

GOING WEST

like a conviction—an intense conviction—that came to me from outside.”

“And what did your conviction say?” Cora inquired, icily.

“It said— Oh, you must forgive me!—I shouldn’t come if I didn’t feel it so strongly! —It’s as hard for me as it is for you—”

The father backed away to the baluster. His face had grown gray. The mother dropped to a hall chair. Ethelind was crying already, but standing by as if to give aid. Cora was still commanding and severe. It was she who interrupted.

“Yes; we understand all that. But tell us what you’ve come to say.”

Under this authority and severity Molly began to grow nervous. She clasped and unclasped her hands, sometimes twisting her fingers.

“You see, it was this way. I was reading the Bible and—and thinking—and trying to understand what it meant—when all at once he—he seemed to be with me—and to be saying things.”

“What sort of things?”

“I don’t exactly know, Miss Lester. I knew he was there—and that he was telling