

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 kneeling 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. Ouen, 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 lofty aisles,



CORNER IN ROUEN.

and the sweet singing of the choir-boys and chanting of the priests, gave me my first vivid impression of the grandeur and strange fascination to its adherents of the old historic Romish ritual, which for hundreds of years casts its spell over mediæval Christendom.

One can walk completely round the roof of the church, and thus get a near view of the grinning gargoyles through which the water is poured out. The monkish imagination seems to have