

trouble to me for more reasons than wan. Now cheer me, will 'e? I've falled back 'pon the Auld Testament of late; an' it do look a'most as if God A'mighty were busier then than now. He was down 'pon the evil-doer like Doom in them days; now 'tis shocking the number of rascals that flourish even wi'in a walk of this parish, to name no names."

"His eye is on them, ma'am; the Lord's hand will fall just at the critical pitch. 'Twas always the same. He gives this generation plenty of rope — to hang itself with. There's a day of reckoning, and that nearer than some of us guess. No son of Adam will escape."

He mopped his face, dried his hot neck underneath the collar, then turned to the Bible.

"Been readin' about the man awnly this marnin' — Adam, I mean," said Gammer Hatherley. "Very fust word he tells is fulish — as if anybody could hide hissself from the Lard!"

"A many have wanted to, however," said Mr. Newte. "And 'twas a decent wish, come to think of it, for the good soul hadn't a stitch to his name at the time."