

## CONFESSION.

Once I loved him ; he a friend  
In need had been to me :  
Before him oft my secret foes  
Ingloriously did flee.

But praised and pampered to his hurt  
How soon he changed became !  
Quenched—utterly by selfishness  
Was Duty's dying flame.

And soon amid the sensual tide  
All honesty was lost ;  
He lived to feed his appetite,  
He cared not at what cost.

The widow and the orphans' crumbs,  
The rich man's lordly hall,  
Alike to him were goodly spoil ;  
He plundered one and all.

To eat and drink and spend in sloth  
The fruitful hours of day ;  
To speed in revels fierce the night,  
At last became his way.

Patience which long with me had plead  
At length confused retired,  
And to a dreadful recompense  
My soul at last was fired.

One morning as the dawn did break,  
Fresh from his guilty joys,  
I met him—knew my time had come  
Justice to counterpoise.