

At last about twelve o'clock or so we arrived. A Westward wind was blowing and the weather forecast was rather unfavourable. It happened that every student knew we were to have rain. Such is very often the case; one is apt to prophesy what is about to take place as a certainty he foresaw long before others.

However, dinner was served and eaten with no less appetite after a summary cooking worthy of the most famous "coureur des bois." Mr. Dubois one of the "explorers" amused us with his strenuous if not successful attempts to obtain milk from a rebellious cow.

After a few photographs were taken and dishes washed à la "As you like it" we started for the true object of our trip, which was situated about two miles from our stopping place. After finding much difficulty in going through an imaginary pathway in a thickly-wooded forest we reached the goal of our desire "The Cave."

I might as well admit it, my first impression was that of bitter disappointment. Such is imagination; it enlarges and elevates things heard of, to such an extent, as to completely disfigure them, and it takes reason a few moments to counterbalance this unavoidable effect of idealism or rather Quixotism.

We were at the cave but the most important was still to be done, the descent through a narrow passage from which percolating humidity emanated. As we went down, the impression gradually changed from that of discontent to that of admiration. The reflection of a dozen candles upon the cozing walls was almost magical, and shadows fantastical moved along with us, as if they were inhabitants of the silex age in a prehistoric mansion.

The oh's of astonishment resounded upon the sonorous walls and away went imagination contemplating through the prison of elapsed centuries, the possibility of life in such a state as that of the "Troglodytes."

Down we went recognizing upon the walls as we passed by, the signature of more than one of our worthy professors, and strange as it might seem the further we went down the easier was it to elevate one self to the Creator.

The scenery changed at every step, now a vast amphitheatre, then a narrow passage, now ascending, then going down a hundred feet or so through sink holes.

It was sufficient to gaze upon this natural architectural wonder, to tread this marvellous excavation, to conceive the enorm-