

usual influx of lawless adventurers. Among them reigned total disregard for life and property. But the noble qualities displayed by Father McGuckin when he received the appointment, soon procured respect and affection from the miners of all creeds and nationalities. A Chief Justice of the Supreme Court declared that, "in the gold fever days, Rev. Father McGuckin accomplished more for the ends of justice than did a score of Her Majesty's officers." His name became known in every part of the colony. His mission lay between the 50th and the 55th parallel of latitude. His visits extended from the mines of the Rockies across the Chilcote plains out to the Skeena River and the Pacific coast. During his ten years at William's Lake, Father McGuckin showed not only zeal but wonderful administrative ability in the organizing of scattered population into regular settlements, in erecting fine churches and several flourishing schools. His popularity with all classes was immense. When trouble arose between the Government and the Indians, bloodshed was arrested only by the intervention of Father McGuckin who, at the entreaty of the authorities, went among the aggrieved natives and induced them to accept terms.

In 1882 he went to New Westminster to be President of St. Louis College and Vicar-General of Bishop d'Herbomez. These duties he discharged till 1889 when he became the first Rector of the University of Ottawa. He managed the affairs of this institution for eight years with rare wisdom and success, winning for it many friends throughout the country. However the work and the confinement told on his health and Father McGuckin was obliged to return to his "dear British Columbia." Here ever zealous and active, he built the church of the Holy Rosary in Victoria, one of the finest in the whole far west. And here, too, the end came. During Passion Week, Father McGuckin caught a cold but disregarded it, thinking it would wear away. He said mass on the day before he died, went about his usual duties, and presided at the evening prayer. On the morning of Tuesday in Holy Week he was unable to rise. The doctor, on being summoned, declared that congestion of the lungs had reached the fatal stage. The dying missionary calmly received the last rites of the church, joyfully