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Emilie Todd Helm

[Written for the Courier-Journal.]

CONFESSION.

Well! now I will tell you a story,  
In return for the one you've told me;  
For really I don't see the glory  
Of keeping a secret, you see!

I've a lover! Now don't look astonished,  
Nor advice "ad infinitum" bestow—  
Should a woman, you think, be admonished,  
Just because she has captured a beau?

Don't remind me, I beg, of "my duty,"  
And "wifely affection," indeed!  
I somehow can not see the beauty  
Of your dust-covered, soul-dwarfing creed.

"Is he brave? is he rich? is he handsome?"  
Why high-flown superlatives waste?  
He is worth more than any King's ransom,  
And beauty's a matter of taste!

Oh! his soul is as pure as a lily,  
Or the rain-drop that falls from above;  
Perhaps you will think that is silly,  
But women feel so when they love.

And he's brave—oh, he's brave as a lion,  
Or a knight clad in armor could be,  
And he's as generous to try on  
His sword, and do battle for me!

Last evening we walked amid showers  
Of apple-bloom, white and rose-red,  
And he gathered a handful of flowers,  
And placed them in mine; then he said:

"I've brought all these sweet flowers to you,  
Because, don't you see, I'm your beau!"  
And I kissed him! You think that wrong, do you?  
Well—I am his mother, you know!

BESSIE H. WOOLFORD: