

"Yes," replied Father Gregory. "It was a wonderful piece of work."

"I played the part of the Magdalene," she said.

"Now I know where I have seen you," he exclaimed, with interest. "I knew your face was familiar to me. Let me see, your name was . . ."

"Madeline Rorke."

"Yes, Madeline Rorke, of course."

"You see, my mother's professional name was Rorke, and it seemed as good as any other. I am still known by that name."

"You became quite famous in London," he said.

"Yes," she replied, "for a time I was pretty well known. Then Saloman took me over to New York to play the same part there; and at the end of our long run, I went to the South of France to rest and spend my accumulated salary. Saloman asked me to take up my work again, but somehow I couldn't tolerate the idea. All my life I had wanted to travel, and now that I had the means, and had had a taste of real freedom, I could not bring myself to return to any sort of routine. I wanted to drift about, where the wind and the weather and my heart sent me. So I went down the coast into Italy, motoring along those white dusty roads, under the warm sun, with the little red-roofed villages climbing up the hills on the one side, and the blue Mediterranean on the other. Then to Venice, where I spent a long summer. . . ."

She broke off, and sat for a few moments in silence, as though lost in thought.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Father Gregory.

She uttered a sigh. "I was just thinking of the sound of the wash of the canals against the stonework and the swirl of the water at the prows of the gondolas. And the little lights on the water at night, and the music in the darkness. And the

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