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THROUGH NORMANDY.*

II.



TURRET IN BISHOP'S PALACE, EVREUX.

WHERE the waters of the Orbec flow into the Touques, nestles the peaceful old town of Lisieux. Amidst verdurous heights and the grassy, orchard-covered slopes, thickly grown with fruit trees, and gemmed, in due season, with the plump, cider-making apples of Normandy, rise the gray towers of its venerable church of St. Pierre; and under the shadow of these watchful sentries cluster together its wondrous timber houses, black with age and weather-stained, yet sturdy and "strongly-

built," as were the houses of Grand Pré.

Lisieux, indeed, to most persons is a memory of strange, timber-fronted buildings. Yet those who remember but its old houses, wot not of its sweeter attractions—the beautiful woodland walks,

*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.