

here is the way he moralizes over St. Patrick's Day, lately past;

(From the *Merrimac Journal*.)

The growth of Catholicism in New England, though chiefly the result of immigration, is too rapid and too wonderful not to attract the attention of all observing minds. Some forty years ago New England was alarmed lest the Catholics should obtain possession of the Valley of the Mississippi, and we were appealed to in a series of lectures, which found a place in nearly all the religious journals, stating that a conspiracy existed for that end in Europe, at the head of which was Prince Metternich of Austria. Then there was not a half-dozen Catholic churches in New England. In Massachusetts there was not one out of Boston; and if anybody had said that we had better look at home—that those living would not pass to their graves before our cities would be crowded with Catholics, and the crosses upon the church spires would ornament all our hills, he would have been laughed at, and the thing declared impossible. New England then had no thoughts of herself; the home of the Puritans was all safe and right; the only inquiry was what can we do for the West? Now the case is all changed; Puritanism is dying in its cradle, and Catholicism is having its greatest triumphs where it had the least to hope. We have not the statistics to show the relative growth of the Catholic Church, but we judge that there are less than twenty churches in this very county of Essex, where not one was found in 1830. Less than thirty years ago, when the late Rev. Henry Lennox took charge of the church at Newburyport, his was the only parish between Salem and Haverhill, and he ministered to his people in Newburyport, and their taxable property was valued at \$5,000. They worshipped in a little one story building on Charles street, and since 1830 built the church on Green street, the largest in the city. Two years ago he died, leaving in this city more than 3,000 Catholics, with a taxable property of nearly a million dollars. In the meantime the original parish has been divided. They have built a church in Ipswich, another in Georgetown, and a third in Amesbury. The last they have outgrown and are rebuilding with 1,500 sittings. There must be within that area eight times as many Catholics as there were a quarter of a century ago; and in property, education and influence, they have increased five hundred fold. They are now in every department of trade and every rank of social life. We say they have increased mainly by immigration. That was the case till recently, but now that has changed, and their growth is by natural increase. They do not constitute one quarter of the population, but the registration shows that nearly one half the children born, are of foreign parents, and to-day perhaps one-third of the births within the pale of the Catholic Church are from the second generation in this country and therefore not returned as foreign. The old stock right here in the centre of Essex county, does not produce one-half of the children born, and we are relatively losing every day. With the Puritan element decaying or moving to the west, and fresh immigrants coming all the time, with stamina to produce two children to our one, what is to be the final result? Is it not clear? In 28 years past they have come from nothing to what they are; in 28 years more, which will end this century, what is to be the relative strength of the two elements? We do not care now to speak of their action—we refer only to their numbers; their property, their position in society, and their power in politics, where numbers and wealth control. They present an organization as perfect as the world has ever seen, an organization that began with Christianity, and which, for aught that now appears, will die with it. In opposition there is no such combination. Protestantism is fragmentary and broken. It is not united in one body with one head, one faith or one baptism; and is rapidly drifting from the standpoint of the Reformation of Luther and the doctrines of the Westminster catechism to what is termed Liberalism, which is individualism. What a difference between John Calvin and Ward Beecher—between Cotton Mather and Murray of the Park street—between the Baptists of the 17th century and Spurgeon—between the old Arminians and the Modern Unitarians—between Harvard college as in the days of Gov. Winthrop and the Harvard of to-day—between Andover Seminary as it was moulded by the Springs and Duns and the Andover of Prof. Phelps? Catholicism has settled into a hard, solid form by eighteen centuries of one life—it has its walls and gates and watch towers whose signals are the same. It is like the huge icebergs of the glacial period, that drifted and drifted the huge boulders that all human power could not have moved, and with them ploughed the mountain tops and ridged the hills. Protestantism is not the ice stream that empties the inland seas and thunders over the heights of Niagara, but the divided waters that make the many small and gentle streams that find their ways round the hills and through the meadows—here murmuring a little, and here gently seeking the ocean. That it is better or worse, it is not ours now to say; but that it is comparatively powerless is very clear. We are satisfied to simply chronicle the facts.

• This is owing to the habit of fratricide being so common amongst the Protestant population.—Ed. T. W.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.—A Mr. Church was married four times and his wives were all buried in a certain graveyard. It became necessary, ultimately, to remove the remains of the dear departed to another cemetery. Church undertook the work himself; but in carrying the sainted dead in a furniture cart, the bones got mixed, and when re-interment began, even Church himself was unable to tell which was Emily and which was Hannah. After doing the best he could he had the four graves closed, but, being a strictly accurate man, he felt that it would be wrong to use the old headstones when he was not at all certain that Hannah's dust might not be all under her tombstone. So, in order to be precise, he had a new set made, with such inscriptions as these; "Here lies Hannah Church, (and probably part of Emily), who was born, &c., &c. "Sacred to the memory of Mary Church, (who seems to be mixed with Matilda), who was born, &c., &c.

"Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mingled in some perplexing manner,
With Mary, Matilda, and probably Hannah."

All the wives seemed satisfied with this arrangement; but some of Church's mothers-in-law considered that his sense of responsibility as a man of veracity is altogether too fine.

BAD READING.—Among the many causes which tend to produce in the minds of Irish American youth, a growing repugnance to the patriotic and glorious traditions of our forefathers, and the practice of our holy religion, there is none more effective than the habit of reading serial publications, the contents of which are a subtle moral poison to their absorbing minds. Headed by the "nasty" journal of "calumniation," the sole aim of these periodicals and story papers apparently, is the total extirpation of their deadliest enemy, Catholicity; and in fact of all religion! Is it not painful to witness Catholic parents allowing their boys and girls to read and maintain those their bitter enemies; while on the other hand the defenders of their nationality and faith are left unsupported? Yet such is the case! Irish parents; you who are indifferent on this matter, it is time that you should awaken to a sense of your duty, suppress at once, and forever, the ingress of these villifiers of Ireland and her faith, to the family circle; let their places be supplied by Catholic magazines, and journals, and the ancestral and religious aspirations of your children will not be undermined.—*Catholic Vindicator*.