

British Columbia, a position for which his deep earnestness and burning zeal eminently fit him. Rev. Father McGuckin comes to us from beyond the Rockies as the first rector of the Catholic University of Ottawa. His learning, his experience as an educationalist, and his vigorous practical intellect will, we have no doubt, enable him to discharge worthily the various duties of the rectorate. Father Guillet, whose name is beloved by the thousands of students who have known him, leaves the university for a time to take a much needed rest—the only rest that can be allowed an O. M. I., viz: change of scene and labor. His successor, Father Vaillancourt is seeking relaxation in a similar manner by exchanging the chair of a professor of classics for the no less arduous duties of Prefect of Discipline. Father Balland, who for many years has done the work of two men in the Prefecture of Studies has at last obtained a valuable assistant in the person of Father Constantineau who is now Prefect for the Commercial course. Thus do these valiant soldiers of Christ march and counter-march at the bidding of their commander, never for a moment thinking of their personal wishes or interests, for is not self-sacrifice the first duty of a religious? The reward of this obedience is the success which they attain as well in their new as in their old positions. Almost two hundred students have already registered for residence and there is no falling off in the number of externs. There is good reason to expect, therefore, that at the time of the re-union of old students in October they will see within these walls a body of present students such as never greeted their eyes during their own college days. This reunion will mark an epoch in the history of our Alma Mater, for occasion will then be taken to formally inaugurate the faculties of theology and philosophy, the crowning of the work begun by the venerated

founder, the unveiling of whose monument is the immediate cause of reunion.

OBITUARY.

“ Our life is like the summer. Ere we know
That yet we live
Our time is past ; our souls to God we owe,
To God we give ”

Death has been very busy amongst us of late. Since Commencement Day four of our number have been called away, all of whom, at the beginning of the last scholastic year, had apparently many years of life before them. But it had been decreed otherwise. They were cut off just as their youth was about to bloom into promising manhood.

The first whom the angel of death visited was George McClean of Troy, N. Y., a student in the commercial department. He fell sick last winter and spent several weeks in the hospital. Having partially recovered, he left for home in charge of his parents. But consumption had already fastened upon him and despite all the endeavors of skilled attendants, he died on the 20th of June, the day on which his fellow students left college for the summer vacation. George McLean was of too retiring a disposition to be rightly known to the mass of the students. But those who were intimate with him speak in the highest terms of his goodness and kindly conduct. May his soul rest in peace.

The next victim claimed by death from amongst the students was William Binks, who at the early age of sixteen departed his life at the home of his parents in Ottawa, on August 16th last. He had been ill with dropsy. The deceased, during his attendance at College, had by his general disposition and strict observance of duty won the love and esteem of all. *Requiescat in pace* is the prayer of all his College friends.

Death at all times comes unexpectedly, “ like a thief in the night ” as the inspired