

A Tennyson Pilgrimage.

IT was a happy coincidence that a business trip came in this centennial year, 1909. The dream of a lifetime came true, as I was enabled to visit so many Tennysonian haunts and see so many memorials of the great poet. Canada owes much to Lord Tennyson; he was an Imperialist in the early days, and at a critical moment sounded a note that wakened up even the old Thunderer and called back the leaders in the Mother Land to their responsibility and their duty to this land of the north, this true north land, this young Dominion overseas.

Somersby (1809-1837). No railroad disturbs the quiet of this little hamlet in Lincolnshire where the poet was born on August 6th, 1809. To reach it you go by rail to Alford, Louth or Horncastle. I selected the latter, and, after an early lunch at The Bull, I drove out over the wolds.

The rich farm lands of Lincolnshire rolled away for many miles. Passing on for a few miles we dropped down into a little valley and soon crossed the memorable Brook. On the rising ground beyond there stood the old rectory and the Somersby Grange upon the right. Somersby Church, St. Margaret's, lay hidden among the trees on the left. It is still in use. The rector lives at Bag Enderby, a short distance further along the road, where the sister church, a fourteenth century structure, stands in mournful ruin and decay, with an appeal tacked to the door asking for contributions to its restoration. Inside the Somersby Church we see the bronze memorial to Tennyson and the old font at which he was baptized. Outside, still stands the old cross, weathered and worn, and in a grave shadowed by the square tower lies the dust of the old rector, Tennyson's father. Within the porch there is an old holy water stoup, and above the porch is a sun dial with the legend, "Time passeth."

I turned back through the trees and crossed the road. A sign over the gate states that the old rectory is private property;