

manner of life, in which nothing, I may say, can be hid; where no trait of character or peculiarity of conduct but comes to broad day, such is the life I myself led for above a quarter of a century, under the eyes of numbers who are familiarly known to be my accusers; such is almost the life which we have all led ever since we have been in Birmingham, with our house open to all comers, and ourselves accessible, I may almost say, at any hour; and this being so, considering the charge, and the evidence, and the accuser, and the accused, could we Catholics desire a more apposite illustration of the formation and the value of a Protestant Tradition?

I set it down for the benefit of time to come, "though for no other cause," as a great author says, "yet for this: that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be for men's information this much." One commonly forgets such things, from the trouble and inconvenience of having to remember them; let one specimen last, of many which have been suffered to perish, of the birth of an anti-Catholic tradition. The nascent fable has indeed failed, as the tale about the Belgian sin-table has failed, but it might have thriven, it has been lost by bad nursing; it ought to have been cherished awhile in those underground receptacles where first it drew breath, till it could comfortably bear the light; till its limbs were grown, and its voice was strong, and we on whom it bore had run our course, and gone to our account; and then it might have raised its head without fear and without reproach, and might magisterially have asserted what there was none to deny. But men are all the creatures of circumstances; they are hurried on to a ruin which they may see, but cannot evade, so it has been with the Edgbaston Tradition. It was spoken on the house-tops when it should have been whispered in closets, and it expired in the effort. Yet it might have been allotted, let us never forget, a happier destiny. It might have smouldered and spread through a portion of our Birmingham population; it might have rested obscurely on their memories, and now and then risen upon their tongues; there might have been fitting notions, misgivings, rumours, voices that the horrors of the Inquisition were from time to time renewed in our subterranean chambers; and fifty years hence, if some sudden frenzy of the hour roused the anti-Catholic jealousy still lingering in the town, a mob might have swarmed about our innocent dwelling, to rescue certain legs of mutton and pats of butter from imprisonment, and to hold an inquest over a dozen packing cases, some old hampers, a knife-board, and a range of empty blacking bottles.

Thus I close my third instance of the sort of evidence commonly adducible for the great Protestant Tradition; not the least significant circumstance about them all being this, that, though in the case of all three that evidence is utterly disproved, yet in not one of the three is the charge founded on it withdrawn. In spite of Dr. Waddington, Dr. Matland, and Mr. Rose, the editors of Mosheim still print and publish his slander on St Eligius, in defiance of the Brussels protest, and the chair tariff of St. Gudule, the Kent clergyman and the *Times* still bravely maintain our traffic in sins; in violence to the common sense of mankind, the rack and the pulley are still affirmed to be busy in the dungeons of Edgbaston; for Protestantism must be maintained as the religion of Englishmen, and part and parcel of the Law of the land.

And now, in conclusion, I will but state my conviction, which I am sure to have confirmed by every intelligent person who takes the trouble to examine the subject, that such slanders as I have instanced are the real foundation on which the anti-Catholic feeling mainly rests in England, and without which it could not long be maintained. Doubtless there are arguments of a different calibre, whatever their worth, which weigh against Catholics with half-a-dozen members of the University, with the speculative Church-restorer, with the dilettante divine, with the fastidious scholar, and with some others of a higher character of mind, whether St. Justin Martyr said this or that; whether images should be dressed in

muslin, or hewn out of stone; what is the result of criticism on passages in the prophets;—questions such as these, and others of a more serious cast, may be conclusive for or against the Church in the study or in the lecture-room, but they have no influence with the many. As to those charges which do weigh with the people at large, the more they can be examined, the more, I am convinced, will they be found to be untrue. It is by wholesale, retail, systematic, unscrupulous lying, for I can use no gentler term, that the many rivulets are made to flow for the feeding the great Protestant Tradition,—the Tradition of the Court, the Tradition of the Law, the Tradition of the Legislature, the Tradition of the Establishment, the Tradition of Literature, the Tradition of Domestic Circles, the Tradition of the Populace.—*From Cardinal Newman's Lectures.*

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The opening of the new wing of the Grey Nunnery means a happy healthy babyhood for the poor little morsels of humanity, who begin visiting early in life. From a well ventilated basket, or a brown paper wrapper, to the bright, cheerful, beautiful nursery of the new creche, is indeed a change for the better. The foundlings hitherto have only remained long enough amid the delights of their Guy Street home to get fed and thawed out—they were then sent to the country to various, more or less, kindly dames, with whom they remained until they were over two years old, when they were recalled to Guy Street. Now there is to be no more "farming," the poor little waifs are to be cosseted and comforted into crowing cheery babyhood in the beautiful new wing, which Madame de Youville's daughters have built at a cost of over forty thousand dollars. I am told that the row of baths one foot wide by two long, and the row of feeding bottles, and the blanket chests, and the warming closets for airing the little garments, and the gas stove apparatus for heating food at the shortest notice, are all, in their respective lines, little short of perfection. What a wonderful vocation is that of the Grey Nuns. How good they are!

Somebody has given Mr. Chiniquy a cane which he has promised that he will use when he is an old man—he is now over eighty. He has announced his intention of setting down in Montreal—a piece of news which is not altogether welcome in Ville Marie.

I saw recently, in a priest's scrap-book, a large lithographed portrait of the apostate before his apostacy. He is represented in surplice and stole, holding aloft the crucifix. It is rather a joke, but this portrait was discovered by M. le Curé B in a place of honour on the wall of the *salon* of one of his parishioners, who, not knowing whom it represented, cherished it as a remarkably edifying ornament to his room. Needless to say it came down pretty quickly when its identity with Chiniquy was discovered. There was a rumour recently set afloat that Pere Hyacinthe also was coming to Montreal. May he and Chiniquy be happy together.

And in spite of Chiniquy and the Sabrevoix Mission, and other such stumbling blocks, God has given His angels charge over the Catholic households of Montreal. And now we hear that school accommodation is wanted for four thousand pupils! It seems incredible, when one considers the enormous number and vast size of the Catholic schools, but it is true and being needed it will be supplied forthwith.

The triduum in celebration of the canonization of the three new Saints of the Society of Jesus, St. Peter Claver, St. John Berchmans and St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, was conducted with great solemnity and magnificence in the Church of the Gesu. The decorations of the sacred edifice were rich and costly, though to many they were unwelcome. No decoration can enhance the delicate