

at the foot the perfectly blue sea, the shore of which was dotted all along with little white villages nestling into the woody hills. The church itself was old and interesting, and full of votive offerings, generally of ships, for the people are mostly fishers.

Yesterday we had a still more delightful day. We were going to Cagnes, but got no further towards it than the gate, for passing it as we came out, was the very quaintest little vehicle you ever did see, going up to Auribeau, a place which M—— had long wished to see. There were two seats beside the driver, so up we hopped, and drove off gaily along by the sea. It was a dullish day, but very pretty all the same. We followed the sea as far as La Bocca, when we turned inland, and up through the most primitive lanes till we reached Pegomas. There was nothing very exciting there, but a very pretty stream through the village with lovely wooded hills beyond. From that on, however, the country became more and more beautiful. The Grasse hills, covered with snow, formed the background, and all the rest was nicely wooded hills, sometimes covered with pines, sometimes cultivated, and made into olive gardens with little oddly picturesque houses here and there. When we came up high enough to catch a glimpse of Auribeau we were perfectly charmed.

Imagine a steep hill, almost a mountain, clothed with woods wherever they could hang on to the rocky slopes, and the whole crowned by a church, with a village of the quaintest old houses simply hanging on by their eyelids all down one side! The mountains rose up behind and all round it, making the most beautiful setting for it.

We reached the town by a winding road round the side of the hill, at one place overhanging a precipice where down below a green mountain torrent tumbled along in its rocky bed. It was a beautiful place!

Auribeau itself is most delightful—not a single trace of touring civilization—or any building under 300 years old, I should think. Quaint overhanging houses, and steep, stony narrow streets, in some places hewn out of the solid rock. There is material for a sketch at every step, and M—— and I have decided to go there for a month to sketch, as soon as ever “our ships come in!”

Yours.....

G.

(From an old pupil of All Hallows, now making a trip around the world.)

S. S. Chusan, Jan. 1st, 1906.

My dear Sister,—

I am beginning the New Year by writing letters, but I do not know how long it will last, as the heat is terrific.

We spent Christmas on the “China,” an American ship, and New Year’s Day on a British one, and the difference is very great. This is the ship’s last voyage as a R. M. ship, but it is very comfortable.