

pronounce upon thee a curse, then my angel fled and the curse recoiled upon mine own head. I will not tell thee—I cannot—how I tried to strangle the ever-growing misery in my soul, how I flung myself, heart and strength, into the deadly persecutions against them that believed; all the while with the mean hope that the fire would drive thee back from the heavenly path which thou wast climbing into the black road down which I was plunging alone. I saw and gloried in the death of Stephen; I gloated over the agonies of them that suffered beneath the scourge; I outdid Saul of Tarsus in the work of denouncing men and women whose only crime it was to believe on God manifest in the flesh. 'There is a hell, for I have sojourned there.

"One day I was told that thou wast in prison; that on the morrow thou wouldst be scourged—stoned. Issachar himself told me, with an air of mock sympathy.

"‘She is less to me,’ I declared to him coldly, ‘than the stones beneath my feet.’ But I lied when I said it. That night I begged Annas on my knees to have mercy.

"‘I will have mercy,’ he said. ‘I will send a message to the woman within the hour,’ and he called Caleb. I waylaid the man, and offered him gold to show me the message; he showed it me.