

## For Good Friday.

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### THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

#### THE REPENTANCE OF AFFLICTION.

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“And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.”—St. Luke, xxiii. 42.

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High noon ! yet dark as blackest hour of night,  
Save when the light'ning darts its blue, keen light,  
While rolls the hollow thunder :  
The earth rocks wildly, in the awful gloom ;  
The dead leap up from their unquiet tomb,  
As yawn their graves asunder.

Amid the rage of elemental strife,  
Oh ! what a fearful hour to yield up life,  
Out into vague space going !  
Yet ev'ry vivid light'ning's fitful glare,  
Reveals, amid the horror-darken'd air,  
Three crosses dimly showing :

Where, nail'd in torture's ling'ring agony,  
Three anguish'd human forms are rais'd on high,  
Each nerve with torment starting :