

JUDAS

‘ **W**HERE are you going, Judas,
With that rope in your hand? ’
‘ To scatter what God will not forgive
To the dark wind and the sand. ’

‘ Why is your purse empty, Judas,
Dangling light and loose? ’
‘ Silver I had; but all earth’s gold
Could not ransom Him from the Jews. ’

‘ Could you not cry for mercy, Judas?
His kindness has no scope. ’
‘ The kindest things that I shall find
Are a tall tree and a rope. ’

‘ Oh fool! fool! Even this sin, Judas,
He will pardon from His cross. ’
‘ The death that saves all other men
Is my eternal loss. ’

‘ Wait, and you shall see Him risen, Judas. ’
‘ His eyes would be to me a rod—
For I have betrayed an innocent man. ’
‘ Nay, Judas, only a God. ’

THEODORE MAYNARD.