

prone to fatness. There's nothing like an honest heart to breed fat. The Word, I see. What a lesson you are to the rising generation! — a beautiful Christian life, with the blessed Word always within a yard of your elbow, as it should be."

"You've got it in your head, which be better. But memory's a vain thing at my time of life — an' power of sight be likewise vain. Tell a comfortin' speech, will 'e, as soon as you've got your wind back. I be down-daunted this marnin' along o' Farmer Gilbert's sudden death."

"Like the grass of the field — a glory to-day, to-morrow cast into the oven. Not that there's any oven heating for Gregory Gilbert — a very good, upright man."

"He was proud, however, an' reckoned he comed of better stock than Squire's self. Gilbert's was a gert name wance, and built this rubbishy auld place, so I was taught when I comed here; but he — the man that's dead — couldn't show no certain claim, for his folks have been working farmers and cider-makers so long as any livin' body can mind. An' that's enough to go upon. But a gude man; an' his death's a