

strong interior effort that last tour through America must have cost him, although exteriorly it seemed so full of smiles! But Father Soullier was just the man to claim a martyr's palm, were death for the Faith the order of the times. Throughout all his qualities of mind and heart there was one grand unifying principle; it was his strong attachment to the Holy See. Love for the successor of St. Peter is strongly inculcated in all his writings; his every official act proclaimed an all-conquering reverence for Rome. On that, for him, blessed Sunday morning, as he rested, for

the last time, his weary head upon the pillow, he could look back with satisfaction upon a long life well spent in the service of an all-rewarding God; he could look forward with confidence into the angel-canopied realms of a thrice happy eternity; and he could hear with an indescribable throb of joy, the musical voices of unseen beings whispering words like these:

“Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.”

B. J. MCKENNA, O.M.I., '96.



Oh! tis sweet when life is failing
Back to look on labors blest,—
After years of stormy sailing,
Port to sight for endless rest.

—*Wiseman*

