

*ISCARIOT.*

MEEK, passionless, precise, with pallid face,  
Judas grew up, his mother's constant joy,  
Who thanked Jehovah daily that her boy  
Of boyhood's viciousness had not a trace.  
Yet, in the heart of that which she thought grace,  
A devil lurked more subtle to destroy  
Than any other Satan doth employ  
To wreak his vengeance on the human race.

In after years the man's soul grew so dead,  
That when he met Love's Self and held Love's  
Hand,  
Nay, kissed Love's Lips, he still could Love with-  
stand.  
Too late, the thirst which drove him to his doom  
Was quenched, when back the abhorrent daylight  
fled  
From that lone gibbet darkening in the gloom.

2