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o' seems to fit. Lemme read you." From the bosom of his shirt he brought a small worn Bible, turning the leaves with clumsy thumb until he had found what he sought. "I read her, sometimes, when the fit's on me," he said, "an' I run across this last night, when I was layin' by the fire. Listen! 'And they took of the fruit of the land in their hands, and brought it down unto us, and brought us word again, and said, It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us.' There! What do you make out o' that? Wasn't that like we're aoin'? Ain't we fixin' it for them that's come after us, just the same as them old roosters done? You're damned right we are! We're breakin' the way for them that's to come after us, an' lettin' 'em know what they've got to expect. It's got to be done. We won't get our names in no book, like them old Jews. Nobody won't remember who we be, nor yet what we done; but it's got to be done, just the same, an' I reckon