

They let prisoners out very early in the morning. At eight, I think. At eight o'clock on a March morning the sun can shine very gaily. The old walls stand up strong and spiky against the new sky. The great gates open, and tired people come out, blinking, into the light. Sometimes they come out into a world where no one wants them except the police. It must be a terrible thing to be wanted by no one but the police.

But sometimes it happens that a man coming out of hell finds heaven waiting for him — hands that implore his hands—a face that his coming illuminates, as a candle lights up a Chinese lantern—eyes that see nothing in the world but his face—a heart that beats to a tune of wild gladness. And all that his long prison life has painted for him as lost for ever, out of reach, out of hope, is waiting for him in the chill, sweet morning, waiting with arms held out, saying: "Take me, for I am thine!"