

there is a visitors' day, and this is not the day. However, I ventured in, and going up to the door, ivy mantled as of yore, soon had it opened to my knocking. I had come all the way from Canada to see the old Somersby Rectory, and I did see it. You enter a large square hall, on the left side of which rises the stairway. On the table is a visitors' register. As I write my name I notice that the previous caller of the day before had come from South Africa. The house was nearly bare, only a



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