
The Recall of Love

toward his hiding. Horror-stricken, he watches the hunted man fasten a rope round the bough of an overhanging tree, with trembling hands adjust it about his neck, then hurl himself headlong, tree and all, down upon the rocks below. Gazing in fascinated terror, Peter beholds in the glare of the burning fires the distorted face and the mangled body of his fellow-disciple.

"Alas! poor Judas! You waited for no look of piercing love when you went forth into the night." A new terror shakes Peter's soul, hunts him from that valley of cursing and drives him up the stair to the upper room where, abject and trembling, he stands, waiting the opening of the door.