

our organist, then a promising musician, now a composer. He had been sick that morning and was sitting alone in the refectory, enjoying the "classic" toast, when he heard the sound and found himself suddenly floored by a violent shock. A sheet of flames darted towards him while the bricks and mortar of the partition wall flew around thick and hot, and would have crushed him but for the table under which he lay. The smoke of the gas instantly produced total darkness and began to choke him. A feeling that the world could not be deprived as yet of such a musician as he stirred him to action. He must escape. He shook off the rubbish and began to crawl along. Whither? He knew not; he saw light nowhere. Was it instinct? Was it chance? Was it his musical star that guided him? He could not tell; but certain it is, that had not the explosion in one of its freaks forced the door off its hinges and opened a passage to the crawling musician, he would have died asphyxiated on a heap of debris. A few instants more of groping in the dark brought him to the yard where his fellow students, engaged in helping the firemen, greeted him with a joyous shout.

A rare exhibition of various characters was witnessed on the occasion of the fright. All persons were of course anxious to see the flames subdued. Some, however, were more sanguine than others, and in their zeal became famous.

One of our most prominent professors who was by nature very impulsive and impressionable, was running and jumping on the verandah near the chapel, below which the fire was, loudly calling for water here and water there, where it was not needed. This was considered a marvellous effect of the shock on the nervous system. Finding his cries unheeded, he finally secured a pail and made a desperate leap in the chapel. Discovering no flames and being highly irritated by the smoke he was compelled to retreat rapidly. However unexpected this conduct of one of wisest teachers may have appeared, more wonderful still was the effect of the explosion upon our amiable professor of

Dogma. He was seen walking along very gravely in the most distant corridor of the house. Some said that he was in great agitation, for they saw him stop, yes stop, once in a while to wipe his spectacles. "How is the fire?" he boldly ventured to ask of some one who was rushing by.

The professors of chemistry and physics were seen near the fire engaged in a most lively discussion as to how the gas was inflamed. One said the fire came to the gas; the other, that the gas went in to the fire. As no settlement seemed probable between them, some one suggested that since experiment was the only means of reaching a solution, another room of the building should be filled with gas, and the two champions should be placed within, to watch the process when a light was introduced. To the surprise of all present this most reasonable proposal was objected to by our theorists.

In the mean time the flames were subdued by the heavy flooding of the active brigade. Bravely the men did their task, but not without sending about two feet of water over the refectory floor. This water had to be removed; the bricks of the fallen partition had to be removed. No time could be lost if we wished to have our dinner. The students went to work like Trojans. Pails, shovels, and brooms were unmercifully handled by an army of eager youths. The room was cleared. Dinner came and never was a repast more relished and more keenly devoured; never before were such stories told of fright and terror mingled with humour and joviality. Never before was the faculty, headed by our most beloved Dr. Tabaret, greeted with such applause as when they entered the refectory to thank us for our noble efforts. Never did Dr. Tabaret grant with a more cheerful smile a "congé" than the one he accorded to our musician who was hoisted upon the shoulders of his comrades; and never had our voices been so well inspired as when we sang a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the wonderful preservation of our institution and its inmates.

"Gus."