
The Recall of Love

chantings of the priests, to the clear-sounding trumpets and the clashing cymbals that lead the people in their jubilant songs upon this high and holy day of national memorial and of national triumph. Alas for them! With their Lord all their high hope for Israel lay dead.

Night falls. The last glad trumpet note has ceased, the sounds of the street die down. The city lies in slumber, while they, stupid with misery and despair, wait for the morning. The men doze off into horrid dreams, only to wake startled by the old pain, and to doze again. But the women do not sleep. Their finer spirits rise victorious over the sluggish flesh, and,