

was a knock at the door—such a singular knock, madam—as if one brought an order. I rose instantly and opened the door. There was no one there, I mean no one whom I could see; but my heart turned sick, and I went back to the cradle, and fell down weeping beside my child. I cannot leave him! I cannot leave him! I am afraid to leave him!”

“You are the soul of selfishness. Is there no ‘coming sorrow’ but your sorrow? Might not the ‘order’ be for Gloria, as well as for your baby? I will myself attend to the child. If Gloria runs into sin or shame, or takes her own life, I shall always blame you, unless you try to save her. If I had been younger I would not have asked you; you never liked Gloria, never did anything to make home happy for her.”

“Madam, you know that is unkind; yes, it is unjust! I have spoiled my own happiness to add to hers often. But I will not defend myself. God knows. And I will go for Ray. Perhaps even I may overtake her. Ray will be angry with me, but that must not prevent a duty; and O, madam, my baby! my sick baby! I leave him in your care! I will pray for him all the time, but you must watch, and do your best for the poor little fellow.”

“I am the child’s mother three times over. Do you think you are the only person who loves him? Had I been in your place he should have had a physician before this hour.”

“He has grown so much worse since sundown. Ray promised to call at the doctor’s as he went into town.”

“We are wasting time. Bring the child to my room. I will see no harm comes to him.”

Weeping bitterly, she did so. Over and over she kissed the hot little face, and her heart seemed as if it would break as she turned away from it. While Cora saddled a horse, she put on her habit, and as her fingers buttoned it round her, the tears fell in an unrestrained and bitter rain.

“Dear God, help me! O take care of my sick child! It is so hard! I cannot do it unless Thou help me!”

With such broken entreaties she dressed for her lonely ride; but as soon as she had given her horse the rein she thought of nothing but reaching her destination as rapidly as possible.

Yet, on the way, she watched constantly for any human figure that might be Gloria, but she saw none. When she reached Galveston the city was all astir. The sounds of music and singing and light talk rippled through the clear, crisp air. Suddenly, upon a more lonesome street, she came to a church. It was lit, the only lighted building near; she checked her horse and stood before it, for the solemn, triumphant strains of “Duke Street” fell upon her ear, and well she knew the four grand lines of Charles Wesley’s they were singing to them: