

race to be taught there—within a few short steps of where Marie de l'Incarnation used to gather so many round the famous ash tree. She is a new-comer; and the convent is almost as strange to her as to the visitors who cluster round. One of them knows some words of her native tongue. Her eyes look far out beyond her surroundings as she answers. Is it only a freak in the association of ideas that always makes certain Indian languages set your fancy wandering among wind-swept pines and "the voice of many waters"?

But there are so many things to see! The corridors seem unending; they are so long, so many; weather-beaten grey outside, solid through and through, as if they had grown, rough-hewn, from the rock of Quebec and had been hand-chiselled afterwards, just to humanize them. Every window gives a glimpse of golden-tinged block-tin roofs, with a steep pitch and studded with little pointed windows. The stairways are innumerable. One is called after St. Augustine—a great hero in all convents—and on the landing is a statue of St. Joseph which was placed there in commemoration at the jubilee of 1689. The Blessed Virgin Mary, of course, watches over the Community Hall, in her quality of Perpetual Superior. A bell is ringing—it is the same one that is rung at four o'clock every morning of the year. You confess that the last time you heard it at that hour you were coming home from a dance. "What different worlds there are in this one," says the nun beside you; and then adds quickly, "but innocent pleasures are very good for refreshing the mind—we take a great deal of pleasure in our garden." Another nun, with a turn for ornithology, regrets that as the town spreads further and further, all round the convent, the birds get fewer and fewer. "They would come back if they could; this is their sanctuary."

These things excite your own interest. But what interests the nuns most of all? Probably the Chapel of the Saints. A very ancient and highly venerated statue of Our Lady of Great Power stands benignant in the centre of the altar. The whole breadth of the wall on either side is covered with pictures and relics. In every other niche, too, there are relics in pious plenty. Some of them were added during the life-time of La Mère Marie, like those of the martyrs, Justus, Modestus and Felix, which her son, Dom Claude Martin, sent out in 1662. An Ursuline of Metz sent a relic of St. Ursula herself. All that is mortal of St. Clement is here, by permission of Pope Innocent XI. In 1674 the collection was already so rich that it was decided to build a special chapel in its honour. Since then it has increased enormously in value to the devotee. Here are the trophies of the Holy War, of the war from which there is no discharge but death, the war against the Powers of Darkness and