

The lightning broke a hole in the top of the arch of the east window, came down and shattered the old marble altar slab, hurling pieces a foot square and eight inches thick about the sanctuary, broke to pieces the white marble altar steps, and tore up, in many places, the sanctuary floor which is of black and white marble. The stone tracery of the window is very much damaged, and there are many holes in the glass, though, curious to relate, not one of the figures is touched.

The velvet super-frontal is torn to pieces and the three fair linen cloths are in shreds, the candlesticks thrown off the Altar, and the large standard candlesticks thrown down.

The carpet, which takes four men to lift, is all rolled up. The hot water pipes are burst and twisted. The whole place from tower of sanctuary is strewn with mortar, and thick with dust; it is a terrible scene. Crowds of people have been to see it, and all say they could not have imagined such a wreck; it is a wonder that nothing was set on fire.

It is a strange fact that neither the Altar, Cross nor the Processional Crucifix standing in the Sanctuary were touched.

Yours.....
L. S.

(From a friend spending the Christmas holidays on the Riviera.)

Hotel des Princes Cannes, France.
January 7, 1906.

My Dear F——

I am having a most delightful time here, and, on the whole, the weather has been fine.

We went up to Grasse on Wednesday, and I was much interested in seeing the scent made, though, as they were only making patchouli, I was rather glad you were not there! There is an interesting old church at Grasse, and the town is very quaint.

On Friday we had a lovely expedition. It was dull in the morning, but at 10 the sun came out, so we immediately determined to go off for the day. We took the train for Antibes. It is such a beautiful place, and you get a most lovely view of the Alpes Maritimes. We had our lunch by the sea, and each did a sketch. Afterwards we started off to walk up to the little old church by the lighthouse. Owing to our being misdirected by a tiresome female, we eventually found ourselves in a pathless wood, and spent a most delightful time scrambling through the undergrowth and lavender and many other delights were there, and I wished for more time to explore, but at last we emerged on to the roadway, a very rough, rocky path, just what one's idea of the Way of the Cross should be, and there, all along beside the road, were little niches containing the Stations of the Cross, nicely carved in stone. The idea of it was beautiful, leading up, as it did, by this steep rough path to the little church at the top. From the road we had the most exquisite view I have yet seen. The mountains seemed so high, their heads were in heaven itself, and