

Thus it was in Montreal,  
 In the days when we were young,  
 Heard our hearts the battle call  
 For Free Speech in any tongue.  
 Not through hate or zeal of creed  
 Facing many for the few,  
 Ready for the same, should need  
 Come to Romanist or Jew.  
 Free Speech won, e'en onwards now  
 Fearless may their trumpets blow,  
 And oft do, forgetting how  
 It came twenty years ago.

Whate'er troubles may intrude,  
 Protestants should all agree,  
 Linking in true gratitude  
 Free Speech and Pere Chiniquy.

May he live his hundred years ;  
 Flourish long his Gideon's Band ;  
 The Twelve Hundred find their peers  
 In young soldiers of the land.  
 Not for praise we make this song,  
 Papal Zouaves taste its joys ;  
 When our General comes along  
 He'll reward His College Boys.

AN OLD BOY.



If we pray for any earthly blessing, we must pray for it solely "if it be God's will," "if it be for our highest good ;" but for the best things we may pray without reservation, certain that if we ask, God will grant them. No man never yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more and more noble, and sweet, and pure, and heavenly-minded ; no man ever yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred and pride and passion and worldliness might be cast out of his soul—without his petition being granted, and granted to the letter.

—Frederick W. Farrar.