

grieve too much, darling. You'll not believe me as I say this: but it's for the best. . . . I've had a great life, sweetheart. I wouldn't exchange with any one. . . . I've had my part in the beginning of the big struggle—the struggle to bring home to the world the democracy of Jesus, in its fullness. . . . It's a good deal to have set up the smallest outwork of the Kingdom of God on earth. This awakening to the light is the greatest thing any man ever had—the most blessed—”

He lay back, as if exhausted. They felt his hands and feet, found that they were cold, and began chafing them, laying them between the bottles of hot water. When he spoke next, his voice was weaker, but still his speech was lucid and calm.

“Don't fear, Morgan,” said he; “it will be all right—it will be all right.”

“I'm sure of it,” replied Morgan. “You'll get over this, all right!”

“No, no!” answered Emerson. “It's too late for that. “I mean our cause—the cause of Jesus. He will triumph. There is too much knowledge this time, for us to fail. . . . When the Son shall make the world free, it shall be free indeed. . . . Don't worry. It was a victorious warfare you . . . enlisted me in, that time. I've had a great life, Morgan. . . . And, darling, I've had you, for a little while: the greatest woman in the world for a friend and a wife. . . . And such a friend as Morgan. . . . And—if I have died in the cause—such a cause to die for!”

They had ceased now in their endeavors to turn his mind to recovery, though they busied themselves with