

Sœur Marthe sat fingering her rosary at the little shrine near the door, lit up by a solitary candle.

"Who is that candle for?" asked the Doctor.

"For the greatest sinner here," said the nun. "He stands now before his Judge. His heart was full of hatred, his hands were stained with innocent blood; he needs our prayers more than anybody else if God is ever to forgive him his terrible sin."

"Yes, Sœur Marthe, he needs your prayers, but whether he needs them more than anybody else in order to be forgiven, is not known to us. God judges not in the same way as we do. He alone knows who is the greatest sinner."

"He died with the name of the Evil One upon his lips," said the nun.

"There is, I believe, a far greater sin than that: to live and sin with the name of God upon your lips. That is, I believe, the only sin which cannot be forgiven. This man dared not speak to God; he knew that he had abandoned his God, and he believed that God had abandoned him. It is this fearful thought, the thought that God has abandoned us, that we call Hell. There is no other hell.

"All the rest is God's beautiful earth, and the whole earth is all filled with His