

OBITUARY

✠ Charlemagne Koehler ✠

The Novices will be lonely without their fatherly friend and brother, Professor Charlemagne Koehler, who died April 1, at 7:50 p. m., in St. Anthony's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.

Born in Cincinnati, October 2, 1860, Mr. Koehler was graduated from St. Xavier's College in 1881; and when he received his M. A. degree in 1889 he was one of the recognized associates of Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska. He left the stage on the death of Booth, and soon afterwards joined the Order of Preachers, having been attracted to it while giving a summer course in expression at St. Rose Simple Novitiate, Springfield, Ky. A costly illness destroyed the sight of his left eye, although his closest friends were seldom aware of the defect; and it was deemed advisable to seek a dispensation from his simple vows in 1895. Since then he taught at St. Xavier's College, Georgetown University, Apostolic Mission House, Dominican House of Studies, Notre Dame University, Detroit University, St. Louis University and the Jesuit Scholasticate, and for the past eight summers at Dominican College, Ocean City, Md.

Of all his work he loved best the teaching of future priests. He knew and used Shakespeare, but no more than the Sunday Gospels. In them his dramatic, oratorical, and spiritual nature found its best expression; and for the most part they inspired the simplicity of his life, his inexhaustible patience with the backward student, his constant enthusiasm, and above all his holy zeal for the salvation of souls through his pupils' preaching.

Our beloved Professor's last three weeks were all that his dearest friends could have wished, save that he suffered greatly from heart enlargement, congested liver, and dropsy. Much of that time he spent in pious reading and prayer; and he received Holy Communion daily. His last Communion was on Good Friday, when he was anointed for the second time. He was unconscious most of Holy Saturday, and again on Easter Sunday till about an hour before the end. From midday the Holy Rosary was said in his room by the Fathers and Sisters till his soul winged its flight to the white-robed band awaiting him above. May his passing away on this glorious feast be a token that he saw the Master as truly as Magdalen to whom he ever bore a charming devotion and even some likeness, since he too had been an Apostle to Apostles.

—Bro. Constantius Werner, O. P.

