

A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

More than twenty years ago,
 When our hearts were young and
 brave,
 Met in class-room number one
 Academical conclave,
 Our professors sat in state,
 While we students played our parts
 To the friends who held our fate
 In their sympathetic hearts.

All the week 'we'd been on guard
 In the aisles of Cote street :
 This one night was our reward
 For much weariness of feet,
 For the risk of damage run
 From a hostile mob : but fight,
 As we said, there had been none,
 "So we shan't be missed to-night."

We are done : the chairman tells
 All our arguments once more.
 Hark ! the ring of sleighing bells,
 Footsteps in the corridor,
 Totters in a well-known form,
 One we greet with three times three,
 For all students' hearts are warm
 To the good Pere Chiniquy.

On his feet he tells his tale,
 How, his guard no longer there,
 Enemies had leaped the rail,
 Climbed the sacred pulpit stair :
 How he fled, and o'er the wall
 At the back had swiftly gone,
 Saved his life, but got a fall,
 Fall that tore his "pantalon."

Laughingly he said if he,
 Done to death in Montreal,
 Had reached heaven, there to be
 Face to face with great St. Paul ;
 And "he saint had made a fuss
 Over the torn "pantalon."
 He'd have said "At Damascus
 You'd a basket : I had none."

When the good Pere Chiniquy
 Went to Cote street again,
 Sleighs went with him, one, two, three,
 Sleighs filled full of well-armed men.
 Stout the sticks we students bore,
 As, with "Free Speech" on the brain,
 Each one held his own pew door,
 Sentries placed by big MacLean.

Waiting for the signal when
 Time had come to strike a blow,
 Three hundred stout city men
 Thronged the basement down below,
 Sworn to guard the good old Pere,
 Offering his Father's love
 With his countrymen to share,
 In the pulpit up above.

All is quiet till the end,
 When the church is quickly cleared,
 Then a thousand voices rend
 All the air. 'Tis as we feared,
 Tide of war rolls up the street,
 Pistols, stones, and clubs resound,
 The three hundred on their feet,
 And we students rally round.

There's no need to strike, for see !
 Breaks the mob up everywhere,
 Warriors full of battle glee
 Throng around the brave old Pere.
 He, a soldier in the fight,
 Never wasting time on fears,
 Had a royal guard that night,
 Full twelve hundred Volunteers.

So, we fell back, and the lads
 Made the brave old man their own :
 'Twas no time to act like cads,
 Standing on the work we'd done.
 In their love we too delight,
 Helping hands we ne'er refuse,
 But in church we claim our right,
 Sentinels before the pews.