

NOTRE DAME, PARIS. FLYING BUTTRESSES.

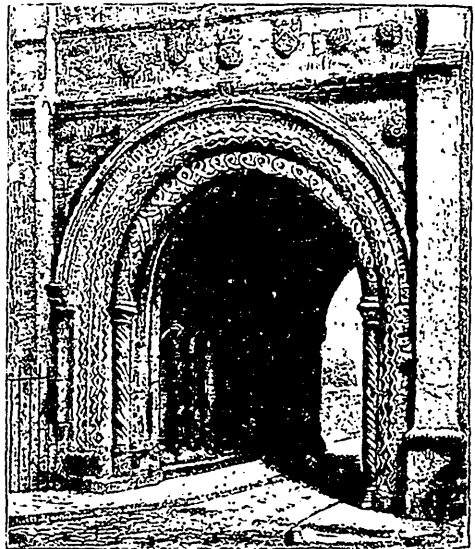
my friend,—more than perhaps you dream of. It is to you I speak.

The last time you were in England, you went, of course, to Westminster Abbey. Everybody does that. You were impressed mainly by three things there, viz., the interest of the monuments, the majestic dignity of the great nave, and the elaborate stone roof of Henry VII.'s chapel. You will go again perhaps before long, and in the interval you will have read up some architecture. As you round the dear old abbey to reach the west door (for that is the only way sensible people ever want to enter Westminster), your eye will light upon a pinnacle perhaps, an ordinary commonplace pinnacle, one of a long series. If you noticed it at all when you were last there, it seemed to you a mere ornament, nothing more; but now it is far more interesting, for now you know why it is there. You know that it stands as a deadweight to the big buttress below it, which in its turn receives the thrust from the flying-buttress above, and that this for six hundred years has been holding up the stone roof which more than anything

else gives the great nave its impressive dignity.

When you go inside the building, the vaulting itself has a charm for you, apart from its strength and beauty; for now you know what to look for there; you know the difficulty of spanning such a space with stone; you know the advantage of the pointed shape; you look at the way the ribs carry the weight. Every moulding, every minor shaft

has an interest for you now, because you can see at once that the construction of the minster would have been wonderful had it been completed only yesterday; yet you know also without any guide-book that this was an old building when that saddle and shield and helmet of Henry V. were hung over there at the east end after the battle of Agincourt. But you also see at once that some of it is not quite so old as that; for



NORMAN GATEWAY, DURHAM.