

## THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT

It had lifted her out of the reek in which she had been born, and had placed her in a new world that was a new Heaven to her. A young man—not a very strong one, nor a good one, had come into her life and had opened a new world to her, a Heaven undreamed of before—the Heaven of Love. Weak as he was, he had created in her a heart. He was her God. She would have washed his feet in her heart's blood and have dried them with the tendrils of her soul. She withdrew herself from other men for his sake—from her companion outcasts. She struggled to hold onto her heaven, to be worthy of it, to be chaste in spirit, to be true to him, and as she struggled and held on with all her new-born soul, he, the God of her idolatry, had taken her and dropped her back bodily into hell. As she clung to his feet he had torn loose her hands and kicked her back into perdition, and she in her frenzy had slain him. And now she was being tried for this act—how and by whom? By the law—not the law of God, which had been quoted—Christ forgave the