

Broke from the outcast's breast, most pitiful.
Then Malcolm turned again and mused awhile,
Noted the meagre frame and sorry garb,
And melted and came near and softly spoke.

"What, Malcolm—you!" and Eric drew away.
"Nay, Eric, shrink not: I am Malcolm—yes!
And still, because we have been friends, a friend:
And you—forgive me—but I think you need
A friend: you look so pale and sorrowful:
And you are lightly clad for this keen air.
Come, slip your arm in mine: my evening cheer
Waits for me in a quiet house hard by,
And we must sup together: come with me."
He led him tenderly, and the young days
When life was careless and this one its fount
Of bubbling merriment rose up through tears;
And Eric's heart revived, and when the blaze
And liberal bounty of an old-time inn,