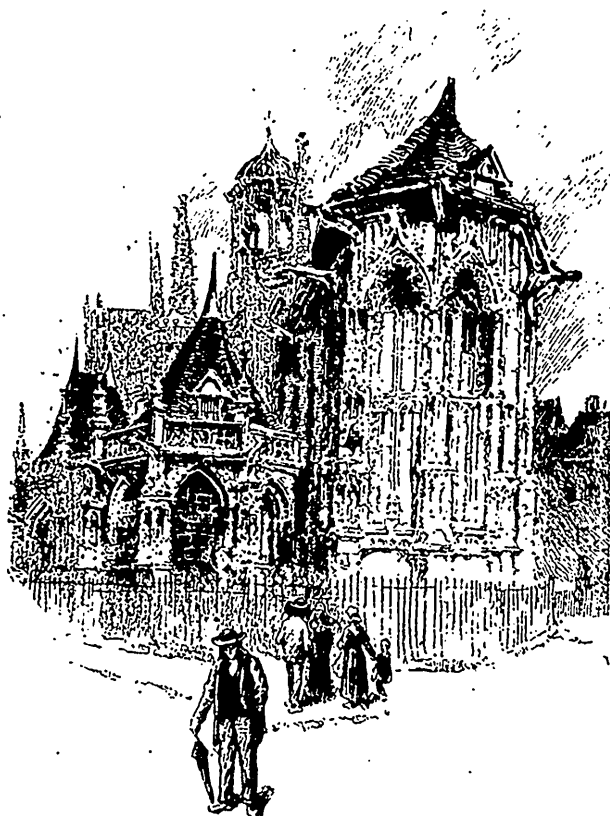


bright colour and busy life, are the peaceful presence and gray-toned walls of the old church, with its bold, early architecture and elaborate additions.

How peaceful and quiet the silence of these old churches, surrounded by the hubbub of the market! We catch but a momentary sound of the bustling market, each time the little padded



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doors are opened by a would-be worshipper. A rising and falling hum and then all is quiet again, save for the muffled tread of soft-covered feet or the sharp pitter-patter of patten or sabot. It is curious to note, while we sketch, the variety of persons who enter. See, here comes a quaintly-clothed peasant child, of perhaps ten summers, leading her little baby brother by the hand. Crossing herself and the boy in the orthodox manner, she patters away to find a chair, whilst the little fellow gazes around him in wonder-