

all—when he kept repeating: "It's not so bad, then."  
"It's not bad, at all!" "It's all right!"

The nurse and doctor came frequently, now, and the battle with the fever was raging furiously. Morgan sat on one side of the bed, and Olive on the other, both intent on every new or altered symptom, and constant in their attendance, whether nurse or physician went or stayed. It was delirium, now, without doubt. He was back in the Lattimore days; for he repeated the names "Mrs. Aylesbury," "Mr. Dewey," and "Mrs. Tolliver;" and several times, as if announcing a text, he said: "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living!" "Cleanse the inside of the cup and the platter," said he, again, "that the outside thereof—," and then he laughed softly, and in so ghastly a way that Olive put her face down in the coverlet and shook as with an ague, gripping the bed with her fingers.

Morgan sat thinking of all this man had sought to do and of the futilities and frustrations of his life—and his heart was now hardened at the contemplation of the agonies of this apostolate, now melted at the pathos of the scene before him. And constantly, in one of those odd persistencies of such thoughts in time of trouble, his mind turned over and over the lines:

"He hates him much,  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer."

Like a refrain, it repeated itself, and not even the sight of the dear woman hiding her face in the bed