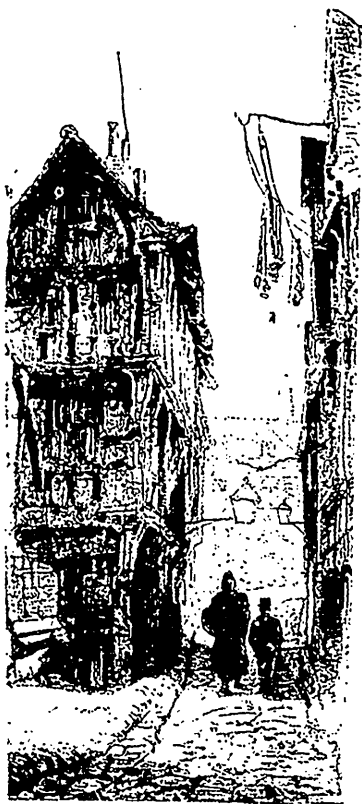


run riot in carving quaint and grotesque devices—dragons, griffins, strange twi-formed creatures, with the head of a goat or monkey or bird, and the body of a man, or *vice versa*, in every possible combination. One door is called the "Portail des Marmousets," from the little animals that gambol over its arches.



STREET IN ROUEN.

Over the central door of many of these old churches are carved with admirable skill and infinite patience, elaborate groups representing scenes from the life of Christ and frequently the awful scene of the Last Judgment. At Notre Dame at Paris, for instance, Christ sits upon His throne, the Archangel sounds a trumpet, the dead burst from their tombs, and Satan is weighing their souls in a balance. Devils drive the lost to the left and torture them in flames, while angels lead the saved to the joys of Paradise. In the arch of a single door are no less than two hundred separate figures—one of them St. Denis, carrying his head in his hands—a symbol of the mode of his martyrdom.

In those early days art was religion, and the churches were a great stone Bible, often the only Bible the people had or could read. Over and over again is told the story of man from the

Creation and Fall to the final Resurrection. But most frequently and most fully is rehearsed the story of the life and sufferings of our Lord, and of the seven joys and seven sorrows of Mary. I was not prepared, however, to find the presence of the comic element in this church decoration—the grinning and grimacing monkeys, the grotesque conflicts of saints and demons, in which the latter are sorely discomfited, and similar scenes.

St. Maclou may well be called the third "lion" of Rouen. Many a town would be proud to call this elegant church its cathedral,