

In anxious watches, while a weight bears down  
His spirit, till upon the moment comes  
A change : the veil is lifted : sea and sky  
And the low line of shore stand forth unmarred  
Where all was grey confusion—Malcolm seemed  
To lose a burden : doubts and questionings  
Melted like mists beneath the rays of noon :  
The open secret of the world lay bare  
Before him, and the Love which, all unfelt,  
Had been the angel of his lonely way,  
Now claimed him in the thorn-crowned Nazarene.