

"Too late!! too late!! (with frenzied voice he cries)
No justice here, no rescue from the skies;
Wretch, to betray Him thus!"

Down from his hand, the cursed coin he cast;
With frantic, flying feet, the streets he past;
For, burning through his brain,
From hundred, hundred voices rose the cry—
"Away! and crucify him, crucify"—
Again, and yet again.

Poor conscience-stricken wretch! turn even yet,
And throw thyself before thy Saviour's feet;
His cross take up and bear,
Till thou shalt come to Golgotha; nor leave
Its blood-stain'd foot, till thou a glance receive
To save thee from despair.

But, no! urged onward by the fiends of Hell,
(Like those fierce creatures who in tombs did dwell
And shunn'd the sight of man),
He passed Gehenna's drear, accursed vale,
Where midnight sees fierce Moloch's victims pale
Gleam in the moonlight wan.

He stayed not, till upon the mountain side,
So bleakly grand, so desolately wide,
He for a little stood:
There nature seem'd congenial with despair;
No distant voice upon the lurid air;
It was the field of blood.