

And from that time, O Lord, his hidden life  
Was one long dread and ceaseless, inward strife ;  
For me he bore it, faithful to the last,  
Although so wide apart our lots were cast.  
Remember, Lord, his anguish and his tears—  
Tears shed for me through long and hopeless years ;  
His prayer prevented that one final sin  
Which, if committed, grace I ne'er could win ;  
His prayer obtained that, when Thou last appealed,  
The fountains in my soul so long congealed  
Should melt once more—that I should thirst anew  
For Thee, my God, the Beautiful and True.  
Life ended, and I reaped as I had sown,  
I died unloved, uncared for and alone ;  
The Church's rites which I had scorned in pride,  
Were now to me in my last hour denied ;  
Men shuddered, speaking of my " evil death."  
" He's lost, he's lost," they said beneath their breath.  
But one whose charity had never failed,  
In that last desperate moment had prevailed ;  
The long-lost light in that dread hour returned,  
My sin-seared heart once more with pure love burned ;  
*That soul it was who won for me the grace  
To die repentant, clasped in Thy embrace.*  
O Jesu, Love, my Love, Thou know'st the rest :  
How I expired upon Thy Sacred Breast.  
Oh ! who shall tell the strong resistless power  
Of Thy Heart's love in that last dying hour ?  
Once more I breathed my vows 'midst floods of tears—  
Vows which I'd broken for long faithless years,  
Whilst on my soul Thou didst imprint Thy Kiss,  
Whispering the promise of eternal bliss.  
And thus I died upon Thy bosom, laved  
In Thy Blood. I knew that I was saved.  
His prayer who stands all trembling in the light  
Was that which saved me from eternal night.  
Thou had'st decreed for him a saviour's part,  
He won my soul forever to Thy heart.  
O Jesu, Lord, hear now my prayer for him,  
O say to him that word : " Heaven's thine ; come in."