

the right of our bird's-eye view, blackened and blasted with fire, the seat of the pomp and pride of the late Empire, look down upon the stately palace-garden, a striking proof of the mutability of earthly greatness. The Tuileries, however, even in their best estate, would not compare with the stately architecture of the Louvre, to the left of the engraving, the abode of a long line of sovereigns, and now the home of the immortal works of the mightier sovereigns of art. Its majestic façades with their sculptured and columned fronts, its noble statuary, its spacious courts, its vast galleries and its priceless treasures of art make it almost without a rival in the world.

If at Paris all seems new, at the neighbouring city of Rouen, on the contrary, almost everything and everybody, even the children, seem at least five hundred years old. It is like stepping back into the middle ages. The ancient timbered houses, with quaintly carved and high-pitched gables, lean over the narrow crooked streets till they almost meet overhead. The Cathedral dates from 1207, and contains the tombs of Rollo of Normandy, and of our English William Longue Epée, and the heart of Cœur de Lion. The shrine of the latter bears the inscription, "*Hic jacet cor Ricardi, Regis Anglorum, cor leonis dicti.*" It was in the dim twilight that I entered the church, and the deep shadows filling the vast and solemn nave and aisles, the tapers faintly burning before the various altars and shrines, the half-seen figures keeling in the gloom, all conspired to produce a strangely weird impression far more profound than that felt in the garish light of day.

The architectural gem of the city, however, is the Church of St. Maclou, one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in existence. Its sculptured arch and niche and column; its great rose windows, stained with brightest hues; its carved effigies of saint and martyr, and of knights and kings and noble dames praying on their tombs; and the deep-toned organ peeling through the vaulted aisles, and the sweet singing of the choir-boys and chanting of the priests gave me my first impression of the grandeur and strange fascination to its adherents of the old historic Romish ritual, which for hundreds of years cast its spell over mediæval Christendom.

One can walk completely around the roof of the church and thus get a near view of the grinning gargoyles through which