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A Farewell to 1912.

Nineteen twelve, your robes are trailing,
O'er our earth, which they are veiling,
In deep shadows, at whose paling,
 We will hail another year.
And the church bells, wildly swinging,
Happy greetings now are flinging,
To the New Year; and are ringing
 Telling us that it is here.

Let us chant a carol holy,
Praising you, as you pass slowly,
Until you have vanished wholly,
 To return to us no more.
Robed in winter's snowy whiteness,
With your steps of fairy lightness,
You will glide out from the brightness,
 When the New Year ope's the door.

We can see you slowly slipping,
While your drowsy days are dipping,
In the darkness, that is gripping,
 All the aeons that have passed.
In the future we'll be yearning,
For the days we now are spurning,
When in memory we're returning,
 Through the years we have amassed.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.