

# THE Methodist Magazine.

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THROUGH NORMANDY.\*

A FAVOURITE route of entering France is by the old Norman port of Dieppe. The quaint fishing-town is a very fitting introduction to continental life. Everything has a decidedly foreign flavour—the red-legged French soldiers; the nut-brown women, with their high-peaked, snow-white Norman caps, knitting in the sun; the fish-wives with enormous and ill-smelling creels of fish upon their backs; the men wearing blue blouses and chattering a jargon of Norman-French.

High above tower the cliffs whereon is situate the old *Château* with its frowning bastions, ramparts, and machicolated walls. Wending our way thither, we are rewarded with a magnificent view seaward. White-winged yachts gently plough the deep blue expanse in all directions; rowing boats are everywhere; and tiny canoe craft—looking, from this eminence, like toy-boats—swiftly glide along, forming a fairy-like scene on the sunny August morning. Life and sunshine everywhere, in strange contrast to the forbidding mass of the fortress near at hand.

Let us descend from our breezy position and examine the venerable Church of St. Jacques. What a picturesque composition is the group formed by this building and the busy market close by! Vendors of all possible classes of goods tending their little stalls, whereon are temptingly displayed luscious fruits and freshly cut vegetables; poultry, live and dead; hosiery, haberdashery, and what not. Fishermen and fisherwomen, in their quaint costumes, country folk and townspeople buying and selling amidst a babel of voices and general hubbub; and overshadowing this mass of

\* Part of this paper and the smaller cuts are borrowed from an interesting article on this subject by R. Owen Allsop, in the December number of Macmillan's "Illustrated English Magazine," with engravings by Herbert Railton.