
The Recall of Love

besides, they have a business on hand. Long ere the dawn grows grey they are alert and moving, signalling each other in the dim light. Softly they open the door, steal down the stair. Only Peter of the men sees and understands. In other days he would have been at their side, but to-day this is not for him. It is the women's work, for their hands are gentle, their touch tender, their hearts true. It is for them to bathe and anoint and garb that precious body for its final rest. It is not for him, unclean and coward as he is. So he waits behind, and over the sad hours of the past days and nights his heart makes weary pilgrimage, dwelling with fresh grief on each incident of shame.