

long, crooked street that leads to the cathedral was rewarded by an architectural view more impressive than any I had ever before seen. If the exterior of the magnificent church is grand beyond description, what shall I say of the wonders and the mysteries of the awful interior? Neither pen-sketch nor picture can produce a tithe of the reverence and awe that seize the beholder on entering this majestic temple. Lincoln cathedral was probably the first church of note that Tennyson ever saw, and thus did the sight fire his poetic impulses:

"Give me to wander at midnight alone,  
Through some august cathedral, where, from high,

The cold clear moon on the mosaic stone  
Comes glancing in gay colors gloriously,  
Through windows rich with glorious blazoury,  
Gilding the niches dim, where, side by side,  
Stand antique mitred prelates, whose bones lie  
Beneath the pavement, where their deeds of  
pride

Were graven, but long since are worn away  
By constant feet of ages day by day."

I have been asked to compare the Lincoln cathedral with the famous York Minster which I stopped to see on my homeward journey through York. A comparison of the two churches is almost impossible as they differ so widely in the style of architecture,—that of Lincoln being composite with a leaning towards Early English,—that of York being one of the finest specimens in the world of pure Gothic. There is nothing in Lincoln cathedral, however, quite equal to the gorgeous eastern window in York Minster. This window is 75 feet high and 32 feet broad, and contains over 200 compartments, each a yard square, on which are depicted in exquisite and flaming designs as many scriptural subjects.

My visit to these two splendid churches of York and Lincoln greatly increased my respect and admiration for the artistic genius and consummate taste of our English forefathers. There were indeed giants in the days when these massive structures were erected. And what sublime faith and patience were exhibited in the slow construction of these mountains of polished stone! And how honest and substantial the work of those ancient toilers! The sculptured flowers and the emblazoned windows three-score feet above the pavement are as finely finished as if on a level with the eye of the beholder. The

scenes of the gigantic walls are everywhere fitted so nicely together that the eye can with difficulty discern the line of junction.

Lincoln has many other attractions besides its fine cathedral, but I neglected them all to prosecute my special pursuit. I have now brought my readers to the outskirts of Tennyson Land. Let us enter the interesting region.

#### LOUTH.

Louth is a small town between Lincoln and the sea. When Tennyson was a boy the Grammar School at Louth was the principal educational institution in the county, and at this school in turn seven sons of Dr. Tennyson, Rector of Somersby, were pupils,—Frederick, Charles, Alfred, Edward, Horatio, Arthur, and Septimus. Alfred entered the school at Christmas, 1816, and remained for four years. The precocity of the young poet was remarkable, as he had completed the Grammar School course at the early age of eleven. The old Grammar School was torn down in 1869, and nothing remains about the new building to remind you of the past except a battered relic placed in the porch,—a begrimed old statue of King Edward VI. who is said to have founded the school.

Little is known of Tennyson's life in Louth. Only one of his school-fellows survives, and he reports that Alfred and Charles were inseparable companions but decidedly exclusive with respect to the other pupils. The boys were grave beyond their years, but not otherwise remarkable.

The visitor to Louth cannot fail to admire the beautiful church where the Rev. Stephen Fytche, the father of Tennyson's mother, was vicar for many years. He died in 1799, and he and his wife are buried in the churchyard.

Another place I visited in Louth besides the Grammar School and the church. Opposite School House Lane is situated Westgate Place, where Mrs. Tennyson lived in order to be near her sons while they were attending the Grammar School. This neat old house will always be noted as one of the early homes of Tennyson. Here he lived four years while attending school near by. Here later on he often spent weeks and perhaps months visiting his younger brothers. Here without a