
The Recall of Love

remained that look of pain and love that pierced him to the heart and drove him forth into the night.

Bewildered and dazed with the sharp agony of that stabbing glance of love, he stumbled down a lonely lane, and in a back alley, writhing in pain as each successive wave of memory flooded his soul, he passed the long night until the dread dawn drove him into some darker hiding.

But neither shame nor fear could hold him in his hiding while his Lord was being done to death; so through the day he followed the crowd, safe hidden in its swirling eddies; watched, impotent with rage and terror while