

came to write this mass one of the most plaintive airs from *Les Vacances* which had haunted his memory since the days when he was a student at Ottawa, stole, he being no doubt unconscious of it, into the music which dropped from his pen. I never knew him but I feel that I owe his memory a debt of gratitude for the

pleasure of that morning in the Cathedral. May he rest in peace!

I wish all the professors and the present students of Ottawa a Merry Christmas and hope that when in days to come they look back to their life in College their memories will be as pleasant as mine.

DAVID CREEDON, '89.



Waiting for the end
Of all misunderstandings and soul-hunger ;
When lack of love shall trouble us no longer,
When a white shroud shall cover up our faces,
And better people fill our vacant places.

