
The Recall of Love

but his heart tingling with joy, up to the garden where they were wont to meet. At the gate he reverently pauses, then softly passes into the olive shade.

"Ah!" he says, with swift remembrance of the hour, "this is the spot where I slept. Shall I ever sleep again?" He draws slowly to where under the trees the grass is sodden and beaten down. "Here, here it was He lay." Down upon the trampled turf he casts himself, his face pressed hard upon the sod, his fingers clutching the grass while anew he sobs forth his penitence. "Oh, to see Him once again, to tell Him of my love." His sobs grow quiet, and he becomes aware in the stillness of a Presence over him,