

"That night I went to my chamber resolved to die before the light of another day, but each time that I lifted the dagger to my breast something seemed to hold my hand. At last I flung it from me and sank upon my knees, crying aloud, 'God be merciful to me a sinner! God be merciful to me a sinner!' Again and again I repeated the words till at last there came into my soul a great peace. God was merciful—I knew, I felt it; and then and there I made confession of all my guilt before him. 'I am guilty of the blood of him whom thou didst send to save me,' I cried, 'yet he prayed in his last agony, saying, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

"I rose up forgiven, and the morning dawned. 'I will go,' I said, 'to the place where she is to suffer, and there before them all I will make confession of my guilt and my belief; then shall I die also.'

"But when I had come to the place outside the Damascus Gate—very early, for I could not wait—I fell in with the man Ben Hessed, and because my soul was full even to overflowing, I told him all. 'I will die,' I said, 'with them.'

"'Nay,' he cried, 'rather must thou live, that thou mayest overlay the wickedness of the past with the pure gold of righteousness.'

"Thou knowest the rest, beloved."