

**THE BETRAYAL. A  
SACRED POEM.  
IN FIVE BOOKS**

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The Betrayal. A Sacred Poem. In Five Books by S. Bellamy

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**THE**  
**BETRAYAL.**

T H E  
**B E T R A Y A L,**

A SACRED POEM,  
IN FIVE BOOKS.

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BY  
THE REV. S. BELLAMY.

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*κέρδη παραινείς ἢ τι κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς  
βράχιστα γὰρ κράτιστα τὰν ποσὶν κακὰ.*

SOPH.

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LONDON:  
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PATERNOSTER ROW.

1838.

581.



BACKHOUSE, PRINTER, WELLS.

## PREFACE.

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THE subject of the following Poem occupies a dark page in the Gospel history: a page as brief as it is gloomy. The defection of Judas Iscariot from his Master, and his venal treachery, are a connecting link in the series of events by which the predeterminate counsel of God is fulfilled in the great moral sacrifice of the Redeemer: and, in perfect keeping with the style of inspired narrative, they are recorded—and no more.

The betrayal of Jesus Christ by one of the twelve, and even by such an one, has much in it



of the mystery of iniquity. The character of the traitorous elect is but hastily touched by the hand of sacred record. His sordid rapaciousness of heart obtains one epithet—as infamous as it was applicable—characterizing in its true severity the selfish follower, but not the bloodthirsty apostate. More than incidentally, and unaggravated by an alliance with other motives, is the covetous passion, as consisting in dishonest selfishness, alone equal to the crime of Judas? And, if in its utmost exaggeration it be solely competent to his crime, does it then comport with his retributive remorse? The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it? To Him before whom all things are naked and open, and from whom no secrets are hid—to Him who alone searcheth the heart—is this dark passage in the history of its workings known: but to us—more than a sad picture in this chamber of imagery—what is it than a problem in the analysis of man!

Among other assumptions, to which the want of detail in the evangelical account leaves an undertaking like the present, appears that of some immediate instigation to the crime by which the subject is designated. Revenge, originating in offence, and kindled into passion by Satanic agency, is the one this fiction has employed. That such is not an unnatural or unlikely one is, perhaps, all that may be said for it.

For some sentiments and expressions of profane import it might be needful to apologize, were it not evident that, for the consistency of a theme of this kind, their introduction was inevitable.

The indulgence of sentiment, it is hoped, will chiefly show itself in the use and celebration of inspired doctrines—and as a fundamental and pre-eminent one, the Deity of Jesus Christ. For this the Author pleads no license : his apology is Truth.

The Poem has few pretensions to merit, beyond this. May its defects not prejudice the dignity of its aim.

TEMPLE CLOUD, SOMERSET,

1838.