

But not come in across the sacred sill..."
 "I wonder where your oracle is tending.
 You can see that there's something wrong with it,
 Or it would speak in dialect. Whose voice
 Does it purport to speak in? Not old Grandsir's
 Nor Granny's, surely. Call up one of them.
 They have best right to be heard in this place."
 "You seem so partial to our great-grandmother
 (Nine times removed. Correct me if I err.)
 You will be likely to regard as sacred
 Anything she may say. But let me warn you,
 Folks in her day were given to plain speaking.
 You think you'd best tempt her at such a time?"
 "It rests with us always to cut her off."
 "Well then, it's Granny speaking: 'I dunnow!
 Mebbe I'm wrong to take it as I do.
 There ain't no names quite like the old ones though,
 Nor never will be to my way of thinking.
 One mustn't bear too hard on the new comers,
 But there's a dote too many of them for comfort.
 I should feel easier if I could see
 More of the salt wherewith they're to be salted.
 Son, you do as you're told! You take the timber -
 It's as sound as the day when it was cut -
 And begin over...' There, she'd better stop.
 You can see what is troubling Granny, though.
 But don't you think we sometimes make too much
 Of the old stock? What counts is the ideals,
 And those will bear some keeping still about."
 "I can see we are going to be good friends."
 "I like your 'going to be.' You said just now
 It's going to rain."
 "I know, and it was raining.
 I let you say all that. But I must go now."
 "You let me say it? on consideration?
 How shall we say good-bye in such a case?"
 "How shall we?"