

timber houses, with their curious elevations and broken sky lines; and adjoining the church is the old *Aître*, originally the finest of eighty cloistered burying-grounds that existed in ancient Rouen.

I stood with painful interest upon the spot where well nigh five hundred years ago, by English hands, the heroic Joan of Arc was burned at the stake for the alleged crime of witchcraft. It is a page which one would gladly blot from his country's history. The patriot Maid of Orleans is a favourite subject of French art. I saw in Paris a beautiful statue representing her hearing the Divine voice which called her to conflict, to victory, and to martyrdom, for her country. The air of eager listening and the rapt inspiration of the noble and beautiful features was one of the grandest things I ever beheld.

A more agreeable reminiscence of the international relations of England France is an elaborate series of stone reliefs representing the pomp and pageants of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. May no less friendly intercourse ever take place between the English and the gay, kind-hearted French race! I saw a striking instance of their cheerful gaiety during an evening stroll at Rouen. In an open square about thirty full-grown men and women, in their respective blue blouses and snowy Norman caps, but dusty with toil, were merrily playing in a ring, as I have seen school children in Canada, and singing a simple childish rhyme. They seemed as happy as a school let loose. I observed no rudeness or indecorum; but it looked very odd to see men and women at such child's play.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked how he spoke French. "With the greatest intrepidity, Madam," was his reply. In like manner I carried on my intercourse with these interesting people. Even when they spoke English I found that rather harder to understand than the French, so I made the most with my slender linguistic acquirements in that language. They never laughed at my mistakes or awkward phrases, although I had often to laugh at them myself. They are very bright and quick-witted, and I had slight difficulty in getting any information I wanted. I found the English very polite; but I must confess the French surpass them. For instance, riding in an omnibus I happened to ask my next neighbour the way to some place. In a minute there was a council of war over my map, several persons, including one or two ladies, proffered advice, and it ended by one of the gentlemen getting out with me to show me the spot. And this is but a specimen of the treatment everywhere in France. One