

## The Eternal Magdalene

when I tell you that he loves this girl, and that she needs him. She is only a child, like your own daughter. She has already suffered much. *Her* misfortunes were not of her own making."

"What do you want me to do?" the man asked.

"I want you to send for him," the Woman replied. "You know where he is. He has written to you. . . . Tell me, what is he doing—how is he?"

"He is working hard," Bradshaw answered. "I believe he is trying to do the best he can."

"I knew it! I knew it!" the Woman said. "I told you he was not bad. And is he not sorry for the sufferings he has caused you?"

"Yes," the man admitted. "He says he is very sorry."

"Then you will send for him, won't you?" she pleaded. "He will be happier here. He, too, has learned a lesson. And you can help him. He would be better off here, near you."

Bradshaw looked into the Woman's eyes for a moment. He found it impossible to resist her request and, deep in his heart, he was glad of his inability to do so.

"I will send for him," the man said.

"Thank you," the other answered simply, as if he had performed some personal favour for her.

At noon that day, Bellamy came to the house. Bradshaw greeted him heartily.

"Thank you, my boy," he said, "for what you did. It was more than I could have expected. Last night I thought the entire town would turn against me—that I would be disgraced."

"That's what made your conduct so fine," the report