

And automatics on him everywhere,
Burst on the scene with demagogic shout,
Striving with noise cruel Capital to rout;
The class economist, one Tallon (John) by name
Writer now of books, and not unknown to fame.

He passed. There came, with footsteps slow,
The class's legal talent's show,
Headed by Kelly counsel of the King
Followed by Unger learned in everything
Concerning torts and wills. Next in wig and gown
Walked Landriau with true judicial frown.
Just from his Parliamentary seat
Was Mulvihill from up the creek.

Now with candle, bell and book
With solemn step and downcast look
Came chanting slowly into view
A grave ecclesiastic crew
Led by one whose roseate hair
(I'd know its owner everywhere)
Was covered by a mitred crown,
His body by a purple gown;
Bishop o'er his native heath
The class's erstwhile Scottish chief;
And Father Power with mien pedagogic
Taught now a class in science psychologic
Followed by Cross a stout P. P.
And Perron now a learned dominie
A newly invested Ph. D.
Monseigneur Dubois just come home
From lengthy journeys to ancient Rome.
Last but not least, Provincial of his Order
Was Father Gilligan across the border.

Then smoke and smell and witches, quite,
With fire and rot did pass from sight
I rubbed my eyes; could not believe it true
That they had disappeared so suddenly from view.
I looked about; was sitting by my fire
At home, quite safe from witches' ire;
Wondered if what I'd seen would ere be true
And bade, in mind our friends a fond adieu.

A. D.