
The Recall of Love

cession that bears to the stranger's tomb the limp and pallid body of his Lord, watches till all is made safe, watches till all have gone their ways, and he is left alone.

Whither now? Ah, whither indeed? What place in all the world is left for the man who has dishonoured his name, broken his faith, denied his Lord? The city? It is overflowing with the jubilant slayers of his Master. The upper room? Not there. Ah! not there. There is no place for a traitor in that band. Peter's sin, like all men's sin, has cut him off from his dearest comrades. Is there no place for such as he? Yes, there is one. Outside the city wall where they cast their refuse, out to