

the trees, and Mrs. Gilbert knew it for Tim Blake, and called the labourer to her.

"Come you here, Timothy," she said, "and cut these bands away and plant this tree in the place prepared for it."

"Me, mum! I thought 'twas to wait till the weddin' day, and be set up by Maister Dick's missus."

"No, 'twill not stand for that," she said; and, after a moment of silence, continued: "You are one that does God's pleasure, Timothy, for your eye is single and you live without angering any man. The trees know your planting; and none, save only my husband, ever had a more tender hand with young roots than have you."

"'Tis a great deed to put up a generous, fruit-bearing tree, mum; and I hope as them what eat and drink of the apples long after I be dust will spare a thought to me here an' theer. Be thicky sapling to stand for any high purpose, if a man may ax? Many a brave bearer in this orchard do, as be well knawn."

"It will stand for the patience and long-suffering of Heaven," answered Mary Gilbert.