

learning, set in plain but eloquent wording, is, in reality, a book rather than a circular. It cannot fail to be of great utility to the Oblate student as well as to any other cleric who may chance to read its concise yet exhaustive pages. It will long remain as a last memorial of Father Soullier's unflagging solicitude for the advancement of his Congregation.

Last spring Father Soullier's health took a decided change for the worse. Prayers were asked that his recovery might be hastened; still his children throughout the world never thought that his malady was "unto death." Such however, it finally proved to be. On Sunday morning, the third of October, feast of the Most Holy Rosary, at his quiet Oblate home, *Rue St. Petersbourg*, Paris, he breathed forth his heroic soul into the hands of its Creator. Surrounded by his Oblate brethren whom he loved so well, the great man fled from this world to a happier life in order to continue in heaven the ecstatic contemplation of those vital truths he had cherished so lovingly on earth; the fifteen mysteries of the Most Sacred Rosary.

"Come, O Creator Spirit! come,
Take Thine elect unto his home,

Thy chosen one, sweet Dove!

'Come to thy rest, he hears Thee say;
He waits not—he hath passed away
In mortal trance of love."

On Tuesday, October the fifth, Father Soullier's funeral service was conducted in the Oblate chapel attached to the house, where he had laboured so long and died so happy. The requiem mass was celebrated by the First Assistant General, Rev. Father Antoine, who was formerly Provincial of the Order in Canada. A large number of sympathizers,

including representatives of all the religious orders in Paris, were present. The chief mourners were a nephew of the deceased, a brother who is Vicar General in the Diocese of Tulle, and a sister who is a nun well known in Paris as Directress of the famous school of Mirieil. His Eminence, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, having pronounced the final absolution, the body of Father Soullier was slowly borne to the Cemetery of Montmartre, where, in shadow of the great national Basilica of The Sacred Heart, it awaits the glorious resurrection call.

Very Rev. Father Soullier was a man whose presence inspired respect and confidence and love and veneration. As he was tall, straight and crowned with a wealth of snowy hair, his decided military bearing made him a man well suited to command attention. Fatherly in his solicitude and motherly in his tenderness, he was a dignitary in whose presence one felt thoroughly at home. The endearing eloquence of his simplicity, the comprehensiveness of his wisdom, joined with the firmness and prudence of his judgment, distinguished him amongst religious, gave him superiority amongst the clergy and made him remarkable amongst men. That he was a man endowed with a more than ordinary share of endurance is amply and undoubtedly demonstrated. No one who met him three years ago during his visit to this country, would imagine from his outward appearance that he was then suffering from a painful disease. Such however, was indeed the case; the malady that cost him his life was, even at that time, in progress. One who knew Father Soullier well has remarked that his existence during the past few years must have been one continual purgatory. What a