

She sent at once for Ray; she was determined to tell him all, and insist upon his following his sister. If he hastened to Galveston it would be easy to watch every train and steamer, and so detain her. But Ray was not at home. He had gone to Galveston during the afternoon, and there was no certainty about his return. Then madam offered Josepha five dollars to ride into Galveston and look for her master; but Josepha declared "she couldn't ride at black night." The only man servant had left the place at sundown. But the difficulties of the pursuit only roused in madam a stronger determination to accomplish it. Every moment of delay increased, in her eyes, the terrible necessity of the case.

She imagined Gloria flying on foot through the swamp, becoming weary and hopeless, and, in a moment of despair, fulfilling her threat. The idea took possession of her, as fright will a child; she could not endure it, she went at length to Cassia for help. Cassia sat before the fire in her bedroom, nursing her baby, a boy of ten months old. When madam entered she lifted a face white as snow, and full of anxiety and trouble.

"He is very ill," she said, softly. "O, I wish Ray was at home! and the doctor ought to have been here ere this."

Madam stood by the child and looked down at him. The baby face was hot and crimson, the breathing laboured, the tiny hands tightly clenched.

"He is teething and has a fever; there is nothing to fear, nothing unusual," she said.

Then she told her in rapid, earnest tones, Gloria's sad story; perhaps, unconsciously, she exaggerated the girl's fright and despair; at any rate, she made Cassia feel with her that a human life depended upon their individual exertions to save it. And in Cassia's heart the fear was blent with one still more solemn—"the unrepentant, unpardoned soul! What must she do to prevent any catastrophe which would send it unprepared to meet its God?"

She looked at madam in terror.

"What is to be done? Will Josepha or Cora go? Where is Steve?"

Steve went away at sundown; neither Cora nor Josepha will go. Cassia, there is no one but you to save the poor unhappy girl! You are a good rider; you are not afraid. Ray will come back with you. Do you know where to find him?"

Alas! yes. She knew that he would be at his favourite hotel. She knew that it was the billiard-table, or the euchre pack, that had drawn him away from his sick child and his home. She had no fear of the ride. But her baby! how could she leave him?

"I have had such a feeling of coming sorrow," she said, pitifully; "this afternoon, as I sat sewing beside his cradle, there