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## The Recall of Love

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of a man who fell, but, falling, rose again. There are a thousand ways of falling; only one of rising again.

Those three nights and two days glared in Peter's mind through all his after-years as one long hideous dream. Its features stood out, clear-cut, indelible; that calm Figure, calm and majestic in spite of the unaccustomed, outrageous bonds; the malignant faces ringing Him round; the rabble crew crowding about the fire; and then that girl's face, impudent, gay, triumphant, flashing out in the firelight the sudden challenge that struck him with swift terror so that, ere he knew, he had stammered out his first fatal denial. But clearer than all, vivid and penetrating,