

majority of them, adherents of her creed, because already clients of her throne. The works of these celebrated men have been but the beginning of a long series of creations of the highest order of literary merit, of which Protestantism is the intellectual basis, and Protestant institutions the informing object. What was wanting to lead the national mind a willing captive to the pretensions of Protestantism, beyond the fascination of genius so manifold and so various? What need of controversy to refute the claims of Catholicism, what need of closeness of reasoning, or research into facts, when under a Queen's smile this vast and continuous tradition had been unrolled before the eyes of men, luminous with the most dazzling colours, and musical with the most subduing strains? Certainly the lion's artists, even had they had the fairest play, could have set up no rival exhibition as original and as brilliant as this. What, indeed, could possibly stand against the rush and vehemence of such a tradition, which has grown fuller and fuller, and more and more impetuous, with every successive quarter of a century! Clarendon and the statesmen, Locke and the philosophers, Addison and the essayists, Hume, Robertson, and the historians, Cowper and the minor poets, the reviews and the magazines of the present century, all proceed upon the hypothesis, which they think too self-evident for proof, that Protestantism is synonymous with good sense, and Catholicism with weakness of mind, fanaticism or some unaccountable persuasion or fancy. Verse and prose, grave and gay, the scientific and practical, history and fable, all is animated spontaneously, or imperiously subdued, by the spirit of Henry and Elizabeth. I say, "imperiously subdued," because the tradition of Protestantism is strong enough, not only to recommend, but to force, its reception on each successive generation of authors. It compels when it cannot persuade. There is Alexander Pope, a Catholic, and who would discover it from the run of his poems? There is Samuel Johnson, born a Protestant, yearning for the Catholic Church, and bursting out into fitful defences of portions of her doctrine and discipline, yet professing to the last that very Protestantism which could neither command his affections, nor cure his infirmities. And, in our own time, there was Walter Scott ashamed of his own Catholic tendencies, and cowering before the jealous frown of the tyrant tradition. There was Wordsworth, obliged to do penance for Catholic sonnets by anti-Catholic complements to them. Scott, forsooth, must plead antiquarianism in extenuation of his prevarication; Wordsworth must plead pantheism, and Burke, again, must plead political necessity. Liberalism, scepticism, infidelity, these must be the venial errors, under plea of which a writer escapes reprobation for the enormity of feeling tenderly towards the religion of his fathers and of his neighbours around him. That religion labours under a proscription of three centuries, and it is outlawed by immemorial custom.—*From Cardinal Newman's Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England.*

THE CAREER OF THE LATE FATHER D. J. O'SULLIVAN.

We referred last week to the death of the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, the first priest to fall a victim to the yellow fever now raging in Florida. Father O'Sullivan was born in the town of Clonakilty, in the County of Cork, Ireland. He was second eldest of seven children. He commenced classics at the age of ten, and after spending six years at that passed a competitive examination at Maynooth College and gained first prize. He remained there and received an annuity of £20 a year until he graduated. When ordained he was sent to the mission of Ross for a few years. After his father retired from business he volunteered to go to the Isle of St. Helena on a mission, which mission was procured for him by the influence of Justin McCarthy and Count Arthur Moore. There was no salary attached to this mission, and his only means of support were what the soldiers and sailors, who became very much attached to him, would collect for him. After spending some time there, he, by the influence of the above named gentlemen, was gazetted as chaplain with

the rank of captain to the English Army, then fighting in the Soudan. He acted as chaplain to the marines and sailors on the man-of-war which brought him to the Soudan. When he left St. Helena he secured from the Government, for his successors, £100 a year salary. He was awarded three medals for his bravery in the Soudan and Zululand. It was he who undertook the perilous task of crossing the field of battle under fire, when it was discovered that the British troops were firing into each other, to carry the communications from one party to the other and prevent further slaughter. Of this act of bravery special mention was made in Parliament, but through some error it was accredited to an Englishman. He took part in all the engagements of the Soudan and Zululand. He was presented at Zanzibar with several curious and costly trinkets, one of them a ring. Tiffany & Co., of this city, offered him \$200, but he would not accept it. After the war his term expired, and he returned to England laden with honours, but being an Irishman, without influence, and although Mr. Parnell, Mr. McCarthy, William O'Brien, and several other members of Parliament tried their utmost in the House of Commons to have his services recognized and to secure a pension for him, which he was entitled to, their efforts were futile. These gentlemen also proposed to ask Parliament to renew his chaplaincy, but he would not allow them to ask any favour for him. He obtained a mission from Cardinal Manning and remained for a short time in England, then went to Rome, where, as everywhere he had been before, he was quickly surrounded by a large number of friends. He was introduced to His Holiness by Monsignor Stone and had an audience with him, and was offered a Monsignor's beretta, but with his usual modesty declined it. He remained there for some time and returned, then came to this country. He was connected with the parish of St. James in this city. He was also assistant pastor of St. Paul of the Cross at Jersey City, and had charge of St. Mary's church, Plainfield. He was offered a private chaplaincy in Rome, but declined, preferring a more active life.

When the yellow fever broke out in Florida, Father O'Sullivan volunteered his services to Bishop Moore, and assumed charge of St. Augustine's church, but alas, he was not proof against this frightful scourge. This brave and unflinching young priest was a splendid specimen of the Irish priesthood, over six feet tall, and built in proportion. He was a typical Irishman, generous to a fault, never thinking of himself. Cardinal Manning was particularly attached to him, he having saved the life of his nephew in the Soudan.

He was at the siege of Khartoum, and was the last who saw General Gordon alive.

Father O'Sullivan was a fluent speaker and a clear writer. He wrote a history of St. Helena and several other books. He could speak seven languages, including French, Italian, Latin and Irish.

Bishop Moore wrote in the highest terms of Father O'Sullivan's heroism and courage, and the noble work he had done among the fever stricken people.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P.

It is a fortunate thing for a nation, and especially for a nation whose temperament is so artistically impressionable as the Irish, when its leaders are heroic leaders, set apart from other men by qualities loftier and stronger than fall to the lot of common humanity. This heroic quality was to be expected, perhaps, in the men who have led all Irish national movements before the present one, movements which often partook of the character of a forlorn hope, calling for special qualities of devotion, self-sacrifice, and heroic enthusiasm in its adherents, but that the movement of to-day, born with the elements of success in its practicality, should be led by men not less in heroic qualities than their predecessors is, I think, a matter for comment and congratulation. The Parnellite movement has none of the glamour and glitter of a military revolution, but no heaven-sent soldier of them all makes a more impressive figure than that consummate statesman, Mr. Parnell, cool and keen, with his genius for silence or speech—oftener silence—his gift for oppor-