

two tow-headed, bare-legged urchins are struggling to mount a rusty metal skeleton which was once a bicycle, and, in his cottage garden opposite, a burly peasant, dignified and whiskered, clad in a dingy smock (it seems incredible!) smites the earth deliberately with a heavy mattock. Ask him the way to Leweston-Catherston, to Wootton-Fitzpaine, or some other of the musically named villages about. He looks up slowly at you with a suspicious and bovine eye, and after a decent interval for the chewing of the cud, grunts something you cannot possibly understand, then turns stolidly to his work once more.

This is the Saxon rustic, unimproved and unadorned. Even so, doubtless, did the man's ancestor, working on the same spot, when the monks brought hither with chant and procession the body of their saint, to lay it in the new-built shrine, look slowly up, stare and scratch his head, and then turn back to his task, wondering vaguely what all the fuss was about.

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