

"I see you have," in a still fiercer key. "And why did you come?"

"We've had bad weather, Father," I said, "ever since the last week of September."

"I know that : what about it?"

"The weather seems to have improved since yesterday."

"Is that all you want to tell me?"

"Father," I felt as if I were going to sink into the College cellar, "we expect it will be fine to-morrow, and . . . . ."

"That will do now ; you need not disturb me to tell about the weather, go back to the yard."

He turned as if to shut the door, when I picked up some kind of mad courage, (I believe I then would have faced a whole battery alone), and continued in a louder voice :—

"We want to have our fall match, and we want to have it at the Farm, and before it rains again, and we require a whole day for that. . . . ."

The door was almost closed. I saw that he was about to shout the final "go," before closing it, and I seized the opportunity and continued thus :—

"We want a Grand Congé to-morrow to go to the Farm—just say the word Father—it is a grand chance for us—may we go."

"Go," shouted the Superior and the door was slammed in our faces. Down the hall we rushed, out to the yard, and as Father Durocher was awaiting us to know the result, just as anxiously as were all the boys. I yelled to them "we have got it."

"What did the Superior say?" asked our Prefect of discipline. I made answer at once :—"He said for us to GO to the Farm to-morrow to play the fall match."

The next day we had our Grand Congé.

In the evening, after all had returned home and supper was over, Father Tabaret sent for me. There was that loveable smile on his dear face, that all who have ever felt its influence can never forget. When I came in he said :—

"Boy, how comes it that you told Father Durocher, that I gave you a Grand Congé? You know I did not say 'yes' to you yesterday."