

the classical course of the College of Ottawa. His amiable disposition made him a general favorite with students and professors, while his unusual ability smoothed the rough places of the road to knowledge. As he grew up he naturally took a prominent place in every department of student life. The literary, dramatic and scientific societies profited of his talents and generosity; he was the first secretary of our Athletic Association, to the founding and success of which he contributed very much, and he was the best all-round athlete in the College during his time. In fact, every College interest found in him a friend, and when *The Owl* was established it had no more ardent supporter or valued contributor than W. F. Kehoe.

All this he found time to do while attending to his studies. Each University examination was successfully passed as it presented itself, and when the date of his graduation arrived, his classmates gave him the highest tribute of their esteem and affection, by naming him valedictorian of his year. Nor was their confidence misplaced, for a more eloquent and touching valedictory has not been heard in our midst. The class of '89 was deeply and justly proud of its representative, who had spoken with such appropriateness, pathos and eloquence.

September, 1889, saw W. F. Kehoe in the Ottawa theological seminary, where he remained for two years. Mature deliberation, however, led him to believe that his vocation lay elsewhere, and he entered upon the career of journalism. His wide knowledge and remarkable literary ability stood him in good stead in his chosen work, and he certainly would have eventually ranked high among Canadian journalists. On the formation of the present Liberal Government, however, he was offered and accepted the position of Private Secretary to the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State. He had been scarcely three months in his new position when he was stricken down by a lingering form of typhoid fever. For twelve long weeks he bore his trying illness with admirable cheerfulness and patience. Then the over-taxed heart gave way and the end soon came. But there was nothing terrible about his death. It was just as he himself had wished. Strengthened by the consolations of that religion which he had loved so well in life, he breathed forth his soul in resignation and in peace. His last words, spoken just a moment before his death, were, "I am safe now."

Safe, indeed, he was for evermore; safe from all the troubles and disappointments and temptations of this world; safe, to use his own phrase, in "realms beyond." Friends might yearn for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still; parents might grieve with a sorrow no human pen can describe—for there are wounds of the heart whose depth is known only to God. But all in vain; he had crossed the bar; had entered the harbor; had met his Pilot face to face. And who would wish him back? Not all his intellectual ability; not the bright future that lay before him; not the thought of that precious, loyal, chivalric friendship which he lavished on those who entered into his life; not the grief, deep but Christian, of his heart-broken relatives, can outweigh the profound conviction that it is now better far with him. We gave back his body to mother earth, there to await the resurrection; but his soul rests in peace with God. Then, in the words of one of his favorite poets: