

In a Mysterious Way

Then Bradshaw suddenly drew himself up.

"But you have not explained to me who you are," he said sternly.

He arose and, going to the Woman, put both his hands on her shoulders.

"Before you go," he commanded her, "before you pass that door, you shall tell me who you are."

The Woman drew herself up and raised her head. A divine light shone in her eyes, as if her face had been illumined by some supernatural power.

"Listen," she said, and her clear voice filled the room with its resonant richness:

"I am the eternal Magdalene, made immortal by the touch of His hand, two thousand years ago. When they that would have stored me turned sullenly away, He raised me up, saying: 'Woman, I appoint thee My messenger. Go thou down the centuries and bear witness to this that thou hast seen. In every clime and in every season thou wilt find those who have sinned as thou has sinned. Stand between them and their persecutors as I have stood between thee and thine. And upbraid them not, for are they not all children of the same Father? There are among my disciples those who will preach of many things, but to you I entrust this text, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."' And He departed and I stood as one transfixed, gazing after Him. And my brow burned from His touch, and through my veins flowed blood that had been cleansed as by fire."

When she had finished speaking, Bradshaw dropped down in a chair at his desk, and covered his face with his hands. He had been awed by the vision of the Woman, and her words had penetrated to the innermost