

there and clasping the white spread in her hands, could drive it from his thoughts.

After so long a period of quiet that they thought him asleep, he asked of Olive—never turning his head toward Morgan:

"Is that Morgan over there?"

"Yes," said she. "It's Morgan."

"It's I, old man," said Morgan.

"How long can you stay?" asked Emerson, and it was almost in his natural voice.

"As long as you please," replied Morgan. "Until you're well."

"That will not be," said Emerson, waiting as if he had abandoned the sentence, and then recommencing.

"That will not be long. . . . After I'm gone, sweetheart, you'll take care of Morgan, won't you? He has no coat. . . . He has no coat. . . . He ought to have a coat. . . . It must be bitter cold for him! Will you look after Morgan?"

"Yes, dear," said she. "Yes. Don't be uneasy about Morgan. He's all right."

"I didn't know he was dressed so poorly," said he again and again. "It was cruel! It was cruel! I wouldn't have done that—after I was born again.

. . . . *He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath food, let him do likewise.* . . . . Keep the coat, my boy, until I come back—and I wouldn't whip—whip any of the children, if—if I were you."

Morgan rose and went out of the room, returning soon, as calm as ever. Nothing but his glistening eyes, and the tremulous indraught of his breath, told how he had been shaken.