all equally succor in the last stages of existence. Other religious denominations freely give them money for charitable purposes; the Sisters freely sacrifice their lives.—*Wash. Gazette.*

CHURCH-YARD ADORNMENTS.—I was much struck with the appearance of several new graves in the church yard of (Swords, near Dublin), rudely ornamented with crosses, garlands, curiously cut paper, &c., &c., and interspersed with flowers, aromatic herbs, myrtle, &c. I believe these were tokens of affectionate regard to young women and children. The rude blasts were scattering these proofs of love after death; and the flowers and herbs, like the cheeks of the once lovely deceased, were faded and withered to bluish and ashy no more. A frozen-hearted formalist may condemn this, and call it superstition. True religion and pure affection would give it a far different name. I felt affected and edified by these dumb remembrances of life, youth, beauty, and affection, of death, disappointed hopes, broken bonds, keen sorrow, and lasting distress. I felt and could have wept with the disconsolate parents, and survivors; and kissed the fingers that composed those garlands, the tokens of pure affection; and the crosses by which the meritorious death of our blessed Saviour was thus set out to public view as the only foundation of the survivor's hope that death, the last enemy, should be finally destroyed; and that those hearts knit together here in pure and honest love, should be re-united in eternity, where bonds can no more be broken, and death can never enter.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

There are but two classes of the wise; the men who serve God, because they have found him; and the men who seek him, because they have found him not. All others may say, "Is there not a lie in my right hand?"—*Rev. R. C. Gil.*

DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.

[Extract of a Private Letter.]

BUFFALO, Nov. 3, 1848.

Bishop Timon will leave on Monday for Galveston, Texas, for the purpose of, amongst other matters, preaching at the consecration of the Cathedral, built by Bishop Odin, in that city.

The Bishop having been appointed Prefect Apostolic of Texas in 1837, and having governed it in spirituals, until the appointment of Bishop Odin as Vicar Apostolic, it was natural that his worthy Bishop, Priests and people, should solicit, at the consecration of the Cathedral the presence of him who gave the first impulse to religion in Texas.

After the repeated and earnest solicitations of Bishop Odin and many friends, our worthy Bishop revisits this distant field of his past labor, where he will doubtless find that the good seed sown in hope is ripening to a glorious maturity.

DEAR SIR.—Complying, as far as my unceasing occupations permit, with the promise I made to you, I send you the following details of the onward movement of religion in this diocese. You, I am sure, will rejoice to hear that we have now at Buffalo an excellent Hospital under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. The building is 80 feet long by 40 wide, three or rather four stories high, as the basement is nearly all out of ground. From the cupola, the view over the Lake and surrounding country is magnificent. Though but lately opened, yet up to this date 45 patients have been admitted, 29 have recovered, some of them must unexpectedly, their case having been pronounced hopeless; but the healthy and elevated situation, and the kind treatment, with God's blessing, have restored to health those men who, most probably, would be now in their graves had the hospital not existed; two have died; fourteen remain under medical treatment.—This holy work of mercy has found some bigots to oppose it, the greater portion, however, are warm in commendation, yet, alas! contributions come in slowly, like angel's visits, "few and far between," hence the poor Bishop is forced to contract debts to continue the work. Many zealous and charitable ladies are getting up a fair for it, with every prospect of success.

A Female Orphan Asylum has also been established.—it is yet but a bud, struggling against difficulties and poverty, for it, the worst of all.

Eight Seminarians live with the Bishop in his rented house; he aids in teaching them, and all wears the form of the most exact seminaries. Three priests have already been ordained, but the increasing wants of the diocese far outstrip all the increased means of supply. Since the retreats which have been preached in each considerable locality, the number of priests requiring close attendance, and the number of communicants have greatly augmented. At Youngstown, near the mouth of Niagara River, and at Lewistown, the Bishop's visit produced most happy effect; 31 persons were confirmed. Not being able to obtain the use of any church or public building at Lewistown, the Bishop preached to a large audience in an unfinished private house; a subscription was immediately begun, and, in a few days, one of the Protestant churches being for sale, it was purchased, and is now used in the holy worship of our religion. At Niagara Falls, the Bishop preached in the Methodist Church, next day in a private house, he celebrated Mass, preached, and confirmed 17 persons. Judge Porter, generously gave a lot. It is much to be desired that in so celebrated a spot, visited by Catholics from all parts of the world, a Church in some way worthy its sacred use, could be built; but alas! the Catholics are poor. Passing thence to a German settlement, near Pendleton, the Bishop examined the children in their catechism, preached in German, and confirmed 16 persons. Whilst giving a retreat in Rochester, the Bishop secured a church for the French and Canadians—Rev. Father Masson, C.S.S.R., was named pastor. And now, many of those who had been scattered as sheep without a shepherd, rejoice in the care of a zealous pastor, hear instructions each Sunday in their own language, and profit by the mercy vouchsafed, frequent the holy sacraments, and bless God for the comfort they received.

New York, Oct. 2nd, 1847.

The old farce of "Catholic votes and Catholic voters" is about being re-enacted in our community. Why should form a distinct element in political calculations is beyond my comprehension. Catholics as such have no peculiar interest in the country which requires a separate organi-

sation; the questions of the Tariff, Internal Improvements, &c., do not involve any Catholic dogma or practice, and yet we never have an Election, but the Catholics are appealed to as a separate body, it being assumed as of course that they all vote on the same side. I apprehend that the true cause of this manoeuvre of politicians, will be found little creditable to Catholic intelligence. I can assign no other reason for it than that the belief is prevalent that Catholics as a body, are people who have prejudices but no opinions, that they do not reflect or inform themselves upon the questions before the country, but that they can be led by any person who may flatter their vanity, or otherwise conciliate their prejudices. An impression so injurious to the Church in this country, so much calculated to retard its progress, should certainly be removed, and there are no means more efficient for that purpose, than to treat every proposition addressed to a Catholic voter as an insult, unless a Catholic right be involved.

A PIOUS CUSTOM.—We read in the French papers that after the death of the illustrious Chateaubriand, his family wishing to do a good work for the repose of his soul, distributed 8,000 francs to the poor. This reminds us of an edifying custom which is practiced in several countries of Europe, and which we would be happy to see universally adopted by the Catholics of the U. States. There, when a Catholic dies, besides the holy sacrifice which is several times offered up for him, a sum proportioned to his means is appropriated for alms giving, a portion of which most commonly is distributed to the poor of the place or of the neighbourhood, whilst the other is given to charitable institutions, with request that prayers be offered up for the happy repose of the deceased. It is all done agreeably to the last wishes of the person, who commonly has consigned it in his last will. This is doing and acting consistently with the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which points out to us prayers and alms-giving as means of relieving the suffering of our departed brethren, who may be yet detained for a while in the place of expiation.

This is truly a Catholic practice, and there is no reason why we should not follow it in this country, as well as in others. Great—we may say, extravagant expenses are made in our cities at funerals, and without any necessity. It would be far better to appropriate a certain sum for charitable works, that would benefit the soul of our deceased relations. Our country Catholics could, generally speaking, do the same, without rendering themselves any poorer. In every congregation there are some destitute families, some poor, and in cities we have our St. Vincent's Orphans, our Good Shepherd's Penitents, and our Catholic and Protestant poor to be fed, clothed and buried by our Catholic benevolent societies; these are fit objects of charity; and how edifying would it not be to hear that Catholics remember them on their death bed in their last will, in order to be afterwards remembered by them in their prayers, or that the surviving relatives think on them, when dividing among themselves the temporal goods of which they become the owners!—*Cath. Advocate.*

Births

November 27—Mrs Romley, of a son.
27—Mrs Farrell, of a son.
27—Mrs Kelly, of a son.
28—Mrs Henderson, of a son.
30—Mrs Vaughan, of a daughter.

Married.

November 18—John Lyons, to Bridget Burke.
29—William Wabolt, to Mary Ann Foran.
30—Charles Burke, to Helen Glime-Brook.
30—James Quinn, to Mary Burke.
30—George Bailey, to Angelina Harrisons.
30—Robert Flinn, to Bridget Moran.

Died.

November 27—John Flynn, native of Waterford, Ireland, aged 38 years. 30—Francis Boyle, private of the 38th regt., native of Ireland, aged 32 years. 29—Margaret Lenihan, native of Halifax, N S, aged 20 years.