

spires; past thriving towns, with their more ambitious churches and their mills and factories, and on through the rolling tree-covered hills, the country increases in beauty and interest all the way to Rouen. The cottages and farm-buildings, here, are especially curious, as they have mostly external stairs, to protect which the thatched roofs project in a very odd manner; and the slate-covered spires, though plain and simple in these villages, are really the rudiments of those elaborate slated belfries so typical of Normandy. The twilight effects of some of the quaint old *châteaux*, with their red-tiled, pepper-pot turrets half buried in busky woods, or sturdy windmills brandishing their stalwart arms, are very striking as seen silhouetted against the western sky. See frontispiece to this article.



ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

Passing, with somewhat of a mad rush down hill, through a short tunnel, we land at the world-renowned city of Rouen, one of the quaintest in Europe, and richest in mediæval architecture. Before entering this short tunnel, however, the railway, sweeping round to the left, affords a glorious view of the city below—a *coup d'œil* that enables one to appreciate its fine position on the smiling

Seine, with bold hills surrounding it on almost every side. On a fine evening, a wild profusion of glistening roofs, gables, towers, spires, and spirelets arises out of the night-shadows in the valley, dominated by the sombre outlines of the lantern of St. Ouen, and the vast *flèche* above the Cathedral, which soars aloft till the cross at its apex appears sharp and black against the glowing sky.

In Paris almost everything that is old has disappeared before the modern improvements. At Rouen, on the contrary, almost everything and everybody, even the children, seemed at least five hundred years old. It is like stepping back into the Middle Ages. The ancient timbered houses, with quaintly carved and