

it, knowing that the serious disease with which his heart was affected, might carry him off at any moment. Moreover like our Venerable Father Newman, who suffered from the same disease, and expected to die suddenly, he was convinced that « the best kind of death is that which God destines for us. »

It was on the 23<sup>rd</sup> March 1899 that the Very Reverend Father Catulle, in his sixty-fourth year, went to receive the reward of his labors. Like the traveller who on reaching the summit of a high mountain, looks back over the road he has followed, he who was the *Man of Providence*, on reaching the heavenly Thabor, may from there look back upon the works he has left on earth and which he will, assuredly continue to protect and extend for the glory of God, the salvation of souls and the honor of St. Anne.

P. WITTEBOLLE, C. SS. R.

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## IN MEMORY OF

**Rev. John Catulle, C. SS. R.**

He is dead, our loved priest, called away by the Voice  
Of his God, which e'er whispered around him ;  
He is gone from our midst, from the land of his choice,  
To the home that his Father hath found him.

To the banks of St. Lawrence' broad river he came,  
There to find whom he sought — his « dear children ; »  
And ere long he had left the imprint of his name  
In the hearts of the « Exiles of Erin. »

O ye sad-hearted emigrants driven to your doom  
From the land of your love — he remembered !  
And to Heaven, from the Rock that lies over your tomb,  
Have ascended his heart-prayers unnumbered !

O, ye widows bereft of your earners of bread,  
Ye, too, have just cause to weep o'er him !  
To bend low in prayer for the great-hearted dead,  
And to bless the true mother that bore him.