

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AT THE ELEVATION.

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It was a sultry summer's morning and the heat oppressive. All night long it had thundered and lightened. The sky was overcast with dark lowering clouds, the atmosphere grew ever more sultry, and all indications pointed to an approaching dreadful storm.

Early that morning the farmers were in the field. The oppressive heat cost them many a drop of perspiration, but this would not keep the industrious farmers from their duty, as they consider the sweat of their brow in harvest time, as a thank-offering to God for the blessing of a bountiful crop.

From the village near by came the sound of a bell, the first call for holy Mass. In the busy harvest time, those of the peasants who are strong and well scarcely find time to go to Mass on week-days. Old people and children then go to church and represent the parish, while the rest unite themselves with the Holy Sacrifice in the midst of their labors in the field.

The second signal of the bell is now heard. Far away along the horizon the clouds begin to collect, the air grows more and more heavy, in an instant the black clouds unite, and the wind blows violently across the land. Suddenly there is a clap of thunder in the distance; one flash of lightning follows another; with alarming speed the storm approaches.

Meantime, the Holy Sacrifice had begun. A strong and healthy farmer is in the midst of his work and he cannot make up his mind to interrupt it. The nearer the storm approaches, the faster he works, in fact, he scarcely notices how rapidly the storm is coming on until it is ready to break upon him; he continues his labor while most of his companions have already sought a safe shelter.

All at once big raindrops, as come usually at the beginning of a storm, begin to fall, and soon there is a veritable downpour. The lightning flashes, and one clap of thunder succeeds another. Our farmer stops his work and looks about for a place of refuge. A large