

weakened heart. In July last his illness grew so serious that he was confined to his room, and for seven long months he waited for the end—calmly, without a murmur, suffering in body but clear in mind to the last, and with his big heart filled with affection and gratitude towards those who manifested even the ordinary feelings of Christian kindness in his regard. God at length gave him the longed-for relief on the 12th of January. He was 51 years and two months old.

For those who knew Professor Giasmacher no words of praise can seem exaggerated—and we are writing for those who knew him. His intellectual ability and acquirements were simply marvellous. He was well-versed in theology and philosophy and had a fair knowledge of Hebrew and Sanscrit. He had a thorough acquaintance with Spanish, Italian, French, German and English, and he spoke and wrote the last three with the fluency and elegance of the native-born. Students of the senior class of criticism will not soon forget his mastery of the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* and of the languages in which they are written. Strange as it may appear, not literature but science was his favorite study, and he was abreast with the most recent discoveries and advances in Geology, Biology and Physiology.

Yet not for this vast mental wealth was Professor Glasmacher most admired, but rather for his noble character. He was a perfect example of the highest type of Christian gentleman. If to be a gentleman means, as Thackeray says, to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens and the love of your fireside, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always—then was Henry H. Glasmacher a perfect gentleman. It is said that the evil men do lives after them. Professor Glasmacher has nothing to fear in that regard. He did no evil. He was charitable in word and deed; he loved God and his fellow-men; from first to last he bore unspotted the white lily of a blameless life. And now that life's fitful fever is past and gone, may he sleep in peace.

W. F. KEHOE, B.A., '89.

It is hard to think of W. F. Kehoe as no longer among the living; hard to write down the cold, cruel words that will announce to so many an old student of Ottawa University the sad reality, that he, whom so many of them knew—and knew to admire and to love—has passed from earth, has bade an eternal farewell to family, friends and schoolmates, and will never more be seen, until they too shall close their eyes and sleep the sleep of death. And yet it is but too true. We looked upon him in his coffin; we heard the mournful strains of the *Dies Irae* at his funeral mass; we followed him to his last resting-place and saw him lowered into the tomb; he is dead—dead in the morning of life, dead on the threshold of a brilliant career, dead despite all his splendid qualities of head and heart that gave such promise of a future filled with great achievements. As we stand around his new-made grave, well may we moralize on the uncertainty of life and the vanity of human hopes.

William F. Kehoe was born in Ottawa, thirty years ago. His staunch Irish Catholic parents gave him from the beginning every opportunity offered by the best Catholic schools of the city. After completing his commercial studies with the Christian Brothers, he entered