

admitted conscience to be the viceregent within him of the Supreme Being. He could not understand superficial men "who are in no wise moved by the Infinite Power, who created the worlds." He was convinced that there are no vain prayers, and he was a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. His love of home, of his wife, and his children was a remarkably strong principle or sentiment in him.

Ending a life of great determination and usefulness, which from the time of his paralytic stroke had been often one of great pain, he passed away at his house in Villeneuve l'Étang, near Paris—passed away, we are told, with an unspeakable expression of resignation and love in his face; one of his hands was resting in that of his wife, and the other grasped a cross in token of his faith.