

A Vision of 1920.

One night last week when seated at my ease
Before a fire and eating toasted cheese
I read Macbeth till slumber closed my eyes
And as I slept I dreamed a wondrous dream
About the class of nineteen and fourteen.

In a darksome cave was I, the sisters three
Chanting a spell prepared a noisome mess
Whence came a smoke and smell like H₂S.
One spake to me with horrid leer,
And I was filled with loathing fear
Of her crooked mouth and grizzly hair,
And drooping nose and monstrous ears.
She bade me, snarling, watch the fumes.
For there as on a screen would pass
The members of the senior class
As they would be in coming years

First there moved across the smoke
A martial figure on a moke
With scarlet cloak and busby on his head
I knew him for the member from Stanstead
Winfield Hackett the class president
And now a figure seen in Parliament.

Next came the lone disciple of the school
Who fix our livers and our pulses rule
Skilled to tinker with the works of man
Is Doctor Ralph Lahaie from Michigan.

Now comes the engineer's brigade,
Those heroes of the transit and the spade
Led by Kelly (initialed T.)
Who rules the line of the K and P.
Then comes Aubrey of the rosy cheeks
Who builds our bridges and dams our creeks.
And John McNally, hailed by us as Jack,
Who builds skyscrapers (an amazing act)
In Bryson in the wilds of Pontiac.

When almost overcome by noxious fumes
I heard the crack of anarchistic bombs,
A figure wild with socialistic hair,